Collier's

OCTOBER 27, 1945 TEN CENTS

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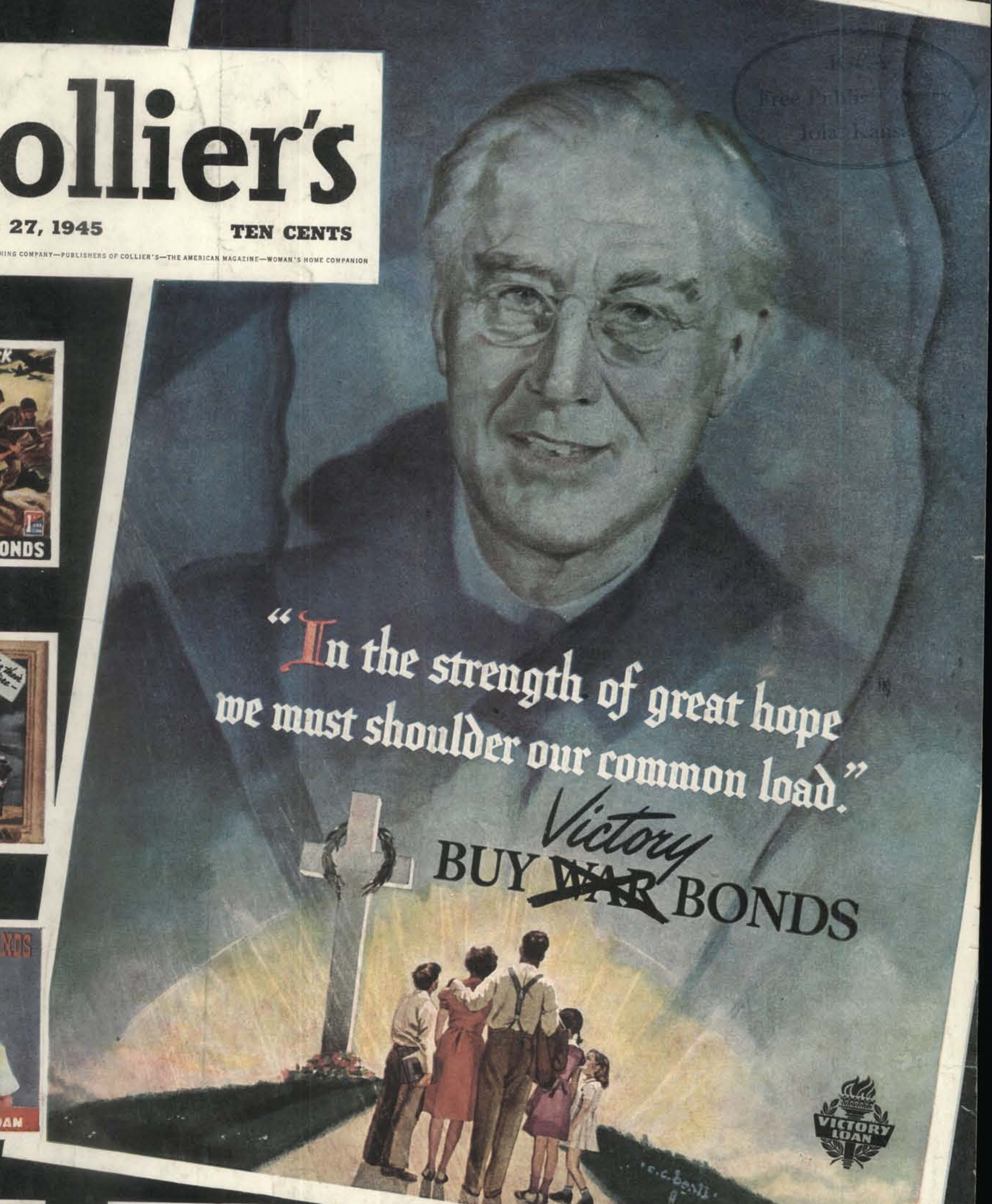

"In the strength of great hope we must shoulder our common load."
BUY ~~WAR~~ Victory BONDS
VICTORY LOAN
C.C. Beall

ATTACK ATTACK ATTACK
BUY WAR BONDS

For their future—
BUY WAR BONDS

BUY WAR BONDS
THIRD WAR LOAN

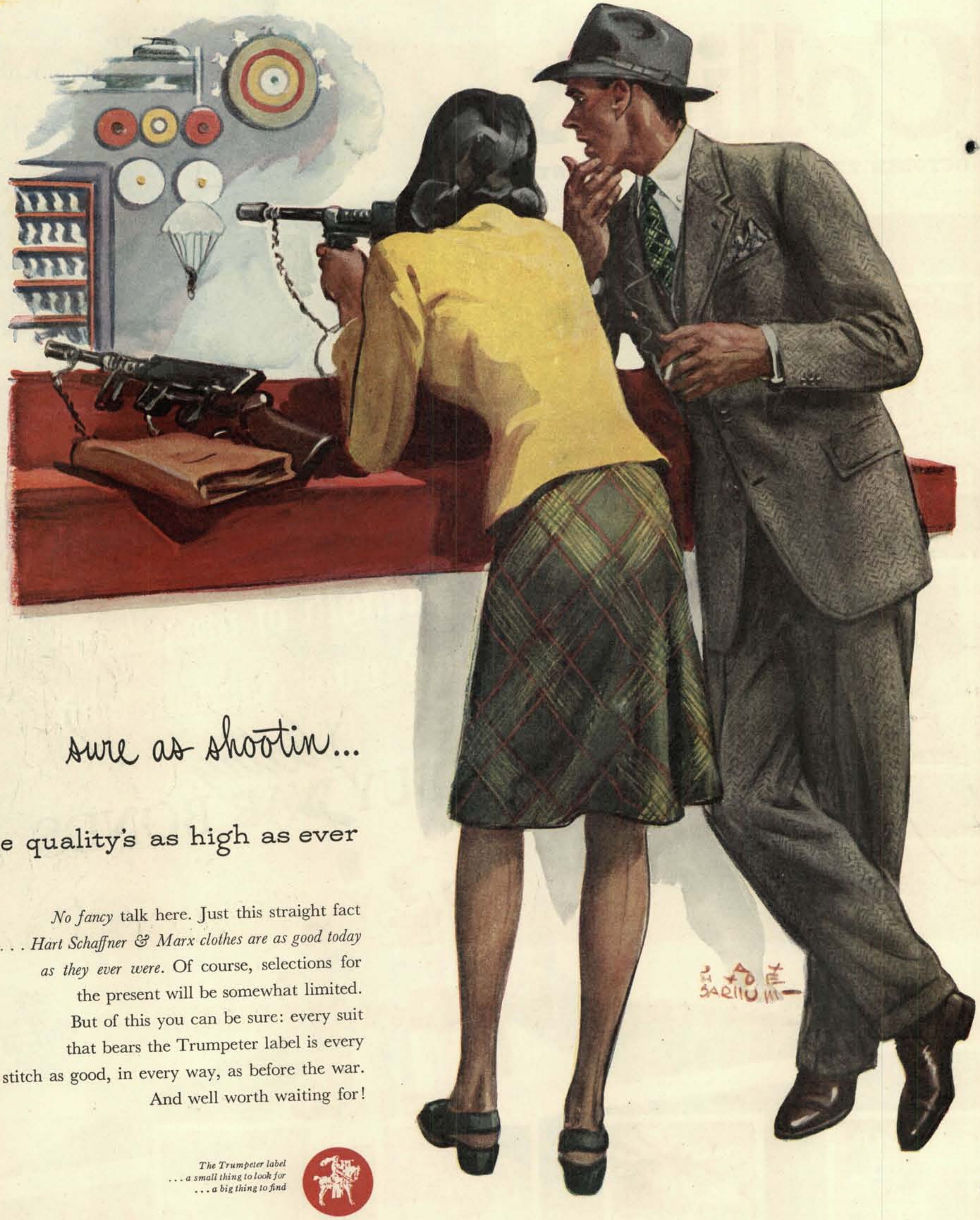
LET 'EM HAVE IT
BUY
EXTRA BONDS

EXTRA WAR BONDS
5th WAR LOAN

NEXT!
JAPAN
6th WAR LOAN

7
NOW ALL TOGETHER

Oct. 27 - 1945



sure as shootin...

the quality's as high as ever

No fancy talk here. Just this straight fact . . . *Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes are as good today as they ever were.* Of course, selections for the present will be somewhat limited. But of this you can be sure: every suit that bears the Trumpeter label is every stitch as good, in every way, as before the war. And well worth waiting for!

The Trumpeter label
. . . a small thing to look for
. . . a big thing to find

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

Marriage by Electronics

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in rubber

THE electric current used to light your home alternates back and forth in the wires 60 times a second. In radio waves the electricity used changes its direction *millions* of times a second. Using these radio waves (electronics), scientists found they could produce *heat*, right down at the center of an object in a matter of seconds. With electronic cooking, bread might be baked without crust, in a cool oven.

Then scientists discovered that electronics could be used to cause *chemical* changes such as vulcanization of rubber. In vulcanizing, what happens is that molecules of *raw rubber* and *sulphur* are "married"—joined together to form a tougher, more elastic substance. Heat is usually used and the process has always been rather slow.

Now a new *high-speed electronic* method of vulcanization is beginning to be used. B. F. Goodrich is perfecting the process. This process makes the molecules join together in minutes instead of hours. Products are more uniform. Costs are reduced.

The new process has already been tried on a variety of products. Some of them may be cured in ⅛ the time taken by the old method. (In the picture a small rubber part is being vulcanized in electronic waves that change direction 40 million times a second.) Many future products made by B. F. Goodrich, probably including tires, will be vulcanized by this method.

The research on this discovery being carried on at B. F. Goodrich is typical of the constant search for new ways to make tires better and at lower cost. *The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, O.*

Truck Tires BY
B. F. Goodrich

Picture

OF THE MONTH

FRED ASTAIRE
LUCILLE BREMER
in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"YOLANDA AND THE THIEF"
with
FRANK MORGAN
Mildred Natwick • Mary Nash • Leon Ames
Photographed in TECHNICOLOR
Screen Play by...............IRVING BRECHER
Based Upon a Story by
JACQUES THERY and LUDWIG BEMELMANS
Songs by ARTHUR FREED, HARRY WARREN
Directed by............VINCENTE MINNELLI
Produced by...................ARTHUR FREED

Did you ever discover anything? We did the other day, and it made us feel great. We discovered *the secret of charm*—and we're going to pass it on to you free, gratis and for nothing. Ready? Here goes—people are charming when they get fun out of doing things. Now you take "Yolanda and The Thief"—a completely charming picture, with completely charming people because everyone in it seems to be having so much fun. Charm is as simple as that.

Debonair Fred Astaire is jauntier than ever—you can tell from the twinkle in his eyes that he gets a kick out of playing the Thief. His dancing is nothing short of sensational. You can see that he really gets a bang out of the wonderful music in the picture.

And Lucille Bremer as the delectable Yolanda—*there's* charm if ever we've seen it. You can see that she's having a great time (what girl wouldn't enjoy being a multi-millionairess and dancing and romancing with Fred!). Then there's Frank Morgan as the thief's sidekick, as charming a rascal as ever appeared in rogues' gallery.

We roared with laughter as we watched the thief try to escape the law, only to fall into the clutches of Love. Talk about glorious musical comedy—this *really is it!*

We're so convinced we're right about charm that we'll bet our bottom dollar that script-writer Irving Brecher is a charming fellow. *And* producer Arthur Freed. Yes, *and* director Vincente Minnelli. We'll bet that everyone connected with the picture enjoyed working on it. Even the cameramen (it's filmed in magnificent Technicolor) must be charming gents.

Matter of fact, our secretary fluttered her eye-lashes at us this morning. Could it be that just seeing "Yolanda and The Thief" has made us charming, too?

Advertisement

Collier's
FOR OCTOBER 27, 1945

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HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
ELIZABETH BOUTELLE *Fiction*

this week

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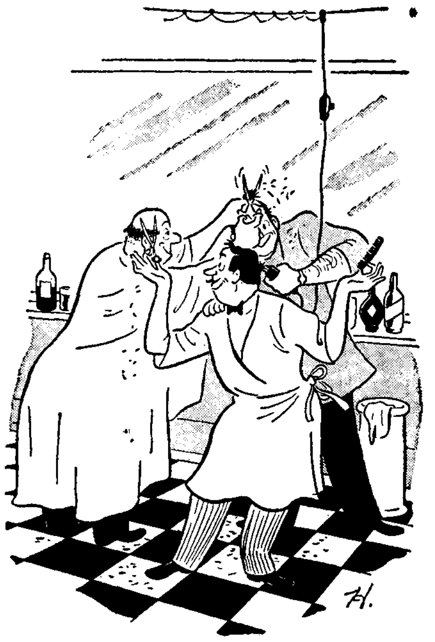
any week

WE'VE just been talking to a colonel who yearns for release from the Army after three years in the Judge Advocate General's branch. Anyway he's been busy here and abroad trying soldiers who broke military law, and anyway again he wants out. "I want," sighed he, "to get back home to Oklahoma where court procedures are simple. I yearn to try a case in the court of a judge I used to know who once stopped a lawyer wrangle in a murder case. The judge stopped us cold with. 'Gentlemen, the only issue before this court is: Should the deceased have went?' "

WE ARE a little more cheerful this morning. Our dentist just called up canceling a drill and fill appointment we had. He has to go to the dentist. Toothache. Reminds us of a barber whom we asked, "What do barbers do when they need a haircut?" And he said: "Oh, a bunch of us get together, have a few drinks and cut each other's hair."



AND Lieutenant Colonel Corey Ford, who now admits that he was one of General Wild Bill Donovan's Cloak and Dagger boys—Office of Strategic Services—and is writing about it, makes an announcement which, we warn him, is not a successful bid for popularity. Colonel Ford says that he went here and there posing as a war correspondent because, he says, "no one would ever suspect a war correspondent of intelligence."

FROM a Navy ensign in San Francisco we have this: "I have written a title for a book entitled: Necessarily. Not content

(*Continued on page 84*)

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Cancer has its hopeful side!

It starts small, as a malignant growth of cells at one point in the body, and may spread quickly. But fortunately, cancer often sends out danger signals, permitting early recognition, and if treated properly it can usually be checked.

These are cancer's danger signals

1—**Any unusual lump** or thickening, especially in the breast.

2—**Any irregular** or unexplained bleeding.

3—**Any sore** that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.

4—**Loss of appetite** or persistent unexplained indigestion.

5—**Noticeable changes** in the form, size, or color of a mole or wart.

6—**Any persistent changes** in the normal habits of elimination.

Here's hopeful news. These danger signals do *not* invariably mean that you have cancer. They are signs that something is wrong, that you should have an immediate examination by a competent doctor.

At one leading cancer clinic, 88 out of 100 women who came for examination because they recognized a warning sign proved *not* to have cancer. The important fact is *they were examined and relieved of worry*, while the few who had cancer increased their chances of a permanent cure.

There have been tremendous increases in medical knowledge and skill, and many improvements in diagnosis and technical care. But remember, medical science can cure cancer *only* if it is discovered early, before it has a chance to grow or spread.

No medicines can cure cancer. Beware of quacks and those who promise to cure cancer with drugs or other unproved methods.

Only three things can check, destroy, or remove cancer . . . X-rays, radium, surgery, used singly or in combination. *There are no short cuts or substitutes.*

If you wish more complete information, Metropolitan will send you, upon request, a free booklet, "There Is Something YOU Can Do About Cancer."

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 115-C, entitled "There Is Something YOU Can Do About Cancer."

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Street____________________

City______________ State________

A SIX LETTER WORD MEANING "THE BEST TOOTH BRUSH BRISTLE"... THAT MUST BE PROLON!
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY
PROLON
Actual Photomicrographs
PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE
BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic "PROLON" BRISTLES

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end PROLON

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

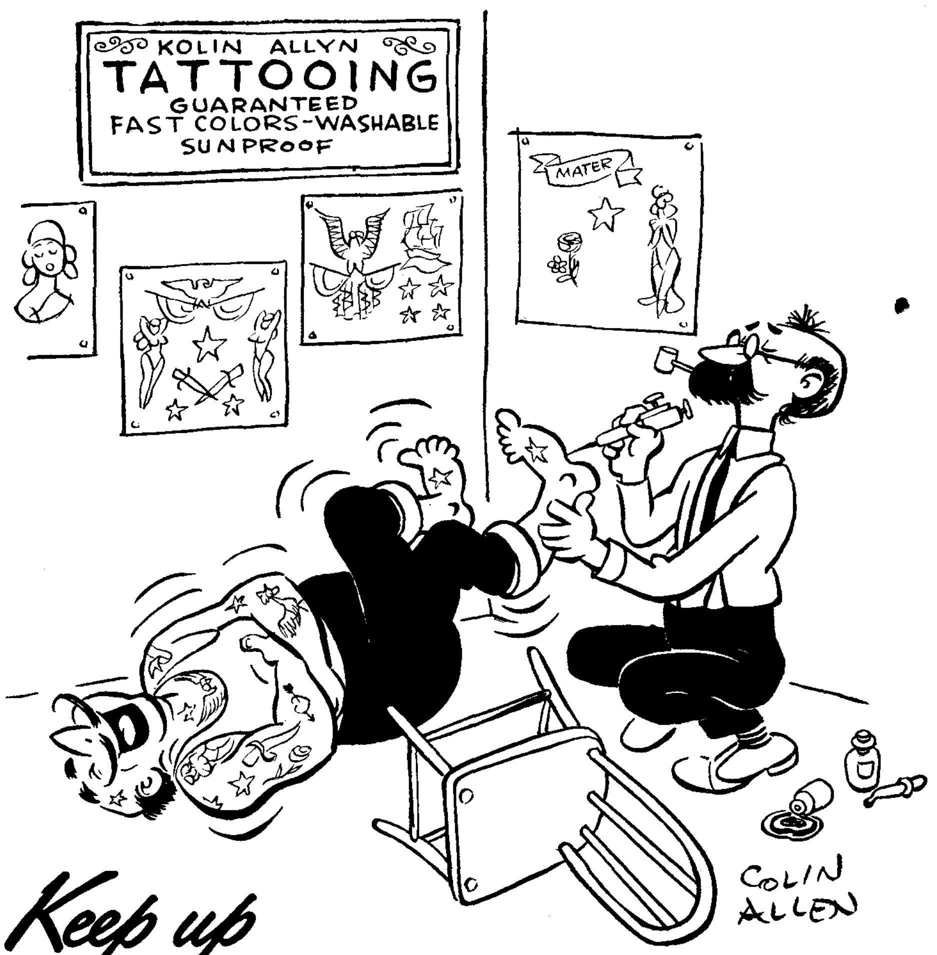
Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

Attention! Users of Smaller Brushes

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-ROW PROFESSIONAL has Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.



Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Georgius Constantine, a Greek, who was one of Barnum's freaks in the 1870s, had the most completely tattooed body on record. His ornamentation, which required the labor of six tattooers for three months, comprised 388 designs arranged so closely together that not one-quarter inch of his skin was left untouched. Even his eyelids and the interior of his ears were elaborately decorated.

The destruction of records of a war contract of $25,000 or more within five years after its final settlement makes a company liable to a fine up to $50,000, and individuals liable to one up to $10,000, or five years' imprisonment, or both.

Few works of art have caused as much controversy over their authenticity as the Mino Tomb, which the Boston Museum of Fine Arts purchased for $100,000 in Italy, 21 years ago. In 1928, Alceo Dossena, the celebrated art forger, confessed that he had made this marble sarcophagus which was reputed to have been the work of Mino da Fiesole, a 15th-century Italian sculptor. This so aroused world art circles that a Boston Museum scientist made a four-year study of the tomb and reported that, while it was not by Mino, being dated a year before his birth, it was centuries old, but had been restored lately in several places. While the museum accepted the report as fact, the school of doubters has not, still pointing out that the Boston officials neither learned where the sculpture was discovered nor ever investigated Dossena's confession which is believed by many art experts.

By being relayed from one traveler to another, a Bible owned by the Union Avenue Christian Church of St. Louis circled the globe between 1936 and 1940, completing one of the longest journeys ever made by a book in this manner. Traveling eastward, the volume covered more than 30,000 miles, visited some 20 countries and was handled by 315 persons, all of whom autographed it.

The mercury column in some clinical thermometers has a diameter only 1-120th as thick as a human hair and would be invisible if it were not equipped with a magnifying glass.

A Hollywood company will soon make 16-mm. prints of its productions for villages around the world that are without movie entertainment and, while still unable to support a standard 35-mm. theater, can support a 16-mm. house. For example, the cost of the projecting equipment for the smaller film is 75 per cent less, and the cost of its prints is 65 per cent less than that of the larger film. Moreover, as the 16-mm. size has no fire hazard, it may be shown in small halls and other inexpensive places not equipped with the safety devices required in regulation theaters.

The costliest suicide in American history was that of John Warde, who leaped from the 17th story ledge of a Fifth Avenue hotel in New York on July 26, 1938. During the 11 hours he stood there undecided whether to jump, relatives and others tried to entice the demented man back into his room, firemen attempted to trap him with a large net, and extra squads of police held back the vast crowd of spectators, while scores of press photographers, newsreel men and radio and television commentators covered the one-man drama, all of which cost the city and those news services about $100,000.

A British scientist advocates the sign language as the best method of conversing with persons speaking unfamiliar tongues, because it is not only unhampered by vocabulary, grammar, idiom and pronunciation, but also faster and far more expressive than any spoken language, as an expert in its use may make—with his arms, hands and fingers—as many as 700,000 distinct signs.

Actors who appear in Uncle Tom's Cabin are known as Tommers, a custom which makes this the only American play whose title is used as an identifying nickname for those presenting it.

Several movie cartoons, made in the United States during recent years, have been produced in as many as 200 colors.

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NEW TELEPHONES FOR YOU!

Full speed ahead on our biggest peacetime job

WHEN the war ended, Western Electric, to the extent permitted by war regulations, had already made a start on its *regular* job—supplying the equipment the Bell System needs to give you telephone service.

Today, conveyors like this are carrying thousands of new telephones.

But it takes far more than just telephones to provide service. It takes cable, central office equipment and many other complex items that cannot be produced and fitted into the System overnight. To get back into full production of these things, and provide maximum employment, reconversion was started the moment the war ended—with every available mechanic engaged on a seven-day basis.

Western Electric, supply unit of the Bell System, is now tackling the biggest peacetime job in its history. Furnishing materials and equipment to meet the System's immediate needs—and then to carry out the System's $2,000,000,000 post-war construction program—promises a volume of production greater than in any peacetime year and a level of employment higher than in the years immediately preceding the war.

It's mighty good to be back on our old job—and you can count on us to make up for shortages caused by four years of war just as fast as is humanly possible.

Western Electric

SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

Buy all the Victory Bonds you can
—and keep them!

Some highlights on our job for the Armed Forces

From January 1, 1940 to June 30, 1945, our Government contracts *alone* totaled almost $2,000,000,000—a larger amount than the *total sales* of the Company during its first 54 years from 1869 to 1923. Here are a few of the items involved.

Radar: More than 56,000 radars of 64 types valued at almost $900,000,000.

Gun Directors, Gun Data Computers: More than 1600 for aiming anti-aircraft and coast defense guns.

Airborne Radio: More than 600,000 receivers, 400,000 transmitters, 50,000 combination receivers, and transmitters.

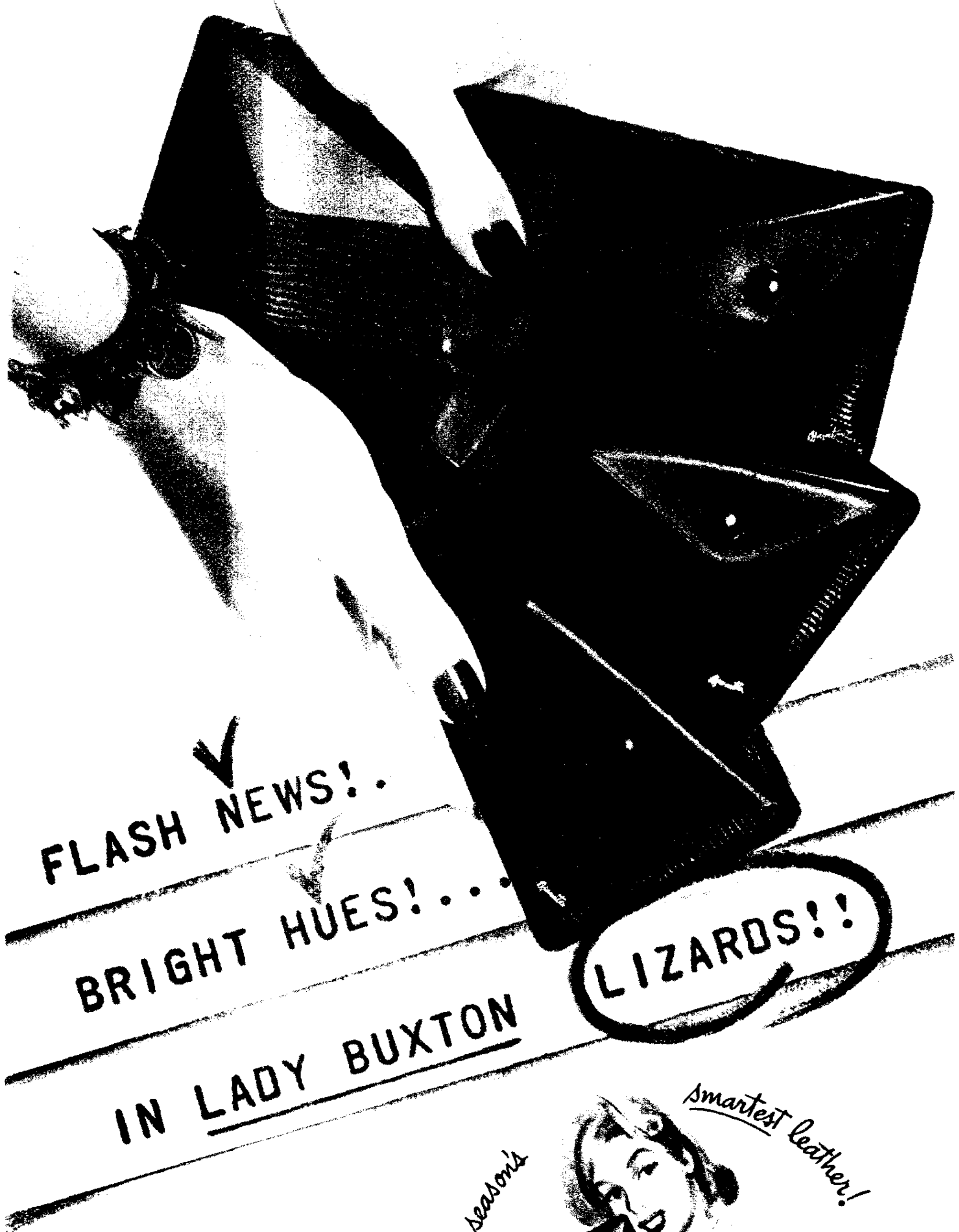
Tank and Artillery Radio: More than 139,000 receivers, 74,000 transmitters.

Microphones: More than 1,700,000.

Headsets: More than 1,400,000.

Cable: More than 4,300,000 miles of wire in lead covered cable and 63,000 miles in Spiral-4 rubber covered cable.

Also large quantities of field telephones, switchboards, field wire and carrier equipment.



...season's
Smartest leather!

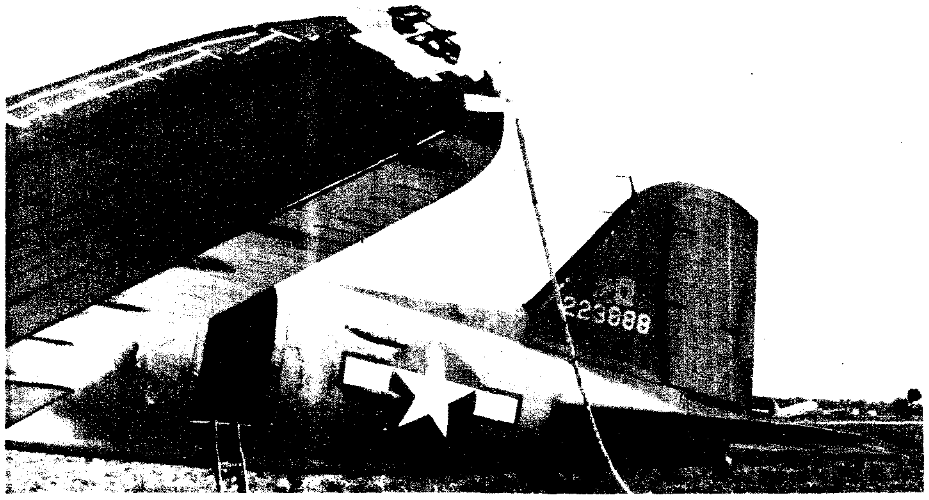
...and at $10
a "secret-hideaway"!

Now—rich, wonderful lizards . . . emerald green, ruby red, pine-cone brown . . . in the billfolds all America loves. So smart . . . so efficient they go everywhere—with everything. Lady Buxton billfolds have a detachable "Magic Purse"—10 separate compartments to keep everything in order. And their special patented construction insures their sleek shape practically forever. Sparkling, long-wearing tropical lizards . . . **7.50** plus tax.

The 3-Way Lizard with "Secret Hideaway"... $10 plus tax.

Lady Buxton

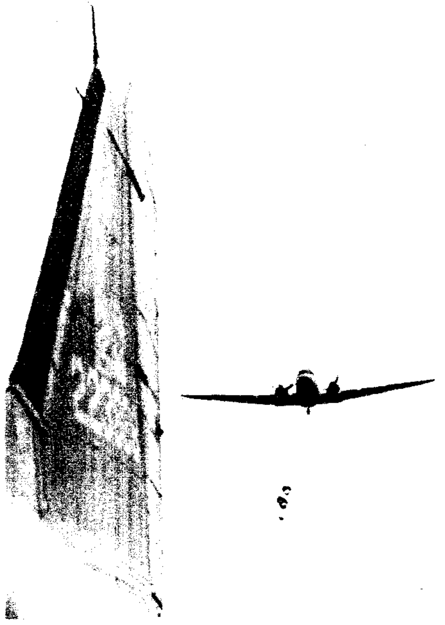
.ALSO IN A WIDE VARIETY OF OTHER LEATHERS STYLES, COLORS FROM $2 TO $5 PLUS TAX.



Towline on rescue plane is taped to left wing tip from which it is easily ripped away by hook on end of towline on the crippled plane

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY



The crippled plane is being towed with engines dead for a landing. Windsocks and weights are used to steady nylon and steel cables

TWIN-ENGINED airplanes keep flying when one engine quits. Four-engined giants may lose one engine and barely be aware of it. If two go out, the other two may sustain flight for several hours, depending on the weight of the load, the altitude and winds. But if the port of destination is very far away and there is nothing but water or rough ground beneath, a crash landing is imminent if the two remaining overworked engines falter.

That is what happened to many Superforts on their way back from Japan to the Marianas, with fuel tanks smashed by flak and one or more engines knocked out by cannon fire. They had to ditch in the Pacific and await the merciful Air-Sea Rescue Service of the Army and Navy.

Those long, hazardous, overwater return flights of crippled Superforts fired up research and testing at Wright Field, which finally solved the problem of keeping a crippled plane in flight by making a mid-air pickup with a towline and hauling it to a safe landing. The war ended before the perfected equipment and technique could be put to use on B-29s in the Pacific, but it is a contribution for peacetime air-transport safety which the Provisional International Civil Aviation Organization, now headquartered at Montreal, may well consider as part of its world-wide accident-prevention and rescue work.

The tests at Wright Field were made with two C-47 transport planes (Douglas DC-3 airliners in war paint). One, designated a "cripple," using just enough power to keep a straight course at a fixed altitude, paid out 250 feet of nylon towline from under its belly. The other, representing the rescue plane, engaged the towline and towed the cripple to a point over an airport where it was cut loose for a dead-stick landing, like a troop-carrying glider.

Three Wright Field equipment engineers who worked on the idea—Lieutenant Colonel W. C. Lazarus, Captain J. B. Rishel and Mr. R. H. Paul—had their worst troubles with stabilizing the towline from the crippled plane. Its free end whipped wildly in the slipstream, sometimes tying itself in knots. Grappling it from the rescue plane was impossible under those conditions.

They tried a lot of things, in the air and in wind tunnels. Finally they attached a 15-foot steel cable to the free end of the nylon line. At each end of the cable they put a small windsock, and at the outer end an 18-pound brass ball and a towing hook. The steadying windsocks and the added weight of the cable, ball and hook did the trick. Thus equipped, the towline trailed smoothly in flight, curving downward so that the cable hung almost vertical. There was no whipping; the cable was as steady as a flagpole.

The rescue plane was equipped with a shorter towline, attached to its tail. The free end, bearing a hook, was carried to the left wing tip and taped securely enough to it to hold in flight.

In the tests, the rescue plane approached the cripple from behind and below, flying about five miles per hour faster. Its left wing nudged the hanging cable, which slid along the leading edge to the wing tip, and passed into the taped-on towing hook.

The cable was drawn upward by the slightly higher speed of the rescue plane, the two hooks engaged, and the taped hook was ripped from the wing tip. The two towlines thus became one, trailing from the tail of the rescuer to the fitting under the belly of the cripple. The rescuer climbed slightly, and this drew the towline taut. The cripple killed its engines, and was towed steadily and easily, behind and a little above the rescuer.

They repeated the tests six times, making minor modifications. Faulty materials and connections broke twice after contacts were made, but in all seven trials, the pickup itself was perfect.

As long as the plane in distress has enough power for sustained flight, the pickup is a cinch. The rescuing pilot can scarcely miss on his first pass, even though he has never made such a pickup before. Weather or darkness, in either pickup or towing, makes little difference unless it be zero-zero, in which event the combination of radar and former night-fighter pilots would probably do the trick.

Lieutenant Colonel Lazarus, Captain Rishel and Mr. Paul are coyly silent on Wright Field rumors that they plan to form "The L-R-P International Airplane Towing Service:

"We pick you up in mid-air
And tow you in from anywhere."

★★★

"SEND THESE, THE HOMELESS, TEMPEST-TOST TO ME,
I LIFT MY LAMP BESIDE THE GOLDEN DOOR!"
—*Inscription on the Statue of Liberty*

Welcome Home!

AND now her lifted beacon hand bids welcome to her own. She gazes out to sea upon a mighty fleet of transports of the air, filled with her valiant sons returning from a work well done.

She bestows her benediction alike upon those who are home to stay and those who still have work to do—but whose task will be done more quickly because they will use the highways of the sky.

With compassionate eyes she looks upon the dawn of brighter days as all men everywhere once more turn to paths of peace and these same transports of the air begin to span the far-flung continents in friendly trade between the nations of the world.

On foreign battlefields our boys have found their wings and henceforth they will fly. They will want this means of travel in their daily lives—in fields of commerce—in leisure hours with days to spend in distant places hitherto beyond the reach of modest means.

Yes, air transportation which has so ably met the needs of war will play no little part in building a finer and a better land in which these men will find that peace and freedom for which they fought. Welcome home!

When you travel by Air *make reservations early; please cancel early if plans change.* When you use Air Express *speed delivery by dispatching shipments as soon as they're ready.* Air Transport Association, 1515 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington 5, D. C.

* * *

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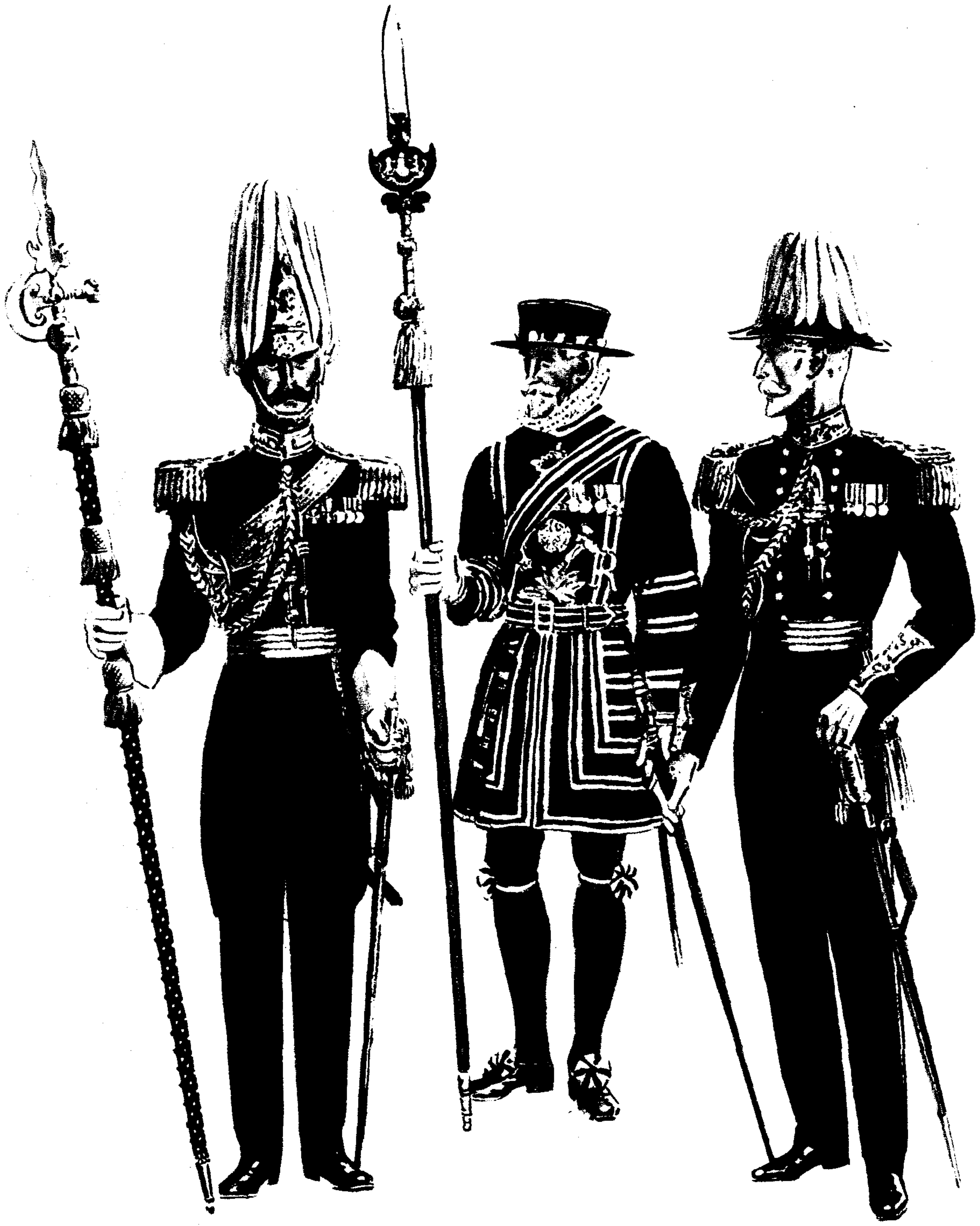


Three examples of an excellent idea

These handsome gentlemen serve the King of England.

The one on the left is an officer of the Gentlemen at Arms. The other two belong to His Majesty's Bodyguard of Yeomen of the Guard, which Henry VII formed in 1485 from the men who fought for him at Bosworth, and which is today the oldest existing military unit in the world.

All three are members of the Royal Bodyguard, whose functions today are pretty much decorative and ceremonial. But there was a time when these gentlemen performed many very useful and important tasks for their King.

They went with him to the wars, and it was their duty to protect his person on the battlefield.

At home, they were charged with ordering the King's household and in general looking after the safety of their sovereign's person, family, home, and immediate possessions.

Obviously, it would be an excellent idea for every one of us to have someone like that—someone whose special job it was to look after our personal safety and the protection of our possessions.

And today, almost every one of us can. No longer do you have to be royalty, or even rich and powerful, before you can get somebody who is sincerely interested in protecting you.

In a matter of minutes, nowadays, you can find a man who, though perhaps not so colorfully dressed, will expertly and effectively safeguard your interests and your family's.

That man is your Travelers agent.

True, he cannot ordinarily prevent you from suffering bodily harm. But he will fix it so that if you *should* be hurt, you won't be crippled financially. Your doctor and hospital bills will be paid and you and your family will have money to live on while you're getting well.

He'll fix it so that if you should have an auto accident, you won't have your earning power mortgaged for years by a judgment which might be rendered against you.

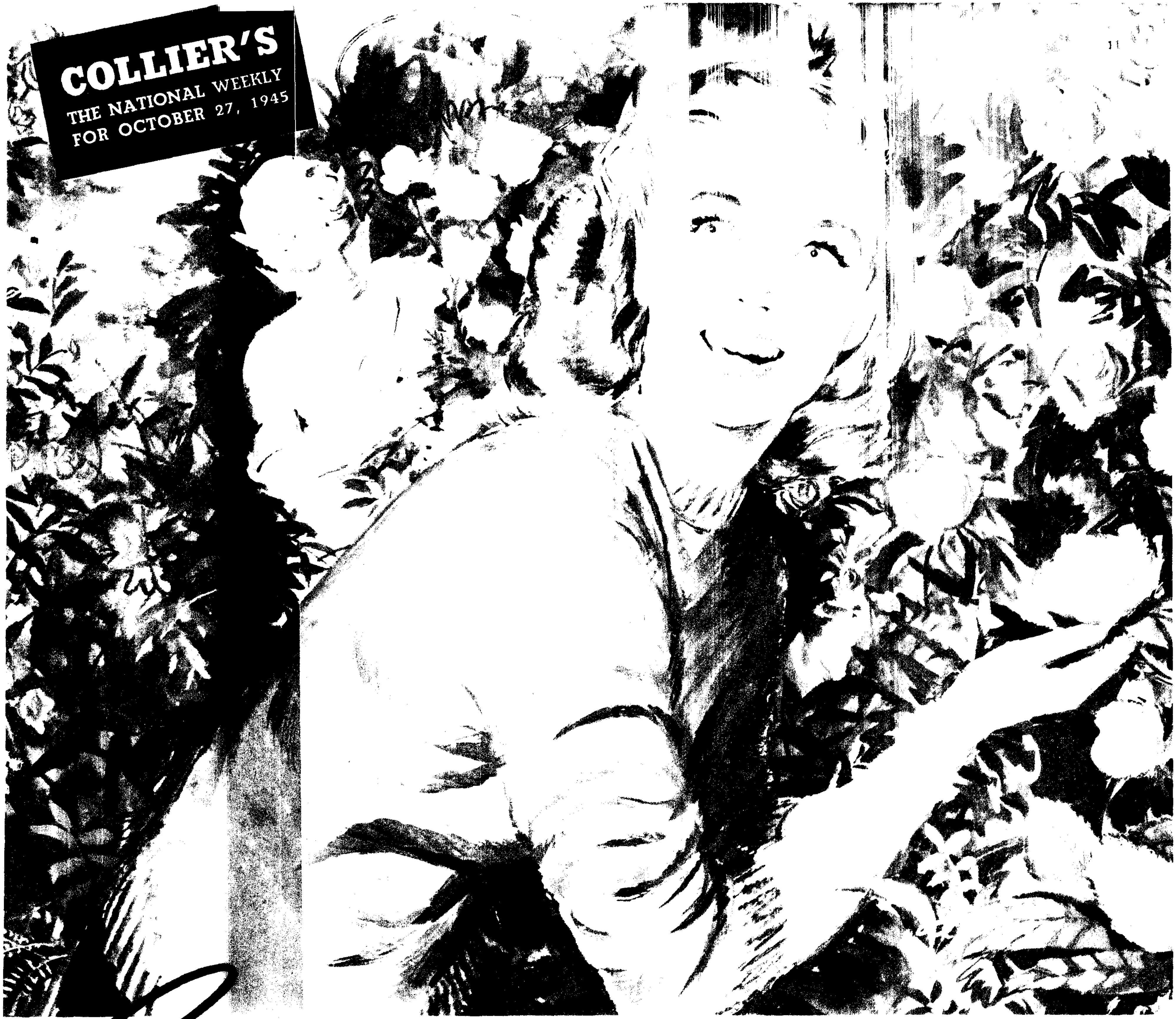
He'll fix it so that, if thieves or fire should rob you of your possessions, you will be paid for your loss.

And he'll help you to protect your family against poverty and see that your children get the right kind of education even though you're no longer there.

It would be hard for the most faithful attendant a monarch ever had to do much more.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance and surety bonds. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR OCTOBER 27, 1945



"This is the place," Ellen said. "Isn't it beautiful?" She was completely unaware of the picture she made against the roses

Give Us Tomorrow

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

Tremendous problems face the soldier exchanging war for peace. What of his girl? What of his job? What of his future? Will he be content to take up where he left off? In this understanding and perceptive story you learn how two young people faced the practical and emotional problem of readjustment

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MOORE

A BUTLER opened the central door of the great house and that struck Peter as just one more of the absurd and unlikely things which made up his life these days. Here he was, in this fall of 1944, entering a place which belonged to some of the headliners of the British nobility, actually and personally invited to spend the week end. The interest always in Peter's eyes deepened as he took a look around the hall, but at the same time he was slightly on guard. He had no previous experience with butlers.

"It's a pity you had to walk from the station, sir," the deferential old fellow said. "But petrol is very short with us these days."

"That was all right," Peter answered. "I enjoyed it. Nice driveway you have here. A lot of fine trees."

"Thank you, sir. It's Major Wymark, sir?"

"That's right."

"Lady Dunn asked me to tell you that she had a meeting in the village which prevented her from being here when you arrived. But she will be back for tea. Shall I show you to your room or would you like to look about for a bit?"

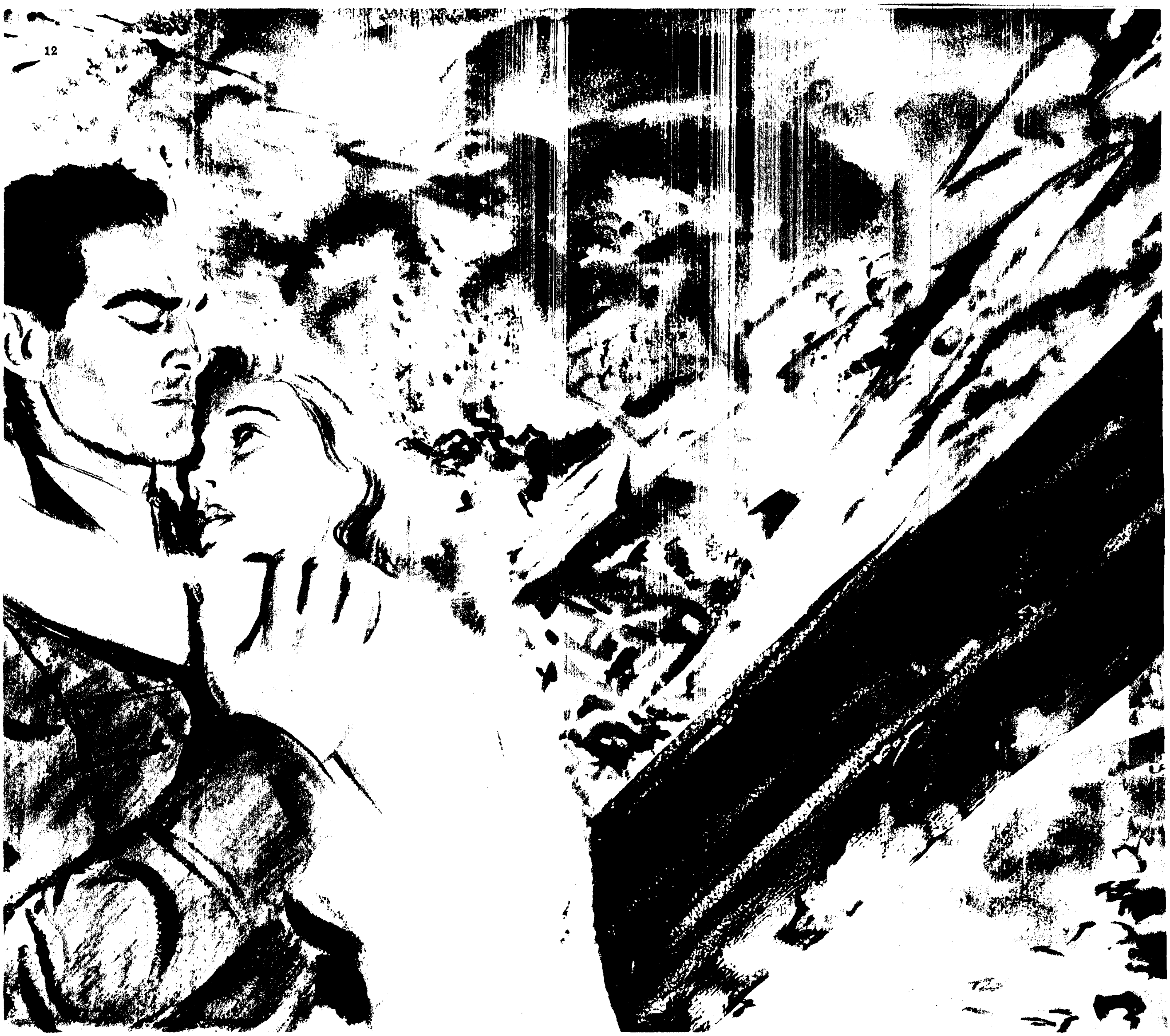
"I suppose I'd better clean up a little first," Peter decided.

The butler picked up the single, worn, stained piece of luggage. He paused for verification.

"I think you're in the Brocade Room, sir. Unless Lady Dunn has made a change. I'll just make sure."

Isn't that something, thought Peter, storing away the incident for future recital, as the butler opened a small door in the oak-paneled wall and peered at a list tacked on the inside of it. Then he closed the door with no sound and proceeded gravely toward the staircase up which so many thousands of guests had been led. The wide polished treads echoed to the footsteps of this latest visitor in the uniform of the United States Army, and the suits of armor in the embrasures showed how styles for making war had changed.

As he turned on the first landing, Peter could look down over the hall. It made him think of a museum or the lobby of a de luxe hotel, and yet it wasn't quite like that. For obviously people lived here. There was a great stone-faced fireplace almost big



enough to drive a small car into. A table that would do for a directors' meeting held a painted chest and tall, gilded lamps with long-fringed shades that looked dusty and dismal. But there were also enormous bunches of fresh yellow daisies that must have been gathered from the sunlit meadows which Peter had passed as he walked up the half mile from the gates of Windower. The family left their things around, too, for there were worn hats and gloves and old canes and tennis balls lying on another table.

It's quite a place, he admitted to himself. Something to see. That was what Violet Clyde had promised when she said that she was going to fix up an invitation to Windower for him. It wasn't a difficult thing for her to arrange, for she was Lady Dunn's American niece and seemed to spend as much time as she wanted with the important and titled people of England. Violet also liked other kinds of company, which was how he had happened to meet her in London. What Peter was wondering now was why Violet hadn't appeared in the picture here as yet. He had rather expected her to meet the train.

He considered asking the butler if she was in the house, but delayed his question. Violet might intend to give her relatives the impression that he was a very casual acquaintance and he didn't want to spoil any such plan, if she thought it was best. It was, after all, a pretty casual affair between them, in spite of the excitement and the fun. She'd never given him the idea that she wanted to keep anything up or to make it permanent. As Violet said, she needed a lot more money than he had.

BUT Peter hoped she wasn't going to leave him hanging on a limb down here with a lot of strange people, lords and ladies and social big shots. He didn't talk their language and he wasn't ashamed of that, he told himself vigorously, but he didn't want to make a fool of himself or crash into any place where he would be completely out of his depth. On a war footing he had been getting along very well in Europe. But in this old and sumptuous house, the war suddenly seemed a long way off.

"No bombs have fallen around here evidently," he remarked.

"They got a good deal of the village, sir," the man answered undramatically, "especially these nasty V-2s. But we've never been hit at Windower."

"Don't brag about that, Bindle," a girl's voice exclaimed, "it's terribly bad luck!"

"No, indeed," Bindle agreed with his tired smile, "we should know better than to boast, Miss Ellen."

It was so dim in the upstairs hall that Peter hadn't seen the girl at first. But now she was at the top of the stairs, close to him.

His glance was quick and complete, for he knew what he wanted to see in a girl. Instantly he hoped this one wasn't married or engaged. She was slim and tallish, in a pale blue sweater, with nice legs and not a feature that a man would need to forgive or overlook. The unsharpened colors of her pale brown hair and white skin above the azure of the wool made her seem very feminine and as if her beauty had not been tampered with and could be trusted.

"Hello," she said, and the accent was thoroughly American.

But she didn't stop to shake hands or offer him a welcome. She must be company, too, thought Peter. He wanted to ask Bindle her name after she passed, but restrained himself again. It would be a poor idea to pump the butler about any girls in the house, at least right at the start. Of course, it wasn't surprising that she should sound like an American; Lady Dunn herself was an American who had married into all this. Everyone knew that.

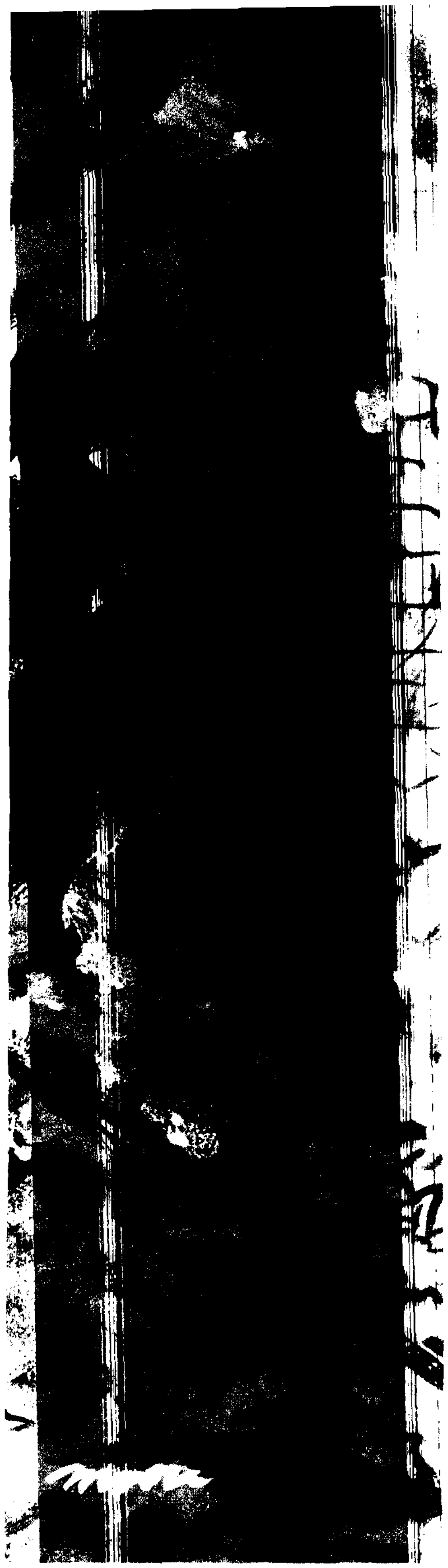
This was his room, a bedchamber on the scale of the hall downstairs. As he went in, Peter noted his name, written on a card and slipped into the little brass—or maybe it was gold—plate on the door. So Peter Wymark will have slept here, he said to himself ironically. There's a fact for history. That's one for the book.

The room might be grand but it was comfortable and full of peace. The size of the bed and the depth of the mattress, the generous, easy chairs with their skirts scattered with printed flowers, the clock ticking so composedly on the mantel and the draperies sweeping away from the windows reminded him in sharp contrast of what was still going on across the channel. If some of the others could see him now, their eyes would certainly stick out. Anyway, here he was. When you got a break, the thing to do was to take it.

"Is there anything I can get for you, sir? May I unpack your bag?"

"No, thanks. It's no job. This all looks very complete. You might tell me what the schedule is, though. How about this tea you mentioned? Am I supposed to go to that?"

The servant smiled. "As you wish, sir. If I may say so, you might enjoy it. Due to being in the country, we have some bits of food that they tell me you can't find in London these days."



Violet was in the midst of the wreckage when Peter found her. She flung her arms around his neck, crying hysterically, "Oh, Peter, I don't want to be killed . . . don't leave me!"

"Now that's a good tip," said Peter with a grin. "I'll be there."

"On fine days Lady Dunn prefers tea in the summerhouse. It's just past the end of the terrace, sir. You can't miss."

"Okay. Thanks."

The door closed and Peter lit a cigarette and tried to relax, sitting down for a minute to try a chair and then, in spite of its ease, impatiently crossing to the windows to see what lay below.

"Swans and everything," he muttered.

There were swans, sailing in a pictorial pond as serenely as if bombs and war had never been invented. There was a stone terrace that ran the length of the enormous house and below, on a lawn where sheep were cropping the grass, were marble benches, and Peter could see statues set among the shrubbery.

War took you up and set you down in queer, unlikely places. That was what Peter Wymark was thinking as he stood looking down at land which had been privileged for three hundred years. It took a war to tie this up with Carmine, the mining town that Peter called home, perched by necessity between caverns of iron ore. Instead of getting off the job at five o'clock and stopping for a beer at the Eagle Tavern, he was being entertained in the house of an English duke. It was pretty funny and it opened your eyes to a lot of things, Peter said to himself.

The Eagle Tavern was more distinct to him for a second than the swans and statues below his window. He remembered the slippery, round tables, the bar with its cheap brands of liquor, the line of slot machines, and, most clearly, how he used to feel sometimes when he'd drop in there. It was one thing before the war. Even then he used to burn up because he didn't get ahead faster in the organization and realized it might be years before he'd be even an assistant superintendent. Then there were those bitter months later when he found out that he couldn't get into either the Air Force or the Navy, because their X rays kept finding an old healed lesion that he hadn't known was there. He couldn't break through the red tape, even though he knew that half the men they sent off in uniform wouldn't stand up to hard work and tough circumstances as well as he could.

But they had to have more engineers, men who could handle crews of workmen and big machinery. They had searched the deferred lists and interviewed big industrialists. Old Desmond, after such a request, had recommended Peter. So he'd got here in the end, even if it was a special assignment.

He'd done a job. They all said so and Peter Wymark knew it anyway. His face was grimmer and the shadow of his thoughts made it seem gaunt and older. He remembered against his will the death and destruction that inevitably had gone along with achievements. He had seen too much horror to be happy about what he had done. But the sense of power stayed with him. No matter what he might come up against from here in, he could handle it. If they sent him off to do another job, he would wade right into it. And if they sent him back home, let him out of the Army, he was going to wade right in there, too, and get ahead. He'd marked time pretty nearly long enough. He could go up to the boss now and say —

He didn't think out that speech fully for he saw the girl again. She was crossing the terrace below him and someone out of sight was calling to her. Her clear, unblurred voice floated up to him.

"Yes, Violet is coming back this afternoon. Bringing Lewis Hewston down with her."

The hell she is, thought Peter. So she's attached Hewston now. That's big game. I wonder just where I come in. Still it was reassuring that Violet was going to show up and also there was the good-looking Ellen girl, with her straight American voice, on the scene. It might not be such a bad week end after all. Peter marked the direction that the girl was taking across the gardens and pulled a clean shirt out of his bag.

NOBODY stopped or interfered with him as he set out to explore the paths beyond the formal garden. On the terrace he saw a woman in Red Cross uniform asleep in a long chair. The man who had been talking to the girl now was smoking a pipe and reading some papers at the opposite end. A sound, beginning like a throb of summer thunder, rose to a roar as a formation of planes passed overhead. The Red Cross girl did not wake. The man with the pipe looked up thoughtfully. Peter kept on in search of the girl called Ellen.

There were any number of paths. He tried three before he found her. She was lying flat on her back on a carved stone bench set in a little open space filled with sun. As he came around a clump of rhododendrons she sat up with one motion.

"Well—hello again!" she said.

"I hope I didn't wake you up."

"I wasn't asleep. Just enjoying myself. Pretending to think."

He gave her a glance full of admiration. "Will I spoil that? Do you have to finish the thinking?"

She held her answer back for a minute, looking him over. He had an instant feeling that she knew something about him and was making up her mind what to say. Violet had probably been talking. He was suddenly angry about Violet, not so much with her as with himself, and with people who might take an episode like that too seriously; he didn't want the girl he was looking at to exaggerate the affair between Violet and himself into something more important than it was.

"I'll have to finish it some time," she answered, "but maybe it could wait."

"I suppose there's a lucky fellow somewhere who's getting all that thought," said Peter, though he had already seen that there was no wedding ring on her hand. No sign of a diamond either.

She half laughed. "You probably would suppose that. Do you want to know what I was thinking about, actually?"

"Yes. Let's start there. Where I came in." He sat down on the other end of the bench.

"I was thinking," said the girl, "that nothing that may happen to me is of the slightest importance."

"You don't really believe that."

"I have to. Then I won't be afraid of anything."

HE RECOGNIZED the look on her face. That look of extra coolness, of refusing to be panicked, of figuring out the score was often seen on men who were going into action. Trying to prepare for disaster.

"Everybody's afraid now and then. Don't let that bother you."

"I'd like to get over it before I go home again. Or I'll feel as if I've been licked."

"Going back to America soon?"

"Before long. My job here was only for a year. It's about over."

"That's the way it is with me. I'm—"

She said, "Oh, I know who you are. You're Peter Wymark. From Carmine, Minnesota."

So Violet had given names and places.

"Is all that on the list behind the hall door?" he asked coolly.

"I don't know. I really didn't have to look. I've heard enough about you at home. . . . I'm Ellen Desmond."

She told her name as if that were all that needed to be said. And it was. The name stopped him short, changed the coloring of this adventure entirely. The girl was still a beauty but she was also the daughter of the big boss, the president of the company.

The ridiculous chance of this meeting excited him, embarrassed him a little, put him on the defensive and, more than anything else, made him want to laugh. He'd never met Ellen Desmond but he'd always known that there was such a girl, not quite in the picture of his own life but close to it. Or rather he wasn't in her picture.

"I should have known!" he exclaimed.

"I thought maybe you did. But we haven't run across each other back home, have we?"

"We never moved in the same circles," he said cheerfully.

"That sounds pretty silly, doesn't it?"

"Over here it does. The rules are suspended for the duration."

"Don't talk like that. Let's be ourselves."

"There's nothing I'd like better. And I'm good at it."

"Then that's settled," she said with a smile that Peter felt himself reach for. "As a matter of fact, I'm the one who's been on the spot because I couldn't say that I knew you. Lady Dunn thought I wasn't well acquainted in Minnesota and Violet seemed to think I'd missed a lot."

"You could tell them you couldn't know all your father's five thousand employees."

"I didn't try to get out of it that way. I said I'd heard plenty about you."

He groaned. "Such as—no, don't go on."

She went on anyway: "I said you were an engineer. And that I thought Father had some hand in sending you over here. Didn't he?"

"He released me. Somebody had the chance to go. It was Bob Lindley or me. You know him, don't you?"

"Yes, I know Bob." Ellen paused, remembering. She distinctly recalled her father saying to somebody, "So we decided to let young Wymark go. It may do him some good to be in the Army. Discipline the young pup. Knock some of the hell out of him. He's a good engineer but he's always stepping out of line—"

Aloud she said, "And I told them you were interested in politics and got to the last national convention in spite of considerable opposition."

"You've got quite a lot of dope on me," he said.

"I was interested in that convention, too."

"I nearly got fired because of it."

She laughed. "I guess the company needed all its engineers. You know you're quite different from what I expected."

"In what way?"

"I like you better than I thought I would. I was all prepared to avoid you."

"Please change your mind about that."

"It's wavering a little already."

"You're wonderful. I knew it when I saw you in the upper hall. I knew then why I came down here."

"I thought you came down to see Violet."

"Violet and I met in London," he said awkwardly.

"Yes. She told me."

How much, wondered Peter, had Violet told her? But in her clear glance he could not find accusation or disturbance. Why should she care? He began to wish she did. He began to wonder if he could make her care and who had made her care, and when, and how much truth there was to the story she was going to marry Bob Lindley. Now that he saw Ellen Desmond, he was sure she was too good for Lindley. This girl had spark and the things you didn't describe and always looked for. Also she looked real and steady. She reminded him of all the things he'd wanted all his life and hadn't yet won, the fineness that was just over the hill, the things to be proud of, the girl who would be the answer.

Ellen said, "You know Father, of course."

"In a way I've known him all my life. Who doesn't? But he might not recognize me."

He'd seen Jay Desmond getting off his private car with the directors from New York, taking them around the pits on inspection trips, giving them a quick, proud view of what they owned or controlled. Desmond's short figure, with its active, clumsy legs and the ruddy, thick-skinned face with small, sharp, driving eyes, was very clear in Peter's memory.

HE COULD even remember when he first met the great man. It was one day when Jay Desmond had stopped to speak to Peter's father on the job. Perhaps fifteen years ago. His father had been running the big shovel as usual and Desmond was on tour of the properties.

"Hello, Chris. Glad to see you. Holding up all right?"

"I sure am, Mr. Desmond."

Peter had been standing there, watching. He was in high school then.

"This your boy, Chris?" asked the great man.

"Yes, sir. That's my Pete."

"Glad to meet you, boy. Still in school?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you keep your nose to the grindstone and learn something and we'll give you a job when you're ready for it. Okay, Pete?"

"That'll be fine, Mr. Desmond."

The memory of that scene tickled Peter. He had got the job all right and now here he was, in the garden of an English country house, meeting the daughter.

"Father's a grand person," said Ellen.

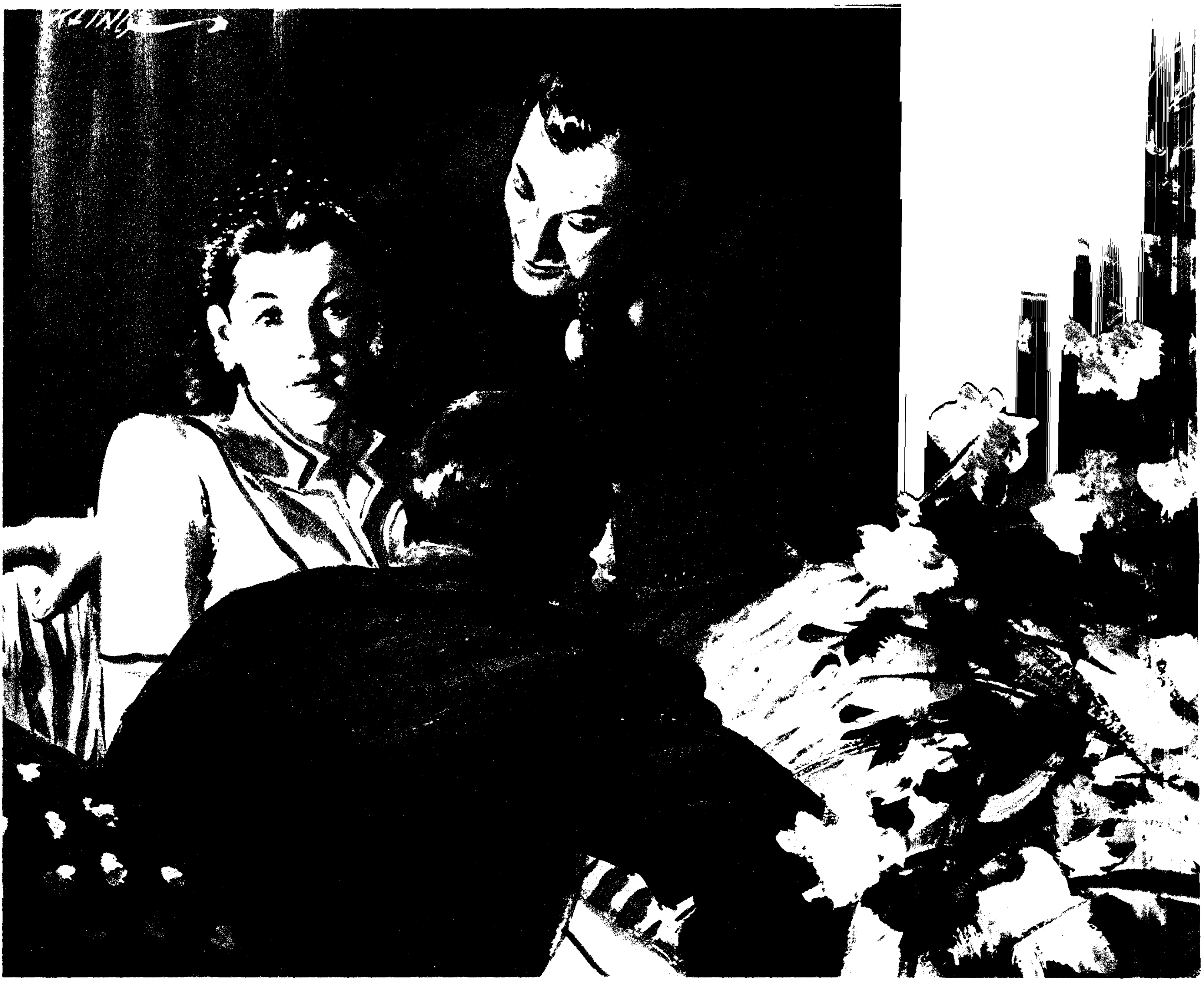
"So my father's always thought," Peter answered noncommittally.

"He'll be terribly interested when I tell him about meeting you here."

Peter grinned doubtingly.

But Ellen knew that she was right. Her father took an almost patriarchal interest in the men connected with his company. She had heard Peter Wymark's name mentioned with irritation when her father was talking to some superintendent he had brought home to dinner. That was because Peter mixed in politics. And girls she knew had spoken of him, after meeting him as she might have done herself, in some local night club. When

(Continued on page 37)



“Acting innocent, hey?” Cornelius Holleran demanded affably. He appeared to have taken a fancy to Henesie. “Okay, Kelly, get out the blackjacks and the rubber hose”

A Girl Like Miss Henesie

By Thomas Walsh

Kelly was determined never to risk his head or his heart again. But it is hard for a detective to pick his risks—especially when there is a beautiful girl in danger

JOHN KELLY and Cornelius Holleran, who had drawn the second name on the list—Henesie, Gowns—left headquarters about half past six that night after the usual briefing by Inspector Donnelly, and got over to the Henesie apartment on Central Park West some twenty or twenty-five minutes later. What they found up there at Henesie's number appeared to be quite an apartment, a rich-looking sidewalk awning, not one but two uniformed doormen, and a magnificent cream and gold lobby. For a moment—but only for a moment—they stopped on the pavement and eyed that lobby with the customary trade air of alert and rather menacing contempt; then, not looking at each other, they marched in stolidly and inquired at the desk for Miss Henesie.

She was not home. Soon, however, the house manager was produced from somewhere, and Cornelius Holleran flashed the badge on him, and after that, they were all wafted up elegantly and smoothly to the eighteenth floor. They found quite a place there, too. A round foyer done in a cool ivory shade, and beyond it, down two steps, a breath-takingly long living room with a couple of oversized windows looking out directly across the park.

Kelly, face to face with that, paused momentarily at the top of the foyer steps; Cornelius Holleran, with a brusque and rasping: “Okay, Jack,” edged the house manager unceremoniously into the hall and then slammed the door on him. At the far end of the room was a terrace doorway, through which Kelly was able to make out a narrow plot of grass bordered by dwarf shrubbery, two stone urns, one white metal table, and two chromium and leather reclining chairs. In the living room itself, he saw flowers pleasantly arranged; some swirls and angles of odd but comfortable-looking furniture wrought of waxed pale wood and cool-looking gray upholstery; and a fireplace of fine black marble glittering coldly under the most enormous circular mirror Kelly had ever seen.

He inspected the layout for a moment or two, not overly impressed, but impressed, before going down into it. Cornelius Holleran, a bulky man with a seamed dark face, iron-gray hair and long, untidy-looking sideburns, followed him, and still without speaking, the two of them walked through to a small, immaculate dining room, a kitchen, and a back door that led out to the service elevator; after that they crossed the living room again and found Miss Henesie's bedroom.

A closet in there was filled with shelves of hatboxes and shoes, and a long overwhelming row of coats and dresses and tailored suits, all apparently feminine, all apparently Henesie's. Cornelius Holleran pawed curiously through those things and came up at once with a pale blue nightdress about as substantial as spun moonlight.

“Ma—ma,” he said, with his first expression of interest. “Look at this. Them French, hey, Kelly?”

“Oh, boy!” Kelly said, but without any particular enthusiasm. He glanced around, sniffed a perfume bottle absently, lighted another cigarette and went back to the living room. Cornelius Holleran followed him leisurely. “Everything. high class, hey?” he wanted to know.

When Kelly did not answer him, he scowled, grunted something inaudible, and began to move around and touch things with an inquisitive forefinger. Time passed. At a quarter after eight, when the room was beginning to fill with dim shadows, the door in back of them opened and closed. Kelly got up quickly and saw a yellow dress gleaming at him from the top of the foyer steps, a yellow straw hat balanced tentatively over it.

“Hello there,” the yellow dress said brightly.

(Continued on page 67)

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

END LABOR WARS TOO

BY JOSEPH H. BALL
U. S. SENATOR
FROM MINNESOTA

Economic strife can sidetrack our full production program, says Senator Ball, a co-author of the Federal Industrial Relations Act now before the Senate. His idea is to prevent this by regulating labor-management affairs

THE United States Senate has ratified the United Nations Charter. Congress has approved the Bretton Woods agreements to establish an international bank and monetary fund. We have joined the United Nations Food and Agriculture Conference and extended and expanded the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act.

All of these actions by government are aimed at achieving one objective: the substitution of a rule of reason, law and justice for the rule of force in the settlement of disputes among nations. Whether these measures succeed or not, their adoption is evidence that we have at long last learned that war never settles anything finally and that peace doesn't just happen. If we want peace, we must do something positive about it.

Let's also recognize that industrial strife—disputes between management and labor that close down plants and stop production—is just as senseless as war. We all condemn the strikes or lockouts that stopped vital war production. But if we really want to achieve greater prosperity and full employment, strikes or lockouts which decrease total production are just as much to be deplored.

What makes our standard of living high is the fact that we produce a huge volume of goods in proportion to our population. Say we produce 1,200,000 washing machines a year, and a labor dispute in the industry stops production for two months. We'll have just 200,000 fewer washing machines to use, and our standard of living, collectively, will be just that much lower. And the same reasoning applies to every other industry. The proposition that the nation and the people lose every time production is slowed or stopped by reason of a labor dispute or any other cause is unassailable.

Leaders of management, labor and government have expressed fears of an unprecedented wave of strikes and lockouts as soon as wartime controls are relaxed.

R. J. Thomas, president of the C.I.O. United Automobile Workers Union, said publicly in July: "I don't know whether you would say that we're going to 'pull the pin' when the war ends. But we will authorize strikes in every plant where a present grievance continues to exist."

Some of us believe that government, which has devoted so much thought and energy to the problem of substituting justice and peace for war and chaos in international relations, has an obligation to do a little similar planning for peace in this vital field of labor relations. That is why, on June 20, 1945, a proposed Federal Industrial Relations Act, Senate 1171, was introduced in Congress by Senators Carl A. Hatch, Democrat of New Mexico, Harold H. Burton, Republican of Ohio, and myself.

This bill is not intended to replace the Wagner Act or any other existing labor legislation. Rather it is intended to supplement them, to equalize the responsibility for maintaining industrial peace between employers and employees and to clear up much of the confusion, duplication of effort and delay that now attends government handling of labor troubles.

Three Major Principles

Briefly, S. 1171 would write into law three principles:

1. It would require both parties to a dispute to maintain the *status quo* while certain standard procedures for settlement were carried out: collective bargaining, conciliation, mediation, offer of voluntary arbitration and, finally, in serious cases, reference to a special fact-finding commission. This would prohibit both strikes and lockouts during such procedures and prohibit the employer from making any change in working conditions without consent of the union.

2. It would impose on both parties obligations to bargain collectively, to fulfill terms of contracts entered into and to refrain from interference with the other party.

3. It would prohibit any union, through a closed-shop contract, from exercising a monopoly control of job opportunities.

The bill to carry out these principles is of necessity complicated and long. The original drafting was done over a twelve-month period by a volunteer committee, headed by Donald R. Richberg, Washington lawyer, who helped draft many laws sponsored by organized labor, and including other men with long and varied experience in the field of labor relations and legislation.

Yet within twenty-four hours after its introduction, William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, Philip Murray, president of the Congress of Industrial Organizations, and John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, issued simultaneous statements blasting the bill.

Murray called it a "bill to enslave labor"; Green called it a "strait jacket for labor" and termed its sponsors "anti-democratic" because labor had not been consulted before its introduction, while Lewis in his (*Continued on page* 59)

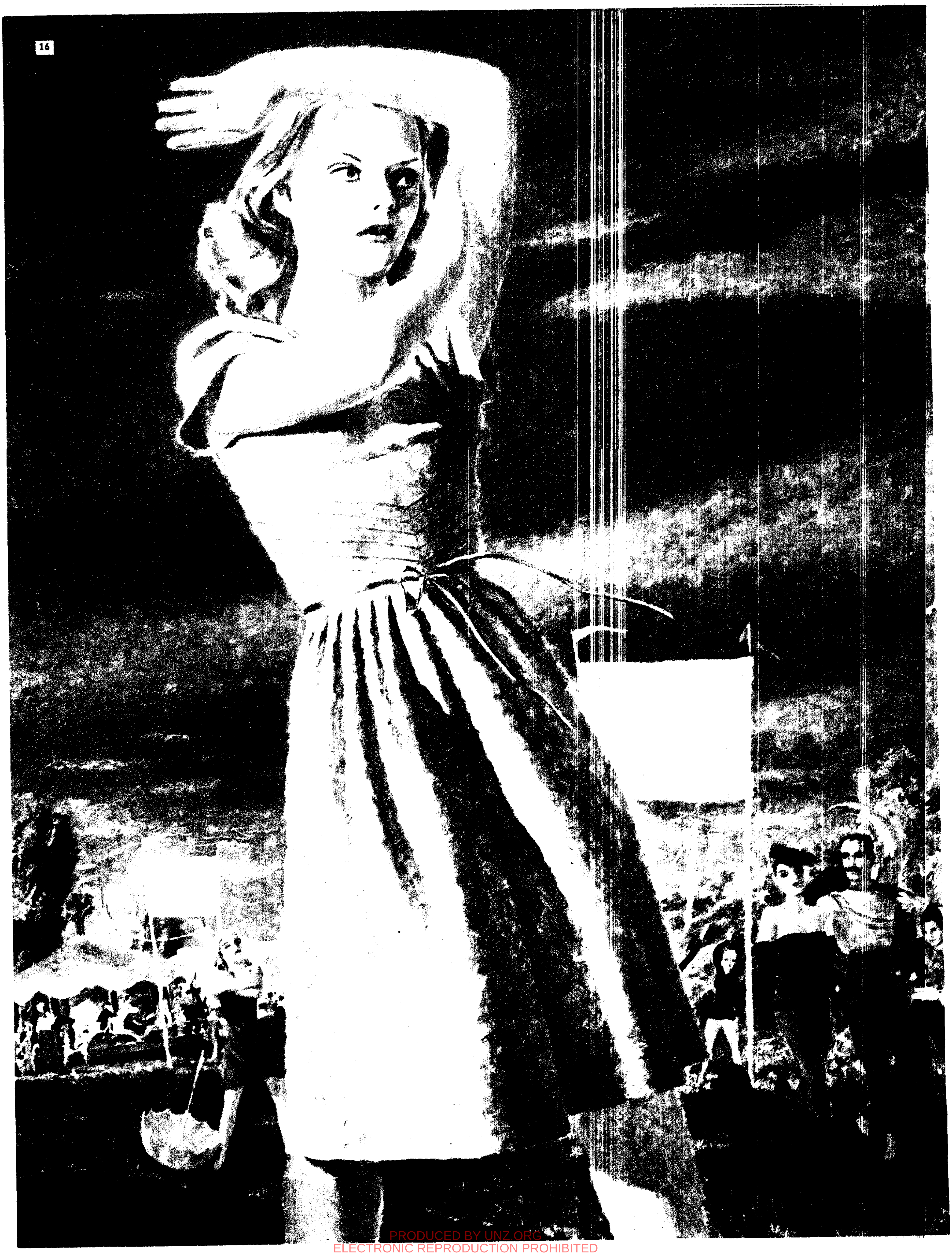
S
OUR
Government
NO
MORE
S.Lavery
WARD
IS
Unpatriotic
"a day that
will live in
Infamy"
S.Lavery

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Strikes by management, like the Montgomery Ward case, are as bad as those by labor, Sen. Ball holds

Ball says his bill would end closed-shop, closed-union cases like the New York newspaper strike, below

INTERNATIONAL



America's Kid Sister

By AMY PORTER

ALL of a sudden America has discovered that we have with us a wonderful bunch of girls, age twelve to seventeen. When they're twelve they say, "Snub my nose and call me snooty," and things like that, and one of their favorite sandwiches is made of peanut butter, bananas and mayonnaise (called a slurp switch because, of course, it's slurpy).

When they are fifteen and sixteen, they put away childish things and are chiefly interested in politics and dates and serious things like that. When they are seventeen they are practically grown up, only not quite.

The lovely puzzlement of them all is expressed by Bambi Linn, the young dancer in the Walter Klett painting on the opposite page.

Bambi makes a tremendous personal hit in the musical Carousel. For herself, she leads a very simple life with her parents in Brooklyn. She has studied dancing since she was seven, and as Agnes de Mille's prize pupil she got her first big Broadway chance in Oklahoma!, which she left for the more spectacular part in Carousel.

Now every night Bambi acts and dances the part of a wild-spirited girl who struggles against her own instinct to rebel against society. She antagonizes the sedate people in the little town where she lives, and for a while the nice girls at school won't have anything to do with her.

The way Bambi dances makes you understand what a tough job it is for young girls to grow up. The strange thing is that only in the last few years have these growing-pain girls been taken very seriously by their parents. They were the awkward age, the difficult kids you had to endure until they grew to reasonableness. It was hard to find clothes for them. They were either too big or too little to look right in anything.

Now, overnight almost, the awkward age has disappeared. These girls are getting their own specially designed clothes, their own magazines, their own radio programs, their own big influential clubs, and the chance to speak up about everything they like and want and hope for. They are Somebody in the community, important not just because they are the future generation but for themselves.

In New York, they put on their own radio program, through the Metropolitan Youth Council, gaining poise and knowledge as they work. A lot of them have blossomed out through Steffi Nossen's teen-age dance groups. Miss Nossen encourages them to express their own ideas and to depict their own activities in dancing. The result is not classic, not jive, but their own special brand of modern ballet. Adult audiences are enchanted.

Of advice, girls can find all they want via clubs, radio, magazines. Experts abound to answer their slightest question. How to act on dates and how to get along with my unreasonable parents are first on their list of problems. Next, they want to know how they can make money. Clothes and hobbies and schools are important incidentals.

The girls worry sometimes about the way they are accused of talking. The older girls say it's only the younger girls who speak of "Oh, my achin' back," and to whom things are either "rugged," meaning good, or "prim," meaning awful. The older girls say they speak the same language as their parents, not Jabberwock talk.

Much of the new recognition of this age group has a money motive. Everybody with something to sell has begun to realize that from the time she is twelve years old, a girl has a mind of her own as to what she will and will not buy. She is worth wooing. Movie makers and orchestra leaders have to keep her in mind if they want to succeed. A big segment of the fashion industry is sensitive to her whims. Do 13-year-olds use cosmetics? Well, here is something special for them, light-toned cosmetics of the very kind they need. Do 14-year-olds chafe at wearing little-girl clothes and still hate hand-me-down styles from their older sisters? Here's a manufacturer ready to produce clothes made precisely to 14-year-old taste.

The dress Bambi wears in the painting is a young beige-gray thing made of a soft wool, interwoven with mink hairs. It was the idea of Bertha Green, head designer of a firm that was one of the first to specialize in junior styles, for girls in the second year of high school and up. It now sells around 250,000 dresses a year. Miss Green is young, and so is everybody around her. Every salesgirl and model in the place is a junior-sized consultant, whose opinions on clothes are law.

The big trend in teen-age and junior clothes this year is away from sloppiness toward neatness. The girls themselves caused the trend. Maybe they got tired of all that bad bobby-sox publicity. Maybe they didn't like it when towns here and there started arresting girls who appeared in the streets in shorts. Maybe boys jeered too loud at their dangling shirttails. Manufacturers don't question why; they just try to keep up with their customers' demands.

A neat date dress, happily, calls for jewelry and even a hat, and parents rather agree with manufacturers that this is a nice change from a steady sweater-and-skirt diet. Teen-agers and young juniors like a splash of frippery along with neatness—fur pockets in the shape of hearts, ermine tails on a belt, a scarf printed all over with animals and, always, plenty of dirndl skirts, this year derived from ballet costumes. The sweater-and-skirt uniform itself is getting neater, with the girls accepting the belted and tuck-in sweaters they once swore they'd never wear.

It doesn't seem to hurt the twelve-to-seventeens much to be recognized as a market. Side by side with commercial interest, and often developing out of it, there are wholesome noncommercial activities. Big stores in Chicago, Milwaukee, Philadelphia and other cities have established clubs, patterned after high-school canteens, where boys and girls can foregather for soft drinks and table tennis and whatever. They don't have to buy anything. The stores seek good will for the future. If girls want to make their own clothes, the stores are eager to help on that, too, with sewing classes.

In all the to-do about the suddenly important teen-agers, you hear much less about juvenile delinquency. Probably there's no time left for it. ★★★

BAMBI LINN
PAINTED FROM LIFE BY WALTER KLETT
The second of a series

CHILDREN BEHIND BARBED WIRE

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF—PIX

Seven thousand German war prisoners between 12 and 18 are getting a taste of democratic justice, religion and education in France. Not even their teachers know how effective it will be

RADIOED FROM LONDON

At least five hundred spectators had crowded into the big tent. Originally this structure, half tent and half building, had been put up as a theater, but today it was to be a courtroom, and one of the first war-criminal trials was about to take place.

A door opened and the crowd hurriedly got to its feet. The jury, looking a little self-conscious, filed in—thirteen of them. They took their places behind a long bench. The prosecutor entered next with the court clerk. They sat down behind a table to the left of the stage, and then the defendant, looking a bit scared, followed and sat to the right of the stage. His lawyer came in and sat beside him. The foreman of the jury banged his gavel, and the crowd sat down and waited in expectant silence.

The clerk of the court arose and addressed the jury. "Repeat after me: I swear on my honor to discharge my duties honestly and to the best of my ability."

The thirteen men of the jury repeated the oath. The foreman of the jury called upon the defendant to stand up. His name was Werner Schultz and he was accused of stealing a package of cigarettes from Cell No. 12, Cage No. 5 of the Compiègne war prisoners' camp.

The foreman asked Werner Schultz if he pleaded guilty.

In a quavering voice the defendant cried out, *"Nein, Nein."* His lower lip trembled a little. After all, Private Werner Schultz, late of the Wehrmacht, was only fifteen.

The package of cigarettes had disappeared during a period when he was supposed to be in charge of Cell (tent) No. 12. He was responsible, the foreman told him sternly. The defense counsel objected to the circumstantial evidence that the prosecutor (Private Carl Heinlein, aged sixteen) produced.

The defense counsel cross-examined the prosecution witnesses. "Have you ever seen the defendant smoke a cigarette?" he thundered at a 16-year-old Wehrmacht soldier.

"No," the witness admitted; "he always smokes a pipe."

"Do you yourself smoke?" the defense lawyer demanded.

"No," the witness said miserably.

"Then I wonder whether you know the difference between a cigarette and a pipe," the lawyer said dryly, and the 500 spectators howled with glee.

The defense lawyer was Leonid Zeltins, aged thirty-two. One time the leading criminal lawyer of Riga, he was impressed into the German army. He was what the Germans call *Zwangsweise Kampfhelfer,* which means literally a man who was forced to help. An anti-Nazi all his life, the brilliant lawyer, holder of a Doctor of Laws degree from the University of Riga and the man responsible for the codification of democratic laws for Latvia, had been forced into the army as a laborer. Captured, he is now in the Compiègne war prisoners' camp.

Defense Counsel a Prisoner

He was the only adult at the trial. A prisoner being tried by a jury of his peers has the privilege of asking any adult fellow prisoner to act as his lawyer. Usually they ask Counselor Zeltins.

The trial continued. The foreman of the jury conducted the proceedings brilliantly. He himself cross-examined each witness after the prosecutor and the defense counsel had finished.

Finally the evidence was all in. Counsel Zeltins made an inspired speech asking for an acquittal, and then the jury retired to deliberate. They returned looking very stern, but that was just a mask. The foreman announced that the defendent had been unanimously acquitted. The spectators cheered.

Five hundred young Nazi prisoners of war had been given an example of justice as administered in democracies, and they had administered the justice themselves. Every day such trials take place in the prison camp that lies between the Aisne and the Oise rivers, just a few miles from Compiègne, a town which received some publicity back in 1940 when Hitler accepted the surrender of France in a railroad car there.

In the prison camp there are 35,000 Germans (until two months ago there were 60,000). Seven thousand of these were found to be between the ages of twelve and eighteen, and wise Major William McGrath, in charge of the camp, separated the men from the boys for good and obvious reasons. He segregated the 7,000 and thus inaugurated an experiment which now continues under the leadership of Captain Alfred C. Johnson, of Moscow, Idaho, who succeeded McGrath. Captain Johnson, a regular Army man who has been a specialist in handling large bodies of prisoners, now finds himself at the head of one of the most interesting educational experiments to be tried in our times.

"It's like this," Captain Johnson says. "Here we have seven thousand kids on our hands. Well, what are we going to do with them? You can't work twelve- or fourteen-year-old kids the way you work men. Major McGrath thought we might give them some good American education. It probably wouldn't do any good, but it certainly couldn't do any harm. We went over the ranks of the adult prisoners and found a couple of hundred who had been either teachers or preachers. We carefully weeded out the Nazis among them and came up with a hundred and thirty-three absolutely bona fide anti-Nazis. They are our teachers now.

New Studies Welcomed

"We started off with classes in religion and singing. The kids, bored with doing nothing, went for it big. Most of them had never heard of religious teaching and they liked it. They liked the folk songs, too. They learned songs that were barred during the Hitler regime.

"We started classes in German literature and in foreign languages. The thing grew and grew. Finally we made the classes compulsory. That was all right with the kids, too. We suggested that one foreign language be made compulsory and another optional. We asked them to vote on which language they wanted. We allowed them to elect a committee of five of their own to supervise the voting which was by secret ballot. English won by seventy-five to none. Now all take English, while they elect the other language. Russian and French are next in popularity.

"We let them recommend punishment for boys who break the camp rules, and when they find a boy guilty, they are pretty harsh. The other day they sentenced a boy to thirty days on bread and water for stealing a pencil. I commuted that to two days.

"We're trying to eradicate Fascism from their minds and we don't claim that we're succeeding. I can only say that we're trying, and if ten per cent of these seven thousand kids absorb our ideals and bring them back to Germany and keep them, why, we'll feel that we've helped. Go around the camp, speak to anyone you want, sit in at their classes and talk to the kids. See what you think of it."

I did, and I think a lot of it. No one at the camp looks upon the experiment through rose-colored glasses. No one expects these completely indoctrinated youngsters to get up suddenly and sing The Star-Spangled Banner, but one thing is certain: The experiment is making the kids think. Get thousands of kids to thinking and you've done something. You've sown a few seeds that will probably not bring forth the crop of dragon's teeth which the sowing of Hitlerian teachers brought.

Most of these youngsters belonged to the Hitler Jugend. They were training for the time when they'd be old enough to enter the army, but last winter, events moved fast, and years were telescoped into months. They were yanked from their training camp and thrown into combat. Some were merely camp followers who went along to serve as orderlies for officers. Others just got in the way of our swooping drives and were gathered up. These are the boys who might have been the Werewolves Doctor Goebbels talked so much about. All of them were accustomed to the kind of regimentation that was such an integral part of the Hitler Youth movement.

The first thing they learn at the Compiègne camp is that we don't have regimentation in

(Continued on page 32)

Udo Pirl, a German boy war prisoner, hated his role as an ack-ack gunner, wants to be a composer. Only 17, he wrote a very moving hymn for the camp choir

Bosses of the camp include Capt. Alfred Johnson, left, Chaplain Carl Zimmerman, center, and Pvt. Francis Tourtellot, right, who runs the education program

AMERICAN OFFICE
YOUTH EDUCATION

U.S. officers had a hard time keeping the boys from saluting or bowing to every soldier they passed. Now they simply doff caps, as the two above are doing

The camp choir is conducted by 17-year-old Karl Daeckerer (back to camera), who was a student of music and composition at the University of Vienna before war

Some of the youths were merely orderlies to Wehrmacht officers. Such a one was Istvan Horvath (above), 12, the youngest boy in the camp, who served his father

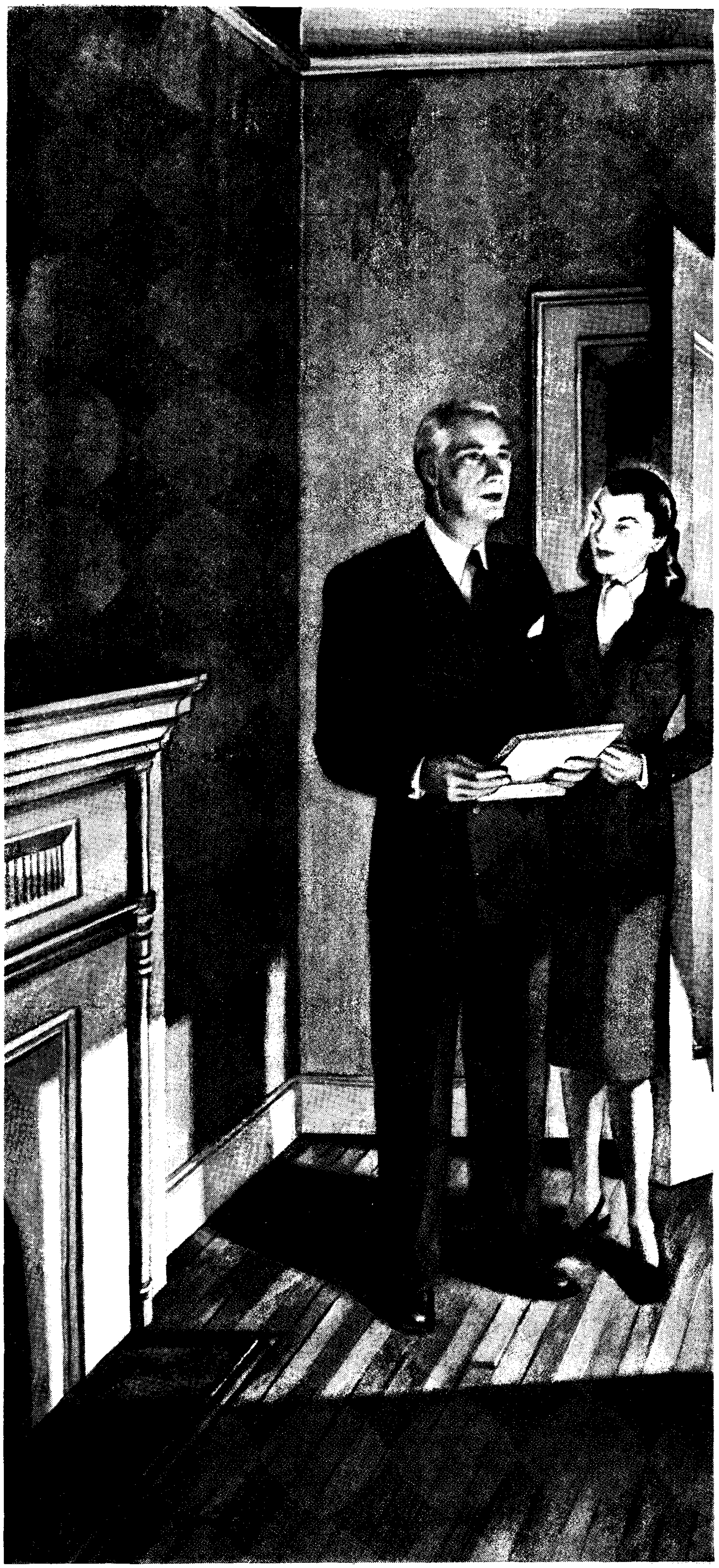
Roland Seidel, 16 (below, left), was a cook in the German army before he was captured. One of six children, his peacetime ambition is to become a baker

Werner Schultz (at end of table) is being tried for stealing cigarettes. Next to him, right, is his counsel, Leonid Zeltins. Jury is behind table at left

THE LITTLE THINGS

A short short story complete on this page

BY NOLAN MILLER



MOM and I were waiting at the Fricker house. We went over there on that cold day, and the two cedars in the big front yard looked shivery with cold, and when Mom put the key in the lock, the front door cracked open and there was something like green mold on the sill.

"My, how a house runs down when nobody's in it," Mom said. Our breaths turned white in the bare, gray rooms. There was no place to sit down. Only a broken chair under the sink in the kitchen and splinters of glass under the dining-room chandelier. Everything was gone now. Old Mrs. Fricker had died in the summer and one by one the Frickers, Jane Eller and Bill and the rest of them, had come and packed off what they wanted, and now there were dust and webs and picture marks on the faded wallpaper and mouse tracks on the stairs.

We were waiting for George, the last of them, and I wondered what he would find to take away. His brothers and sisters, living nearer, had got here first, and there was almost nothing left.

"I don't see why George wanted to come," I said. "Jane Eller packed off the bird's-eye maple bed—"

"And Bill's wife the sideboard," Mom said. "It was the sideboard I always liked—"

But Mom said she guessed George wouldn't care. George had everything anyway. He was so rich. He was our town's Great Man, and except at the time of the funeral I'd never seen him. He'd been in the city and a great man for years. The youngest of the Frickers, he'd gone way beyond his brothers and sisters. "That George," Mom said, "always with so much 'go'—"

"But he's just rich?" I said. "Isn't that all?"

"Isn't that enough?"

Enough for the town to crow. And now we had the new swimming pool, and the Methodist church was getting a set of chimes and the Memorial Window.

Soon the big black car rolled down the street. We saw it coming. There was a chauffeur in a neat suit and uniform cap and with George Fricker in the back seat was a bright young lady in a smart red suit.

"This is my secretary," George Fricker said, and he asked the chauffeur to come in. "It was nice of you to open up the place," he said to us. "Now look at this, Harry—Frances, you saw that front porch! Lord, what's happened to the American front porch in the last twenty years? It's a shame!"

GEORGE FRICKER lit a cigar and smiled. He was a tall, not too thin man. Very big, with warm big hands and he took off his soft brown hat and unbuttoned his coat. A gold watch chain smiled across his vest.

"Wait till you see the kitchen, Fran! It's as big as any other room in the place. We always ate our meals there—unless we had company."

"A lovely, lovely house, Mr. Fricker," the secretary said.

"The sideboard used to stand right there," Mom said, pointing at the wall in the dining room.

"Oh, yes," George Fricker shouted. "That sideboard. It had everything on it, Frances—I swear. A marble top and mirrors, and homing pigeons carved in the walnut and Lord knows what else!"

We drummed through the rooms, we thundered up the stairs. George Fricker showed us his room, marked where his bed had fitted under the slope of the eaves. "A trumpet vine over the window," he cried. "Is it still there? . . . By golly, it's still there!"

Mom looked more and more embarrassed in all the emptiness. "I don't know what there is for you to take, George," she said. She looked ashamed. "There's just nothing left."

"Oh, I'll find something," he said, and he laughed. "I'll just have to find something."

"It was one of the last things I remember your ma saying," Mom said. "She wanted you all to take whatever you liked—"

"I'm going to find something," George Fricker said, and he looked as happy as a boy; nothing had changed for him; his eyes faced memory and it was memory that would always be enough. "I tell you," he said, enthusiastically, "things are important. You forget that—busy every day, living in a noisy city where they wreck houses to move a curb— It's little things that last."

The secretary was there to answer all the questions, to say Mr. Fricker was right. "Yes," said the secretary in her cheerful red suit, and smiled, and looked as if she wanted to make a note. The chauffeur was very polite and said nothing, and soon he and Mom and I went downstairs. We spoke quietly to one another and said it was cold, said we wouldn't be surprised if it snowed.

WE HEARD George Fricker upstairs banging cupboard doors and opening closets, and his face was unchanged when he came down at last, went to the kitchen again and the pantry, had to look out back at the woodshed, then hurried indoors again.

"There's nothing—" Mom said, hollowly.

But we heard George Fricker talking, now, in the downstairs bedroom, this the room where his mother had taken her last glad look at earth.

"Frances, look at this—"

He'd found something. We looked into the bedroom. He had found a tin candy box in the closet and stood shaking it with the lid off. It was cram-full of buttons, hundreds and hundreds of buttons. He held up one, then cupped it in his big hand—an old, ivory, two-holed button.

"Look," he said, "don't you imagine that's an underwear button, Frances?"

"Why, yes, I suppose it is, Mr. Fricker."

"You see! When I was a kid in long underwear I needed a button like that. This very same button, I expect. Frances, I bet you never wore woollies in winter—you never had to manage stockings—how you had to twist and fold them over, tight—"

"No, I never did, Mr. Fricker."

"And see this one!" It was a little jewel; a gray, beautiful glass with a rim of glittery stones like diamonds. "Mamma had a blouse with buttons like this on it—tight around the neck. She had her picture taken wearing that blouse—"

"Oh, George," Mom said, "you don't want those old buttons, do you?"

"I certainly do! They're just what I *do* want. I just bet Mamma was saving them for me. She knew I'd rather have them than anything else in the house!"

He was really pleased.

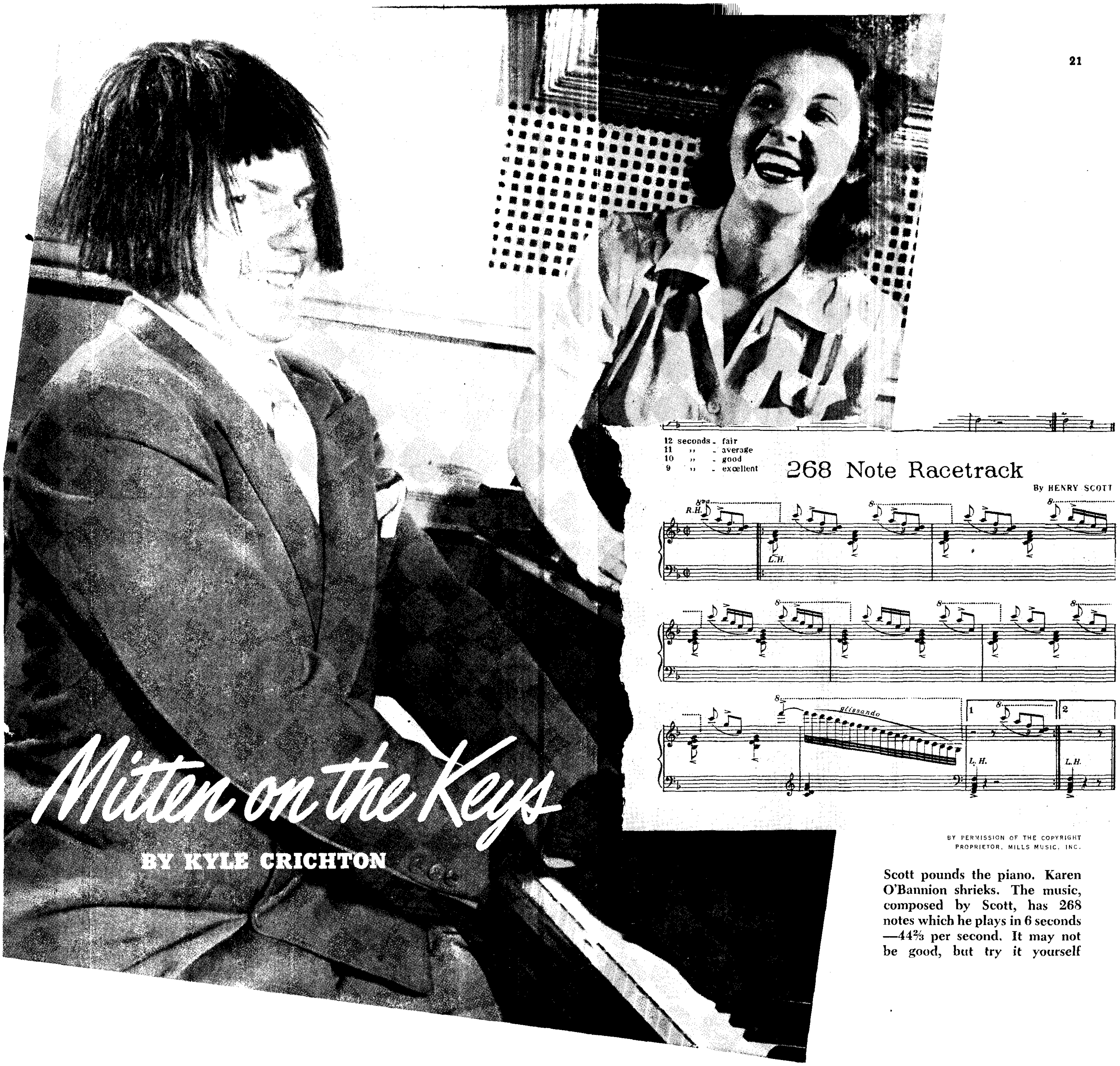
"It's the little things you lose track of—" he said. He put the lid on, would not give the box to the chauffeur to carry. And he had the box of buttons on his lap, holding it carefully, when they drove away.

George Fricker had found something at last. "Frances," he said, turning to his secretary, "look at this." He stood holding the box he had found in his mother's room

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA MAXWELL

Mitten on the Keys

BY KYLE CRICHTON



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Scott pounds the piano. Karen O'Bannion shrieks. The music, composed by Scott, has 268 notes which he plays in 6 seconds —44⅔ per second. It may not be good, but try it yourself

Henry Scott wishes that the critics would take his concerts more seriously. But no. They groan as the cash customers howl and loudly beg for more

A CONCERT piano sat on the stage of Carnegie Hall in New York—dignified, haughtily disdainful and in solitary assurance of its importance. The lights dimmed, a reverent hush settled over the audience and out came a young man with curly hair and a friendly open-work countenance who sat down at the keyboard and proceeded to attack it with wrist, elbows, fists and assorted citrus fruits.

The hallowed precincts of Carnegie have known other explosions starting with Paul Whiteman and running through sundry jazzerimbo gentlemen who have sought to aerate the premises, but nothing quite like the hero of this occasion, Mr. Henry L. Scott, has hitherto appeared in these purlieus.

Scott is a young man who started out to be a serious concert pianist, found it difficult to suppress his gift for mimicry and ended by establishing a new form of art. He plays straight and is listened to with respect; he plays crooked and funny and induces large quantities of hysteria.

The difference is that Mr. Scott lays siege to Carnegie and other concert halls on their own basis. He comes as a concert pianist and spreads musical desecration in such elaborate quantities that halfway through his first number the audience is distributed about in various attitudes of hilarity. He bills himself simply as "America's First Concert Humorist" and proves it with a program that has convulsed onlookers and saddened critics in every part of America.

Scott's success comes from his personality. At camp shows in competition with celebrities he has made an astonishing impression. The doughfoots welcome the famous warmly enough, but when Scott comes out with his kid-down-the-block look they sit up and prepare to root him over. What is more remarkable is the spectacle of sedate dowagers in concert halls as sacrosanct as Carnegie and Town Hall, and others in Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, howling while Master Scott endeavors desperately to don a pair of mittens without losing a beat. The fact that Mr. Scott then *plays* a number in mittens will give you an idea.

He has a number in a red wig making mock of a highbrow pianist of the De Pachmann school that literally reduces the patrons to hysteria. His course in musical appreciation is calculated to set back the cause of esthetics several centuries. He does an imitation of a player piano running a worn-out roll of East Side, West Side. In musical pantomime he explains how The Lost Chord happened to be missing. At intervals he deserts the piano for another bit of pantomime of a young man asking for a dance and another of a youth sewing on a button. He has a devastating number concerning a young lady taking a cold bath.

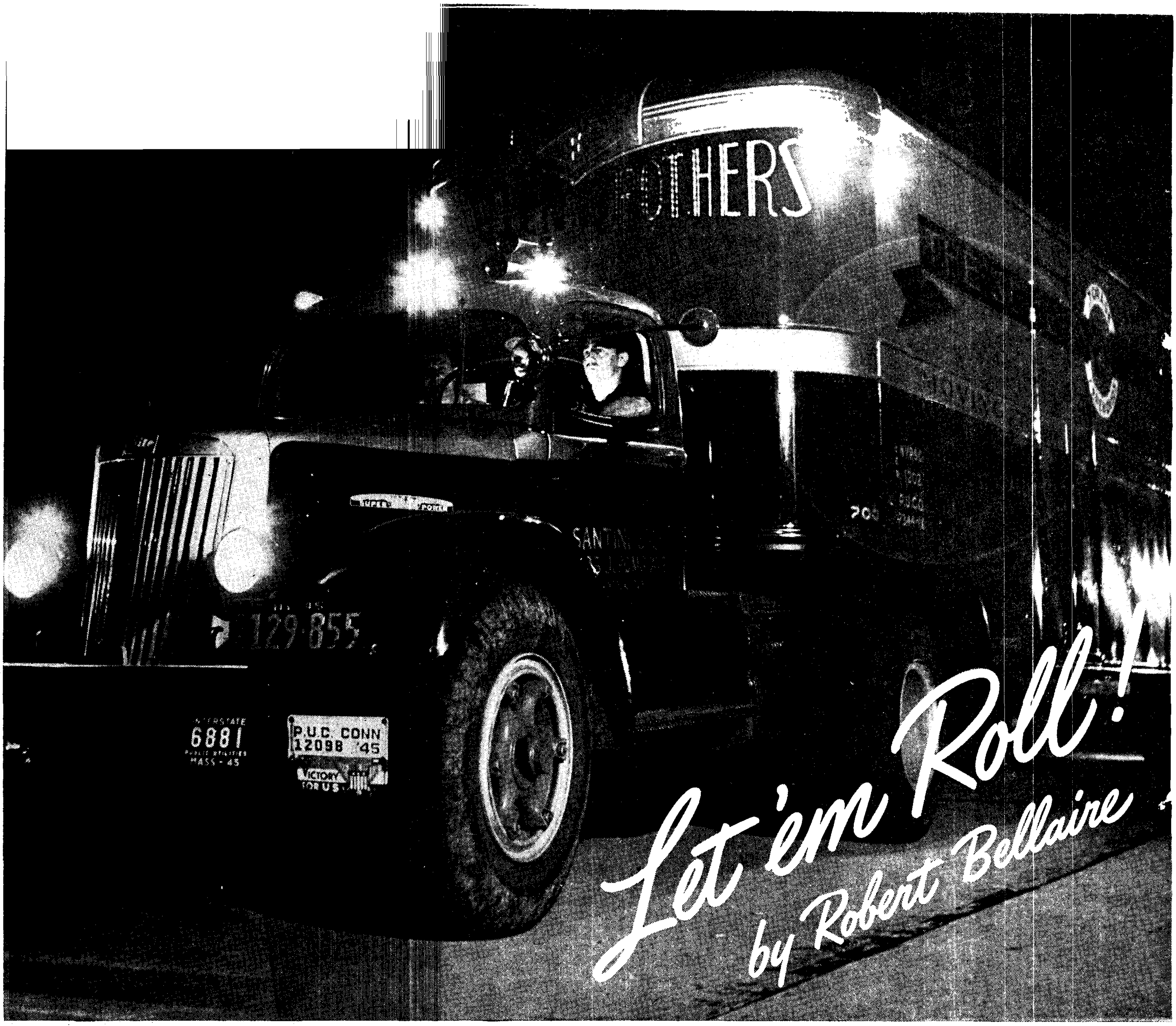
In between he plays serious concert numbers, including a thunderous rendition of Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody which stampedes audiences everywhere. In the midst of his triumphs Scott carries a cross: Audiences like his straight playing and he would appreciate it very much if the critics would concur. Sometimes they do, sometimes they don't. He keeps practicing and hoping.

The young man started pecking away at a piano at his home in Tivoli-on-the-Hudson north of Hyde Park when he was a boy. He still lives in the house of his grandfather and in the neighborhood where the Scotts have been settled for centuries. Later he had two years in the Fine Arts Department at Syracuse University, where he began picking up stray kopeks from appearances in theaters and at local meetings of the Odd Fellows and Elks. He had already perfected the stunt of playing in mittens.

"Known more aptly as genius through inertia," says Henry. "I got that trick by being too lazy to take off my gloves when I came in from sleighing."

(Continued on page 28)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT



Let 'em Roll!

by Robert Bellaire

Our interstate trucking industry survived many a punch, fair and foul, as it grew up. Then it did a war job that literally forced its recognition as one of our greatest peacetime businesses. Our legislators are seeing the light

CONGRESS and our state legislatures have been bringing about a quiet revolution in one of America's major transportation industries—our young and turbulent system of highway motor transport. As a result, the interstate trucking industry, already a two-billion-dollar business, shows signs of being about to mushroom into one of our most important postwar industries.

The 5,000,000 commercial trucks already operating over America's vast network of highways represent more than half of all the trucks in the world. Virtually everything we ship in America is handled by truck at one point or another. And except for air express, trucks are the fastest and most flexible means of freight transport we have.

Our great industrialists will tell you our amazing wartime production miracles would have been impossible without trucks. They linked our widely scattered factories together into the longest, fastest and most productive assembly line on earth.

Yet our trucks were able to fulfill this vital role of conveyer belt only after several thousand so-called "road block" laws were suspended for the duration. These state laws, which denied our trucks full use of the highways before Pearl Harbor, made scientific integration of our factories impossible. And because they were suspended only for the duration, they constituted a serious threat to our new industrial system, with its enormous potential for peacetime jobs and production.

This threat has caused some 44 of our state legislatures to reconsider their highway and trucking laws as part of the nation's effort to translate wartime production into peacetime prosperity. Their aim is to prevent the worst of our highway blockade laws from becoming effective again. They aren't giving the freight liners everything they want, naturally. But results already achieved promise to revolutionize postwar trucking.

Although trucks were designed originally in 1902 to compete only with horses on a local scale, the trucking industry has grown up to become a national problem child. It may remain one for years, despite present efforts to do something constructive about it.

Truck operators were unanimously acclaimed Public Menace No. 1 in peacetime America for invading our highways with enormous boxcars, commanded by an iron-lunged tribe of ex-piano movers, whose reading had never included Emily Post, or even the Queensbury Rules. The reaction of millions of American private car owners immediately made itself felt in every state legislature. Even Harold Ickes once said he'd like to have an armored tank in which he could bump trucks from highways!

A House on Financial Sands

As an infant industry, trucking also was handicapped by a fair share of fly-by-nights, incompetents and insolvents, who invited additional restriction and regulation. Practically all trucking companies began operations on considerably less than a shoestring—and many of them still operate that way today. They've never attracted heavy investment from bankers or private holding companies, which have some of their money tied up in railroads, with which the trucks compete. Even after several important consolidations, we still have 24,271 independent trucking companies engaged in interstate commerce. Collectively, these long-haul carriers operate more than 1,000,000 trucks and trailers, but the largest single company owns only 3,500 of them.

Until very recently, the average truck-line owner has been an obscure person even in his own home town. Most early operators were sturdy but suspicious individualists who preferred to fight one another rather than join forces against their common foes. Although they now have a strong national association, and pay an annual tax bill of more than $500,000,000, most owners still instinctively shy away from the swanky country clubs.

The trucking industry found itself on the spot during the dark years of the depression, when many state legislatures tried to protect local manufacturers, businessmen and farmers against competition from outside their state borders. The federal Constitution specifically forbids direct interference with interstate trade. But state legislators discovered this prohibition could be evaded by exercising their right to "regulate" the trucking industry "in the public interest." Some states were so considerate of the public that they ran practically all trucks off their highways, except those which were home-owned or operated only within their own state borders. And interstate trade was sharply curtailed.

Various taxpayers' associations and private car owners also combined to sponsor additional regulation of trucking, on the grounds that the trucking companies weren't paying their fair share of highway cost and maintenance. But this report fell on deaf ears or

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF—PIX came too late to save the truckers from a new crop of road-block laws which further restricted their operations and boosted their taxes still higher.

Enacted independently by all 48 states before Pearl Harbor, these road-block laws created one of the wildest legislative bedlams in the history of the republic. Not all these laws were bad laws or unnecessary laws in theory. But there was so little attempt to coordinate them among the states that truckers soon found themselves in the position that would confront the railroads if each state dictated the gauge of railway track which would be legal within its borders.

The railroads might be forced to build 48 sizes of locomotives, freight cars and passenger cars, and all traffic would have to be transferred at each state border. This almost did become the plight of the truckers, before the war, with the result that hundreds went out of business, and what should have been our cheapest means of freight transport became one of our most expensive.

In the early months of the war, the road-block laws interfered so seriously with the delivery of weapons and supplies to our hard-pressed troops overseas that President Roosevelt finally ordered their suspension for the duration. Here's a typical example of the sort of thing that forced Presidential intervention:

A constable stepped from the curb along Main Street in a small Middle Western town one Sunday night some time after Pearl Harbor and hailed down a huge, eastbound truck and trailer.

"Wait a minute," he called sharply. "That cargo there perishable?"

"Don't even know," the driver called back. "I picked it up in Minneapolis—a secret cargo, loaded and sealed at the factory by the Army. Guess it's plenty important whether it's perishable or not, 'cause they're holding up a ship for it in New York."

The Lawman Had to Be Shown

The constable glanced at the driver's papers, ran his birdlike eyes over the sealed trailer and said, "Well, there's nothing here to show it's perishable. And this is Sunday, so I'll have to hold you."

"But you can't do that!" the driver protested. "This truck's traveling under Army orders. It's gotta go through."

"And I gotta enforce the law," said the constable. "The law in this state says trucks stay off the highways from Saturday noon till Monday morning, unless they're carrying perishables."

"I know that," the driver said. "But there aren't supposed to be any week-end pleasure drivers any more. And I'm carrying supplies for troops overseas. They're holding up a ship, a whole convoy—"

The constable interrupted: "It looks to me like you're overloaded, too. And your identification lights ain't right, either."

"I know," the driver admitted again. "But I can't help that. The Army weighed me out this way, and there wasn't time to do anything about the lights. I've been on the West Coast run till now. That's why I've got the greens and yellows up there—but there are twelve of 'em, and good bright lights, too. Guess anyone should be able to spot me a mile off."

"In this state," the constable reminded him, "your identification lights gotta be amber. That's the law. Your yellows and greens not only don't count here, but they're illegal."

"Okay," the driver surrendered. "Give me the ticket, and I'll have my company mail you the fine. But get me going. I've got a brother overseas. This stuff has to roll."

"It ain't that easy," said the constable. "How do we know you'll really pay up, once you get outta this state? Nope. Gotta hold you till the judge sees you and the fine's paid."

The judge returned from a week-end fishing trip late the following morning. That afternoon he fined the driver $200, twice as much as he had with him. The balance had to come from his home office by telegraph. When he finally hit the road again, twenty-four hours had been wasted while the convoy waited. And the prospect was that this same delay might be repeated in every state through which the precious cargo had to pass!

This gives some idea of the chaos and confusion that resulted in wartime suspension of the road-block laws—confusion from which Congress and the state legislators are now trying to rescue the trucking industry permanently. The problem would be simple if all the road-block laws had merely been blundering mistakes, but they weren't. At the time of their enactment, they seemed to serious lawmakers like the best possible compromises among many conflicting interests. And the dangers of repealing them wholesale even today range all the way from risking a sharp increase in highway accidents, to pronouncing the death sentence on an equally essential means of transportation—the railroads.

The trucking industry, even under severe restrictions, has managed to take 20 billion dollars worth of business away from the railroads in the past ten years. That represents roughly 50 per cent of all railroad revenue, and can't easily be made up elsewhere. And legislators everywhere realize the railroads deserve some kind of protection, because they are as vital to our economy and national defense as any other means of transportation.

So Washington and our state capitals are trying to find the answer somewhere between extremes. The truckers' gains so far must be measured mainly against prewar conditions, rather than against the perfect ideal of complete freedom of the highways. The most some states have done yet is to liberalize their own laws without attempting to co-ordinate them with the laws of other states. But while the situation in some states is still much worse than in others, conditions in almost every state are better than they were before the war.

Practically no two states, however, are yet fully agreed on the maximum length, width, height and gross weight of trucks and trailers they will permit on their highways in peacetime. Maximum gross weights now range from 18,000 pounds in Kentucky to 101,000 pounds in Nevada. This means that long-haul cargoes are limited automatically to the lowest maximum weight of any of the states through which they must pass.

Take the case of a tractor semitrailer carrying ladies' dresses from a New York manufacturer to an Iowa wholesaler. En route, it must comply with the laws of seven states. New York permits an over-all length of 50 feet and gross weight of 63,000 pounds. New Jersey allows 60,000 pounds gross weight but limits length to only 45 feet. Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Iowa also limit length to 45 feet, but Pennsylvania's top weight is only 45,000 pounds, against 64,550 for Ohio, 55,330 for Indiana and 59,250 for Iowa.

These discrepancies, however, are merely incidental. The real bottleneck is Illinois, where top length in peacetime is a mere 35 feet, and weight only 40,000 pounds. So the maximum practical length and weight for a truck and trailer operating between New York and Iowa is fifteen feet shorter and ten tons lighter than the most economical limits in New York. But to truckers, who remember when almost every state was as much of a bottleneck as Illinois, this picture isn't without its bright spots. The maximum weight limitations now in effect in six of the seven states mentioned represent important recent gains which have created new opportunities for more efficient and economical service—if not between New York and Iowa, at least between New York and Indiana.

Favor Revised Trucking Rules

And there's still hope that Illinois will go along with the so-called Wisconsin Plan, which would establish standard, modern regulations in seven Middle Western states—Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Missouri. Representatives of all these states are jointly studying this plan now, and there seems to be a good chance it will be adopted.

Eleven Far Western states, to complete the reopening of the central transcontinental route, have already agreed on remarkably advanced standards which will permit operation of trucks and trailers up to 60 feet over-all length and 68,000 pounds gross weight. Although the laws of all these states are not identical, this is the first time in trucking history that a single combination of more than 50 feet and 46,000 pounds can operate legally in all eleven states—Washington, California, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Montana, Nevada, Colorado and Oregon. Comparatively speaking, the bottleneck states have been eliminated in the West, and the road blocks reduced to mere bumps and bulges.

In the South, Tennessee, traditionally one of the nation's worst bottleneck states, has also liberalized its weight and length laws this year, going from 30,000 pounds and 35 feet to 42,000 pounds and 45 feet. North Dakota, North Carolina and New Hampshire are among other states which have in effect told the truckers to "Let 'em roll."

There's still widespread confusion, however, in state regulations on truck tires, braking equipment, the number, location and color of identification lights, the number and location of rear-view mirrors, the thickness of windshield glass, the contents of tool and emergency kits, and dozens of similar details. Identification light laws, for example, run the full gamut of the spectrum from white, yellow and amber, through green, purple and blue. That truck traveling from New York to Iowa, for instance, would be required to carry three complete sets of lights and reflectors to comply with the conflicting color laws of the intervening states.

One of the serious consequences of all this is that it has prevented manufacturers from designing a single standard model of truck or trailer which could operate legally in any state. Take length limitations alone: Various states specify 30, 35, 40, 42, 50, 55, 60 and 65 feet! That means at least eight models, each far more expensive than it would be if truck manufacturers could standardize on two or three nationally accepted sizes.

The final answer to all this confusion, according to the truckers, is to remove the highways from state supervision and place them under unified federal control. Although Congress has not done this yet, many congressmen in Washington believe it is coming. State legislators naturally object because they say the federal government already has usurped too many state rights. And they question the possibility of standardizing trucking laws for all states so long as highways differ greatly in width, strength, sharpness of curves, strength of bridges, etc.

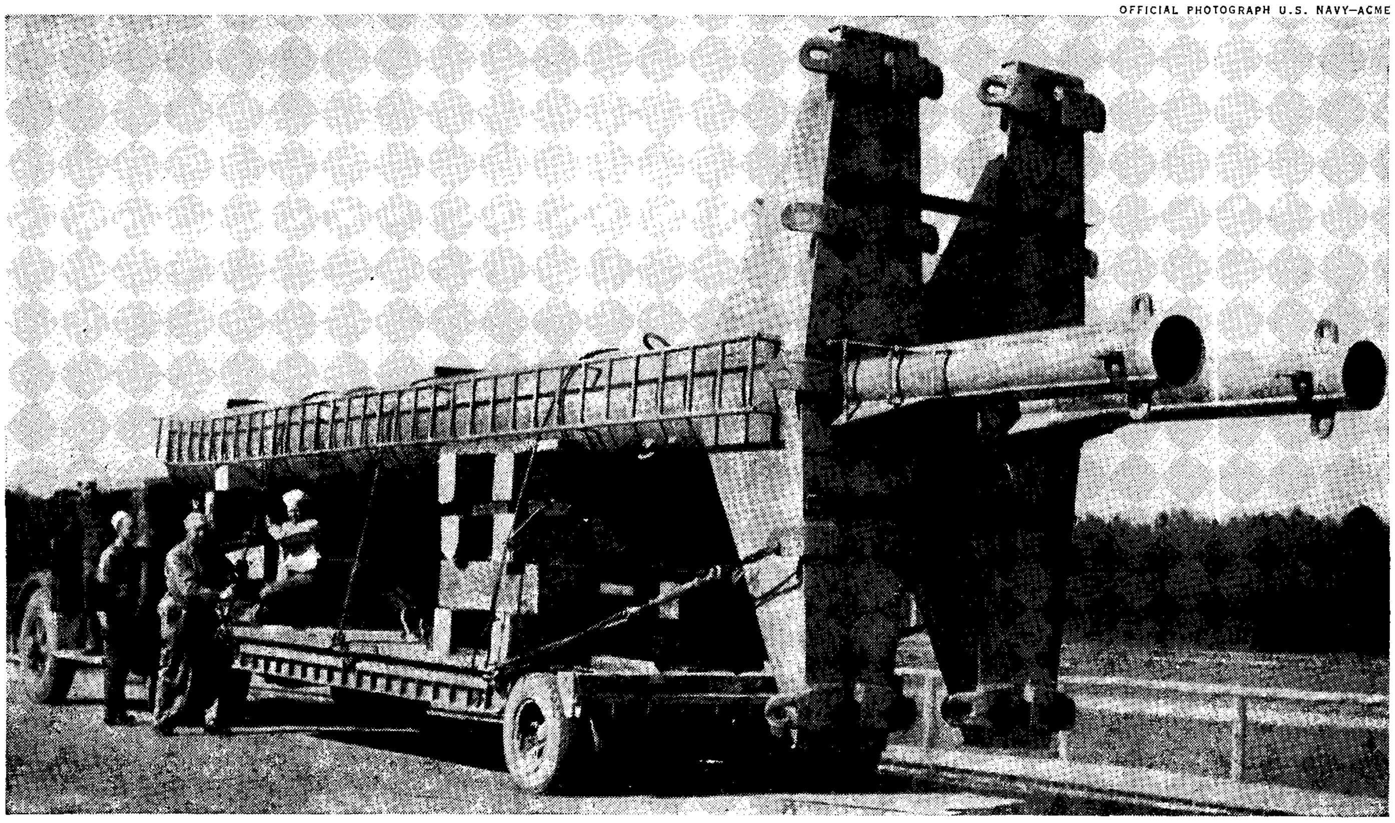
This difficulty has been recognized in Washington and perhaps is one reason Congress has not yet imposed standard regulations on all states. But an important step has been taken toward removing obstacles to standardization. In the $2,500,000,000 postwar highways-appropriations bill adopted last year, Congress ordered that federal funds should go only to those states whose postwar highway plans met high federal specifications.

Most states are depending heavily on this federal highway fund as a buffer against postwar unemployment and are therefore expected to comply. So whether Congress takes over actual control of the highways or not, at least it is guaranteeing a nation-wide system of new highways on which trucks could operate efficiently without too much annoyance or danger to other drivers.

Even the railroads, who have been the most bitter foes of the trucking industry, seem to see the handwriting on the wall. There was a day when the railroads thought they could meet the threat of the trucking industry by encouraging wider adoption of the road-block system. Their tactics brought sharp criticism from congressmen and have been abandoned generally today because the railroads realize that a nation with highways like ours inevitably will have an enormous trucking industry. Although railroad lobbyists are working to keep as many of the road-block laws on the books as possible, their chief effort now is to sell Congress a new idea known as "integration of transportation."

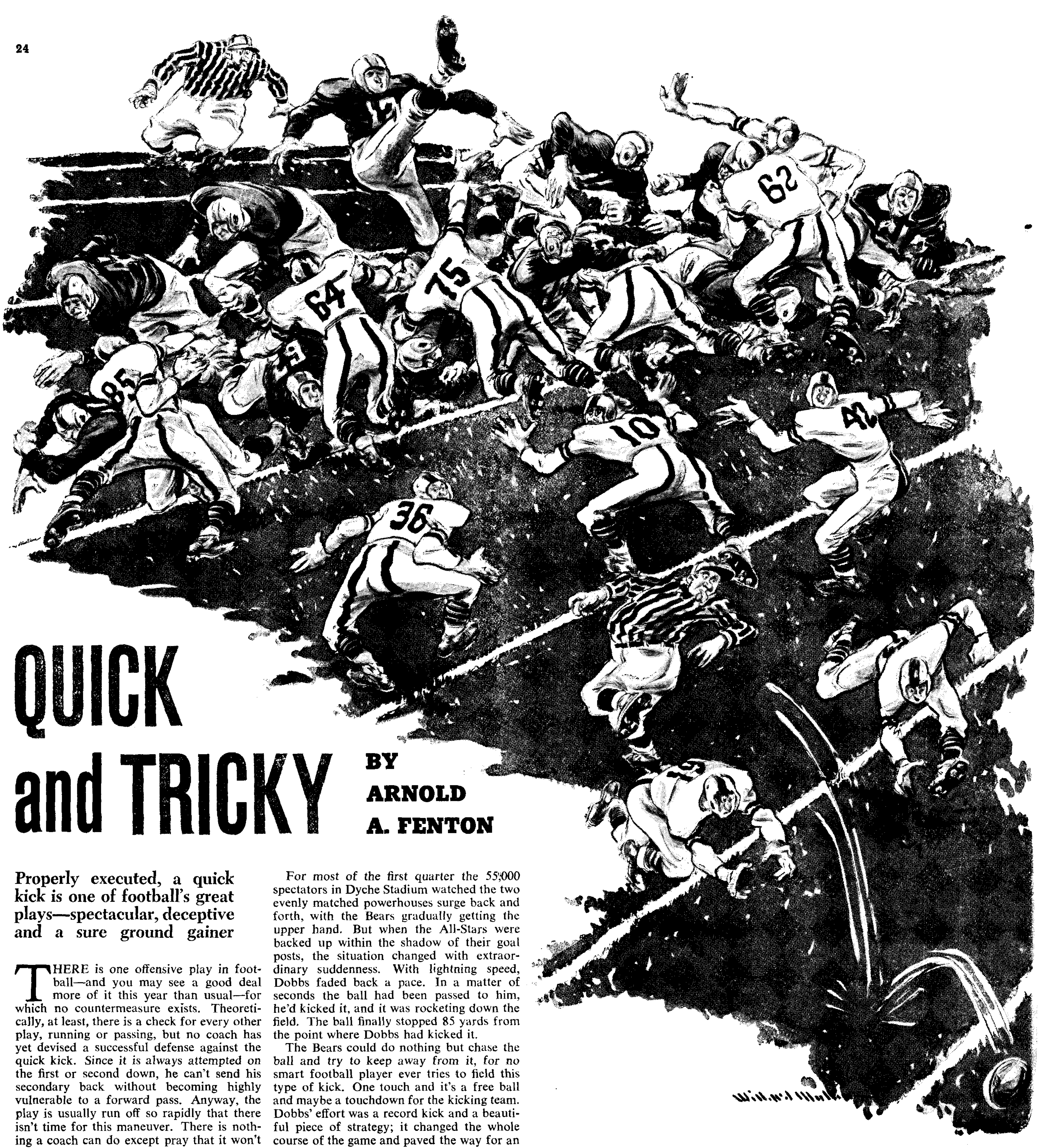
Under this proposal, the government would permit a number of so-called transportation companies to buy up all means of

(*Continued on page* 73)



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. NAVY—ACME

War proved the versatility of truck transport: these prefabricated masts were moved from Virginia to Rhode Island



QUICK and TRICKY

BY ARNOLD A. FENTON

Properly executed, a quick kick is one of football's great plays—spectacular, deceptive and a sure ground gainer

THERE is one offensive play in football—and you may see a good deal more of it this year than usual—for which no countermeasure exists. Theoretically, at least, there is a check for every other play, running or passing, but no coach has yet devised a successful defense against the quick kick. Since it is always attempted on the first or second down, he can't send his secondary back without becoming highly vulnerable to a forward pass. Anyway, the play is usually run off so rapidly that there isn't time for this maneuver. There is nothing a coach can do except pray that it won't happen; or if it does, that one of his own men will block it.

In the dressing room before a big college game not long ago, a head coach was giving his players a last-minute resumé of their opponents' plays. The enemy footballers had been scouted for weeks, and the coach had developed apparent stoppers for all their razzle-dazzle. "Any final questions?" he asked.

"Yes," said the first-string quarterback. "What'll we do if they quick kick?"

"Why," said the coach, "just chase it."

And that was about all even the famed Chicago Bears could do in their game against the College All-Stars at Northwestern University last year, when a quick kick from the talented toe of Glenn Dobbs of Tulsa rocked them back on their heels.

For most of the first quarter the 55,000 spectators in Dyche Stadium watched the two evenly matched powerhouses surge back and forth, with the Bears gradually getting the upper hand. But when the All-Stars were backed up within the shadow of their goal posts, the situation changed with extraordinary suddenness. With lightning speed, Dobbs faded back a pace. In a matter of seconds the ball had been passed to him, he'd kicked it, and it was rocketing down the field. The ball finally stopped 85 yards from the point where Dobbs had kicked it.

The Bears could do nothing but chase the ball and try to keep away from it, for no smart football player ever tries to field this type of kick. One touch and it's a free ball and maybe a touchdown for the kicking team. Dobbs' effort was a record kick and a beautiful piece of strategy; it changed the whole course of the game and paved the way for an early All-Stars lead.

A few months later what had happened at Chicago was repeated at San Francisco in the annual East-West Shrine charity game on New Years' Day. The East All-Stars arrived on the Coast decided favorites, but the dopesters had overlooked a talented triple-threat quarterback named Bob Waterfield, of the University of California at Los Angeles. In one of the greatest exhibitions of kicking ever seen, he piled up the startling punting average of 58.8 yards. With long range quick kicks of 87 and 75 yards, he bottled up Frank Dancewicz of Notre Dame and other touchdown specialists. Meanwhile, he piled up yardage the effortless way and brought his West colleagues up to the goal line area fresh for their touchdown push.

The quick kick is a matter of clever timing and execution. Smart coaches rate it just as highly as any running or passing play, only it has a delayed action; i.e. you give first and then reap the fruits of your apparent generosity. Because it's a breath-taking business with amazing psychological effects, the quick kick is very apt to usher in the breaks and make an upset possible.

What this means was decisively demonstrated in the Yale-Brown game in 1943. Coach Skip Stahley of the Bruins, formerly Dick Harlow's backfield aid at Harvard and beneficiary of the Harlow hocus-pocus system, knew he had to stretch himself to outwit the Eli aggregate. Stahley had the fleet Savage, but Howie Odell of Yale could produce the gridiron greyhound, Scussel, who had run almost at will against the Army a few weeks before. The backfields were about equal, but Yale's line was superior.

Stahley, to offset this margin of superiority, devised a quick-kicking barrage. Monday preceding the game, he and his assistants began priming their quick kicker, Jack Cokefair. A flag was placed at the coffin corner and Cokefair practiced all week at putting the ball out on the roll just inside the corner.

The game was only a few minutes old in the Yale Bowl the following Saturday when Brown got the ball and started rolling. They might have continued to move by passing and running but with a strong Yale line

(Continued on page 28)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD MULLIN

Make time for those letters...

Sgt John Barry
1st Platoon "C" Co.
1st Bn. 165th Division
San Francisco Cal.

at Maxwell House Coffee Time

REGULAR GRIND
MAXWELL HOUSE
Coffee

A Product of General Foods

Good to the Last Drop!

Good cheer for him in every letter—good cheer for you in every friendly cup of this richer, finer coffee!

● No letters were ever more welcome than the ones you send to the men who are still far from home. *Make* time for them . . . over the morning coffee cups, perhaps. And as you enjoy the rich fragrance and flavor of Maxwell House, put some of that sunny morning cheer into those letters too!

There's a friendly stimulation in this famous coffee that goes right to the spot . . . and *extra* flavor that comes from skillful blending of many fine Latin-American coffees. Manizales for *mellowness!* Bucaramangas for *full body!* Medellins for *richness!* Still other choice Latin-American types for *vigor!* All expertly blended—then Radiant-Roasted to develop *fully* the unmatched Maxwell House flavor.

No wonder *more* people buy and enjoy Maxwell House than any other brand of coffee in the world. In victory bag or handy vacuum jar—Maxwell House Coffee is always truly "Good to the Last Drop!"

★ ★

DID YOU REMEMBER TO WRITE TODAY? Don't wait for big news . . . *any* news is big news to the men who are still overseas. Write often—write cheerfully—*make* time for mail time!

● *It's Maxwell House Coffee Time on the air too . . . with George Burns and Gracie Allen . . . NBC, Thursday Night*

Its cleaner, brighter **Taste**
means cleaner, brighter teeth—
Pepsodent tooth paste
with **Irium**
removes the film that
makes your teeth look dull

Pepsodent
Pepsodent

Use Pepsodent twice a day,
see your dentist twice a year

Darling, You Are The One

BY LOUISE ROEDOCKER

This girl might be everything he wanted. But one woman had already taught him distrust, so he knew he had to walk out fast on this one before he hurt himself—or anyone else

HE LEFT the Navy pier about seven o'clock. Because he didn't know what else to do with himself, he took a Fifth Avenue bus and rode to the end of the line, getting out at Washington Square and walking over to one of the more secluded benches. He sat down and leaned his head back, trying to think, to figure things out once more. Somehow tonight he felt vitally in need of coming to some solution, only he knew that if he reached such a solution there was nothing he could do about it.

Viciously he wished he had never been returned to the States for a rest and change after three years in the Pacific. Even though the war was over, he was still in the Navy; there were so many with better claims ahead of him that there was no telling how long he would have to wait for his discharge, and he was now expecting to be given sea duty again at any moment. Meanwhile he was here where the means were at hand to forget all about the whole thing. Women and liquor, he thought, women and liquor. Tonight he didn't want to forget the whole thing with women and liquor. But, after all, was there anything else worth while in the world?

Recognizing that that was the usual prelude to getting drunk, he got up and began walking toward Six Avenue. Maybe I should eat something, he thought, putting off as long as he could the time when he knew he would be turning into a bar, drinking one drink after another until all the rebellion and fear inside him would result in his throwing away his service ribbon in one grand gesture of defiance. Which added up to exactly what, he asked himself. Everything he did nowadays was meaningless and futile, but his thoughts frightened him and he sheered away from them again.

The restaurant was crowded when he got there. The hostess saw him and smiled and said, "One?" He nodded. "If you wouldn't mind sharing a table, I have one," she said.

"Fine," he said.

He followed her to a small table for two, way in back.

"Would you mind if the young man shared your table?" she asked the girl sitting wedged against the wall.

The girl looked up indifferently. "Not at all," she said.

He sat down. His knees brushed the girl's and he drew them back. The girl ignored him and the brief contact. She sat staring out over the heads of the people, and he saw that she wasn't even aware of him. It gave him a good chance to look her over.

SHE didn't look much like the girls he had been seeing lately. For one thing, she had on a simple little blue cotton dress and a single strand of pearls. Her face was nearly free from make-up: a slight dusting of powder, warm pink lipstick. She had a pretty mouth, he decided, the under lip full and sweet. Her hair was soft and light, parted on the side, long and just curly enough. But she wasn't what you would call pretty. Rather she was neat and clean-looking. A nice girl, he decided, grinning to himself. If there were such a thing . . . He didn't believe there was. Any man with the right technique. . . . Well, it would be worth a try.

He leaned toward the girl. But her eyes were still in the distance, her face wistful and relaxed.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked softly.

The girl smiled a little. "Funny," she said. "I was thinking of pink clover. It's a deep pink on top, and underneath it's a sort of white. And it grows along country roads. Very thick always, and the leaves are very green; and when you walk in it, the smell comes up to your skirts and then it's all around you, and you're walking in perfume."

"You aren't from New York?" he said.

She looked at him then, taking in his uniform, and he knew she was seeing him the way he wanted to appear to her, a good-looking young man with a pleasant smile. Let's get on with the birds and bees routine, he thought. It's as good a place to start as any.

"No. I've only been here about a year. I'm from Wisconsin. I like it here very much, but sometimes I get to wanting to see some country. Some real trees and some real flowers. Growing wild."

He began to tell her about his own home then, in South Carolina, and he was quite sincere when he talked about it. It seemed as good a time as any to say, "I'd like to show it to you sometime. I think you'd like it." The old routine. . . .

By the time they were through dinner he knew that her name was Elizabeth Perry, and he had even told her his right name. It seemed harmless enough; after all, he was a long way from home. He knew that she did art work for a magazine, and that she hoped to be a really good artist someday. He had told her that he was a band man, that he had had a good band before the war; but he didn't tell her his fears about it . . . that he'd been away too long, that he'd lost his touch. He suggested instead that they go to see a movie. She looked as if she might go for a movie; he'd find out about other things later.

When he suggested the date, she looked at him for a long time, a quiet, weighing look. He began to think that she was going to say no, when she agreed.

They enjoyed the movie. In fact, he didn't know when he had enjoyed a movie more. Her laugh came softly and just at the right times; she glanced at him several times to see if he were getting a kick out of it, and he was. It was funny. Usually he was too restless to sit through a movie; he would start to think about himself and have to leave.

AFTER the movie he suggested stopping at one of the places along Seventh Avenue, but she said she lived nearby and if he wanted to come up, she would make some coffee and sandwiches. Hm-m-m, he thought. Fine.

They climbed three flights to her apartment, and when they got inside he put his arms around her, held her close to him and kissed her. She simply stood, letting him kiss her, and when he had finished she stepped quietly out of his arms. That cool, weighing look was back in her eyes.

"Look," she said, "if that's what you want, there are places and people who will supply it with much less effort on your part."

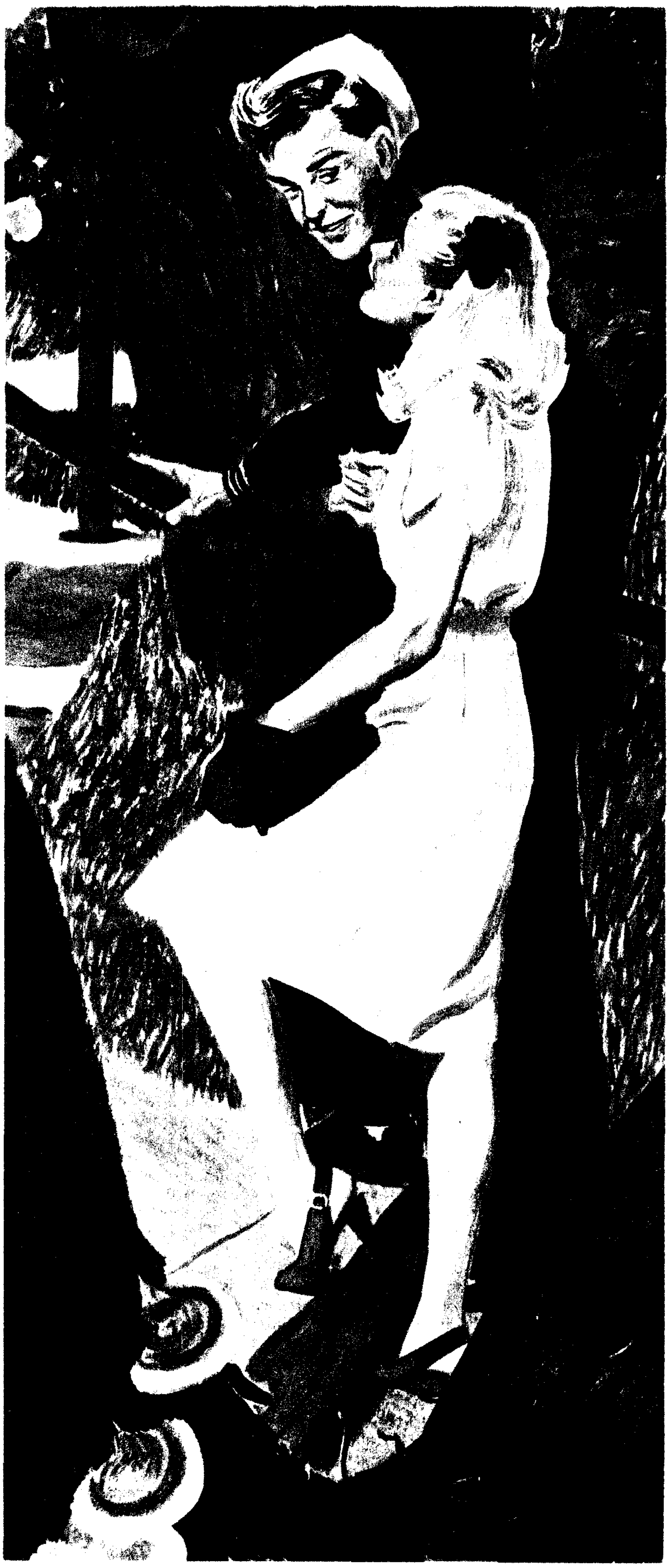
Now the easy, facile apology, he thought. "I'm sorry," he said smiling at her, his eyes contrite. "Forgive me?"

She merely looked at him and a little smile came around her mouth. He hadn't seen that kind of a smile before, as if she knew what he was thinking and all about him.

"There's a radio," she said. "And the evening paper. Make yourself at home while I fix the food." She disappeared into the kitchen, and soon he heard the soft rattle of wax paper and the sharp click of a spoon against glass.

He glanced about the room then. It wasn't very big, but it was comfortable and looked as if she spent a lot of time in it. There were two French windows with warm blue drapes and between them were bookshelves reaching to the wall. He walked over to the window and examined the drawing board set at an angle so as to catch the light. On it was a partly finished picture done in oils; the coloring in the picture was odd, very muted, undersea-like. He sat down in a chair and then he noticed the picture above the small fireplace. In the foreground were two ballet dancers caught in mid-air, their arms flung upward. They were indistinct, done in pale pinks and grays, but there was a definite feeling of effort in the picture as if the

(Continued on page 65)



He knew he was falling in love with her; he wanted to be with her all the time

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

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ALWAYS SHAKE THOROUGHLY

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Anti-freeze, alone, cannot give the cooling system of your car complete winter protection. Here's why: In winter, as well as in summer, a clogged cooling system will cause the engine to overheat; anti-freeze, put into a clogged cooling system, is likely to boil away.

To avoid this costly waste and to avoid damage to your engine, have the cooling system cleaned *first*—before anti-freeze is put in. Any automobile service man can do this for you quickly, safely and thoroughly with WARNER RADIATOR CLEANER.

ATTENTION, DEALERS!

Every car on the road is an old car, today. And you know that in an old car especially, neglect of the cooling system is likely to result in serious damage to the engine. Remember to suggest cleaning the cooling system with WARNER RADIATOR CLEANER before you put in anti-freeze.

If the anti-freeze you use does not contain an inhibitor, be sure to put in WARNER COOLING SYSTEM PROTECTOR to *keep* the cooling system clean. For leaks, pour in a bottle of WARNER LIQUID SOLDER; it will repair them immediately—anywhere in the cooling system.

THOSE CARS MUST LAST A LONG TIME—KEEP THEM FIT

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Standard of Protection
WARNER-PATTERSON CO., 920 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO 5

Mitten on the Keys

Continued from page 21

Being an ambitious wight he invariably had an orchestra known as Henry Scott and his Collegiate Five or Henry Scott and His Radio Scamps, which would play anywhere and often played there for nothing. With this remarkable record of no accomplishment behind him, he assaulted New York in the days when vaudeville could be distinguished most readily by the death rattle in its throat.

"Every second Friday I'm down at the Palace for a tryout," says Henry, "and I start bravely on my routine and after a minute or two the buzzer rings off stage and that's the sign I'm through."

Considering this merely a reflection on the judgment of the booker, Henry went up to the home of a Mr. Brown, an ex-leather manufacturer formerly head of R-K-O, and demanded that this prejudice against the genius of Henry Scott cease forthwith. Mr. Brown was impressed by this example of young Americanhood fighting for air, made a date for Henry, called in all the top executives and bade them listen to this prodigy. This time Henry lasted two minutes, being thrown out by the executives in a body, assisted by Mr. Brown.

No Small Change for Henry

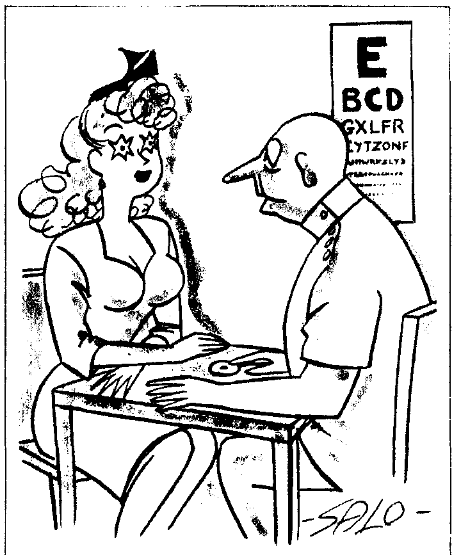
Rolling briskly along in the direction of nowhere, Henry now decided to become a teacher. He put an ad in a musical paper saying that Henry Scott was prepared to give "Complete Professional Preparation" to a few selected pupils. He set the price at $10 an hour on the basis that the students would feel better if they knew they were getting the best, and ten individuals promptly showed up with money clutched grimly in hand. This got Henry out of the Automat intact and started him on his career.

He was a good teacher and in addition, at the drop of a hat, was prepared to go anywhere and perform. He finally showed up in Utica at a Rotary Club luncheon and got those people laughing so merrily that it was with difficulty that the Rotary president could suggest that he ought to see a local manager named Hodges who booked acts through New York State and vicinity. Henry was out of the place on the way to Hodges before the good Rotarians could get their eyes wiped from the laughter. He made a deal and two weeks later was in Scranton for his first recital.

"Sixty bucks," says Henry, his eyes still shining at the memory. "Of course, I paid Hodges forty per cent and paid my railroad and hotel but I had fifteen left. That was for one night and was more than I used to make in a month."

Scott now has his price up to $500 a night and it will soon go higher. He will make about $25,000 this season and the ground hasn't really been harrowed. In its purest essence, he is an American phenomenon. Not only is he able to give a one-man show without ruining his patrons with ennui but he manages to build it to such a climax that he leaves them groggy and beating their palms clamorously. He has played repeat dates in many towns, two and three years in a row and is now working on a complete second program so that he can have at them incessantly.

His climb has been almost entirely due to his own efforts. Although he has had managers from the start, most of the booking has been by hand. Henry sits in his Tivoli house between dates and laboriously carries out his correspondence in longhand, assisted by the telephone. Anybody writing Henry L. Scott to inquire about his rates for a public exhibition will find himself, if necessary, routed out of bed soon thereafter to hear Henry's friendly voice saying with what pleasure he will appear in the home town of the inquirer. Since he is one of the nicest living Americans, both over the phone and in person, he invariably clinches the deal and his performance does the rest. He is going to be a very prosperous man before he is through and his list of friends has grown so tremendously that even in New York his concerts are at least half filled by people who address him by his first name.



"Perhaps it would be best if you quit seeing any more Van Johnson movies"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH

His Great Ambition

His great ambition is to have a one-man continuous show in a Broadway theater. "Like Harry Lauder," he explains. When it is pointed out that even Sir Harry used other acts on his bill, he is not moved. He finds it best going alone. "Like Horowitz," he again explains.

Back in his lean days he was married to Mary Bell Bard, daughter of Doctor Harry Erwin Bard, internationally famous educator, and they have two young children that everyone calls exceptional. They have a small-town home with a party line (one long, one short) and a croquet court that has special bumps and holes known only to Henry.

There are a lot of things known only to Henry, such as making a success with a pianistic talent somewhat short of Paderewski's. He is making money for himself and leading a great many people tenderly by the hand to show them a piano won't necessarily stun them. He panics them when he launches into his boogie-woogie, and in almost every case he plays like a whirlwind. When the mitten stunt wore a bit bare several years back, he won a national speed contest on the piano. He got a medal for that and a great deal of publicity but even Henry is not clear just where its importance lies.

While he doodles about the piano practicing, he also thinks up jokes.

"Ask me who I play like," he suggests.

"Who do you play like, Henry?"

"Don't you know!" cries Henry in surprise and disappointment. "Great Scott!"

This sort of thing kills them.

THE END

Quick and Tricky

Continued from page 24

Brown wasn't gambling on this to reach the goal line.

Close enough to the coffin corner to pull a bead on the target, the ball on Brown's 40-yard line, Cokefair unleashed a low quick kick that rolled out perfectly on Yale's 3. A short punt back by Yale to squeeze out of a perilous spot and a Yale safety man's fluke in catching a deflected Brown pass and stepping out into the end zone, gave Brown a safety. In the hair-raising scoring spree that went on for the remainder of the afternoon, the two points Brown gleaned from that safety was the margin of victory. Stahley hadn't erred in this unique piece of strategy.

Quick kicking in the Glenn Dobbs, Bob Waterfield and Jack Cokefair manner is a deadly weapon, but it is weeks and months in the making. Any coach can produce a run-of-the-mill kicker, but the training of a quick-kicking specialist involves delicate timing and execution shared in by the whole team.

Before the future star can enter upon this postgraduate type of kicking, he has got to learn how to spiral the ball for average distance and with control. Only patience, hard work and good coaching can bring him up to this required standard.

In a quick kick the emphasis is on delicate timing and perfect execution. From a regular close-up formation the kicker streaks back a step or two. So much depends on the split-second timing of the center in feeding the ball back to the receiver, so that it arrives in his hands just as he completes his backward motion. To be able to churn back rapidly from a crouched position without losing balance demands hours of practice.

Once the ball is in the kicker's hands he has to work fast, for being close to the line of scrimmage he is wide open for a block. He must get the ball properly on his foot, aim for the corner and keep it low for a long roll —all in about two seconds.

The roll that made Waterfield's kick carry an amazing 87 yards wasn't a matter of luck. To make the ball speed end over end downfield is an art. The toe is depressed and the kicker walks through on his kick to give it plenty of forward motion.

The Line Must Hold

When a team employs the quick kick as a major assault play, there are few breakthroughs. The line knows it has only got to hold for brief seconds. Linesmen feign a charge by merely leaning against the opposing players until the kicker has done his job.

There is a peculiar deception that makes this kick murderous. A coach sets up a blueprint in advance. From the quick-kick formation a pass is thrown or a slash off-tackle run. Thus, the opposing team is made to think in terms of caution.

Carl Snavely worked this ruse to perfection a few years ago in a tight game. Constantly he had Robinson, Cornell's ace punter, going back into a deep-kick formation on early downs. Instead of kicking, Robinson would sweep the ends for substantial gains or throw passes into areas vacated by adversaries bent on blocking kicks that never materialized.

And just when the opposing eleven became thoroughly shy about messing around in the enemy's theater of operations, Robinson dished up a quick kick in the waning minutes of the contest. "Silly boy!" said the sports-minded. "Why kick this late in the game when you are behind?"

Was it too late? It moved Cornell down where it wanted to go in a hurry—to the opposite end of the field. Cornell held and the other team kicked short. With the clock showing only seconds the Big Red threw a pet pass for a touchdown and victory.

Snavely's eleven needed to cover ground fast. The quick kick moved them in the shortest time to a scoring position and the deception prelude guaranteed that nobody would break in too quickly while the surprise move was shaping up.

When football returns to normal, watch for widespread use of this offensive thrust. Smart coaches are sold on it because, first of all, it can change the whole aspect of a game in a few seconds. Secondly, it is an easy way to gain ground without sacrificing team energy or prematurely using up scoring plays that should be sprung only within the shadow of the goal posts.

Again, this type of football sends the sporting public into emotional tailspins. The fans like it because it is both spectacular and speculative.

THE END

Calvert
RESERVE

"So that's what they've been after all day"

CAN you imagine bagging anything *better* than a brace of Calvert Old Fashioneds at the end of a long day?

The secret of their soul-satisfying flavor is simply this: Calvert is *"the real thing"* in whiskey. Its pre-war excellence just can't be imitated!

You see, we've blended more fine whiskey in our time than any other distiller in America, and no one has yet equaled the Calvert blend!

So, for the grandest Old Fashioneds you've ever tasted, make sure you use that grandest of whiskies... Calvert. It's *"the real thing"*!

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Calvert
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Calvert
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CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof – 65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof – 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

O.S.S. agent "Wally," his face blacked out by censor, sits at his secret radio set in a tiny room in the headquarters of Nazi SS General Karl Wolff, ready to receive the German surrender terms from Caserta

CLOAK AND DAGGER

BY LIEUT. COL. COREY FORD AND MAJOR ALASTAIR MAC BAIN

How O.S.S. intrigue laid the groundwork for the surrender of a million Germans in Italy—the grand slam that initiated the spectacular collapse of the Nazis

Conclusion

NO ONE ever climbed the rickety stairway to their garret hideout. No one in wartime London, preoccupied with air raids and V-2 bomb attacks, took the time to inquire into what they were doing. They were a nondescript group of enlisted men in civilian clothes—naturalized Americans from the docks of Boston or the garment districts of New York and Chicago—who lived in the fourth-floor attic of a ramshackle house in Grosvenor Street. But, vicariously, they lived some of the most daring adventures of the war.

These were the Moles: even their associates knew them only by that nickname. They turned out spies. Every O.S.S. agent who parachuted behind the enemy lines in Europe was processed and briefed and clothed by their expert hands. Americans left their fourth-floor attic magically transformed into French war-plant workers, Belgian longshoremen, even members of the Nazi SS police.

On a hand-operated press in a corner of their secret loft, they printed SS identification cards and ration books to be carried by undercover operators. When a German ration stamp expired, they printed up another issue in the correct new color. They prepared fake work passes to Nazi factories by copying the authentic papers of European refugees who had fled to America. They carried forged papers around in their pants pockets for days, until they had become convincingly dog-eared and impregnated with sweat.

Every precaution was taken to make the agent perfect in his disguise. The papers he was given were complete, but never too complete: the Moles knew that overplaying their hand might arouse the Gestapo's suspicion. They smuggled ersatz clothing material out of Europe, and made up peasant clothes and Nazi uniforms in a small tailoring shop in their garret. Infiltrators were dressed from the skin out in clothes consistent with the cover story they were planning to use: coveralls and an engineer's cap for an agent posing as a railroad worker; the blouse and polished boots of a Gestapo uniform if he were to pass as a member of the Secret Police.

Complete sets of civilian apparel were borrowed from repatriates returning to the United States on the Gripsholm and were shipped to O.S.S. in London. The secondhand shops in New York were combed for German fountain pens, razor blades, battered suitcases of European manufacture, even little religious symbols woven by the peasants in the Balkans. No detail was overlooked; the Moles painstakingly scanned every item of clothing for British or American laundry marks which might betray the wearers.

Alibis were provided an agent in case of arrest. A man parachuting into Leipzig, for example, was schooled to say he was a refugee from a factory in Bremen which the Moles knew had been recently bombed out; complete details of the bombing were drilled into the agent's mind until he could repeat the cover story in his sleep. Even the physical appearance of a prospective operator was carefully considered. A man assigned to a destitute area of Europe had to be sufficiently emaciated and tubercular-looking to blend naturally with the starved populace.

So authentic was their counterfeiting that one agent, parachuting by accident into the very center of an SS compound, was promptly arrested by the Gestapo as a deserter. Even our own G-2 was fooled sometimes. When an area in Germany was overrun by American forces, an O.S.S. undercover agent reported happily to Army Headquarters, only to have the Division G-2 refuse to believe his documents were faked. The local German burgomaster, called in to check the agent's papers, concurred stoutly in the belief that the documents were real, and the protesting agent was clapped into jail and held until O.S.S. in London heard of his plight.

The Moles were immensely gratified by this episode. "Through our doors," their slogan henceforth read, "pass the most beautiful spies in the world."

A network of these hand-tailored agents, schooled in sabotage and carefully briefed with maps and photographs of the country where they were to be dropped, spread over enemy-occupied Europe as the war's tempo increased. Weather spotters in Norway, in Yugoslavia, on the snow-filled slopes of the Brenner Pass, sent back regular data to American Air Forces based in England or in the Mediterranean, to guide their bombing missions. When an important target happened to be in the midst of a friendly area, O.S.S. demolition experts took over. The SKF ball-bearing factory in Paris was unsafe for aerial bombing because of the thousands of loyal French living near by; a labor agent with 19½ pounds of plastic explosive stayed a little late one night, and the plant was out of commission for the rest of the war.

Communications agents operating behind the lines frequently furnished the only link that American forces had with enemy territory. Secret Intelligence operators tailed German Panzer units day after day, sending back every detail of their size and equipment as they moved toward the invasion coast. In southern France, in June, 1944, Agent "Durrants" flashed word to O.S.S. in Algiers that the SS Das Reich Division was on the move north from Bordeaux, following highways 20 and 126. Obviously, they were heading toward Normandy to reinforce the front lines. In exactly one hour and forty minutes from the time the agent tapped out his message, it had been received and relayed by O.S.S. to SHAEF Headquarters in London, (*Continued on page 72*)

Top: Outfitted and thoroughly briefed by the Moles, an O.S.S. secret intelligence operator in a plain business suit dons jump clothes ready to parachute into Germany. Center: A French woman member of FFI receives instruction in the use of a walkie-talkie from O.S.S. Cpl. McAfee. Bottom: McAfee briefs out a young Dane on a .45 prior to crossing enemy lines

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cools the smoke...as it cleanses the smoke

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$3.50 BOX OF 25 FILTER REFILLS WITH EACH PURCHASE

THE changeable filter has a patented construction that filters flakes and juices before smoke reaches your mouth.

Yes, this absorbent cellophane wrapped filter is changeable! When stained from the tars and nicotine that it imprisons, replace with a fresh refill.

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WDC

Children Behind Barbed Wire

Continued from page 18

a democracy. We don't have rigid formal discipline. At first when Captain Johnson or any other officer walked behind the barbed wire, the kids would drop anything they were doing, snap to attention and salute smartly. Johnson put a stop to that. He didn't want kids saluting. But the habit of respect for rank was strong in them. Forbidden to salute, they bowed instead. Johnson put a stop to that by telling them that it made them look like Japs. Now as you walk through the camp, the boys merely remove their caps as you pass them.

The teaching is in the capable hands of Professor Francis Tourtellot, of Providence, Rhode Island, late an assistant professor at Brown University. It is he who makes up the curriculum. He has few textbooks, so he writes out lessons himself and mimeographs them. He keeps a close eye on his 133 teachers. American history is taught and taught honestly. German literature is taught as it was taught in the days of the Weimar Republic. The kids are discovering German literary giants that the Nazi regime thought it had killed. The classes are held out of doors in good weather, and it is a rather amazing experience to hear a class of forty repeating a poem of Heine's with obvious enjoyment—a performance that would have meant the concentration camp a year ago.

Tourtellot has organized a choral group headed by 17-year-old Private Karl Daeckerer, formerly a music student at the University of Vienna. In the group are two boys who once belonged to the famous Boys' Choir in Vienna. They put on a performance for me, and as soon as their clear, well-trained voices rose, hundreds of kids flocked from other parts of the camp to listen.

A Youthful Song Writer

They sang old German folk songs. They sang (in English) the Negro spiritual, Steal Away, Steal Away. Steal Away to Jesus. Then they sang a song one of their own number, Udo Pirl, had written. Seventeen-year-old Udo, a perfect prototype of the Hitler Jugend, was an ack-ack gunner. The song, a beautiful hymn, was called *Herr Zu Dir*. A rough translation of the first verse would be:

Lord we yearn for You.
Jesus Christ, we look toward You,
To dedicate our way of life to You.

These are hardly the sentiments one looks for from the tough young sons of Germany.

A few days before I visited Compiègne, Monseigneur Roeder, the Catholic bishop of Beauvais, came to the camp and confirmed one hundred of the boys. On that day three hundred received Communion.

The boys are puzzled when they study our democracy. Freedom of speech and thought are brand-new concepts to them, which they find difficult to digest. Religion is something else that they can embrace eagerly, almost as though they had been waiting for it all their young lives. Watching them as they sang the hymns, watching them as they listened to sermons and lessons in the Lutheran Catechism, banned since 1933, one could not doubt their sincerity. Let's talk to a couple of kids and see what they think.

"We couldn't go to church in Germany," thirteen-year-old Private Gerhard Nagel said solemnly, "because they always held the Hitler Jugend meetings on Sunday mornings. We had to attend them. Then after, we would go on long hikes and picnics in the country. We were busy all day Sunday. I had never been to church until I came here."

"Oh, yes, I like church." Stocky Herbert Plepp, 16, was an infantryman. He has no love for Hitler.

No correspondent believes the adults who now claim so earnestly that they always hated Hitler, but I do believe Private Herbert Plepp.

"I was training last winter and I got forty-eight hours off," he says earnestly. "I went to my parents' home in Potsdam. My father was at the front. While I was home the postman delivered a letter my mother had written to my father weeks before. Stamped on it was 'Addressee cannot be located.' That is how we got the news that my father had been killed. For that bloodthirsty Hitler I resolved I would not go back into the army, but they dragged me back. I would hate to see Hitler or anyone like him come back into power, because then the churches would be closed. We all like church very much."

I asked dozens of the boys about Hitler and about their feeling toward religion. Almost without exception they were bitter against Hitler. I found only one true-blue Nazi—18-year-old Private Hans Rader, formerly of the Luftwaffe.

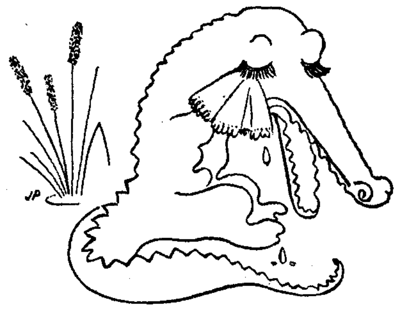
"We will build a strong Germany again," he said sullenly, "and we will close the churches. I do not believe that Hitler is dead. He will come back to lead us to greatness."

I didn't find one boy who had any ambition ever to wear a uniform again. When I asked 16-year-old Roland Seidel if he wanted to be a soldier, his eyes opened wide.

"*Nein, Nein,*" the words tumbled out. "Never again do I want to hear guns. I want to be a baker. My father," he added proudly, "was a good baker."

Captain Carl A. Zimmerman is the prison chaplain. He once had a pastorate in Los Angeles. This very practical, highly intelligent man is no stargazer. He is very cautious about accepting the wholesale conversions to Christianity on the part of the boys.

"The trouble is that these boys are accustomed to regimentation," he says earnestly. "They have never held independent thoughts. They have thought as they were told to think. We tell them that religion is a good thing, and they nod. They echo everything we say. That is how they were brought up. When we tell them that Hitler was bad for Germany, they agree. They agree with anyone in a position of authority. They seem sincere in their new interest in and devotion to religion, but when they are released and go back to Germany, will they keep this interest? Frankly, I don't know."



WEEPING BEAUTY

The profile of the crocodile
Offends his neighbors on the Nile.
The angle of his snout, no doubt,
Is what those tears are all about.

—Anita Lipton

Recently Professor Tourtellot (I can't for the life of me, refer to this brilliant educator as Private Tourtellot) made out a long list of statements, mimeographed them and asked the boys to consider the statements and mark true or false after each one. In addition, there were questions to be answered. They were not required to attach their names to the papers, which were collected by a committee elected by themselves. Absolute secrecy was insisted upon in the hope that the boys would answer what was in their hearts and not what they believed their jailers wanted them to answer.

The answers were very revealing. One question was: Who was the greatest tyrant who ever lived? Eighty-two per cent answered, "Hitler." Nero came through nicely with fifteen per cent of the votes, and Attila, Herod, Napoleon and Himmler received scattered support. And there were six votes marked, "Jesus."

The statement, "The SS troops were the greatest of all," brought 4,709 denials and 1,351 affirmative replies while 840 were undecided. The German people as a whole might well vote in that same ratio.

The boys showed themselves to be opposed to woman suffrage in no uncertain terms. The statement, "German women should stay in the kitchen, raise children, go to church and take part in no other activities," brought 4,331 "true" answers and 1,610 "false," with 959 undecided. The statement, "There is no greater sport than that of playing soldiers," brought forth a thunderous 6,683 "false" retorts, with only 140 favoring. There is no doubt that a year ago the result would have been quite different.

The statement, "The Allied occupation of Germany should last at least ten years," brought forth 2,310 affirmative answers while 3,778 said false. The statement, "The Nazi Party must live on to bring order again to Germany," found the boys voting 6,753 against and 42 in favor. An echo of Doctor Goebbels' propaganda came in the statement, "If you lie to the people often enough they will eventually believe your lies." The boys were divided on that one; 3,400 said the statement was true, while 2,643 did not agree.

The classes in German composition reveal among other things the desperate plight of the Germany army. Each week during the past winter, the boys wrote essays or poems. Their teachers asked them one week to write on their army experiences.

Private May wrote: "I lived in Cassel. One afternoon my father sent me on an errand. General Erselben had declared Cassel to be a fortress and he was defending it from American tanks. He had his headquarters in a brick building. As I walked by his headquarters he happened to come out.

"He looked at me and said, 'Aren't you ashamed to be wearing civilian clothes? Why aren't you in uniform?'

"I said, 'Because I am fourteen.'

"He said, 'No matter.' Then he turned to an orderly and said, 'Get him a uniform.'

"They put me into a uniform and gave me a gun. It was a carbine. I had never fired a gun and didn't know how to fire one. I was ordered to advance into some woods outside Cassel. We went into the woods, and the American tanks came at us. Everyone ran, but I couldn't run very fast because the gun was so heavy, and I fell down. Then the woods were surrounded and we were all captured. I had been in the army only two hours."

Healthy Attitude for the Future

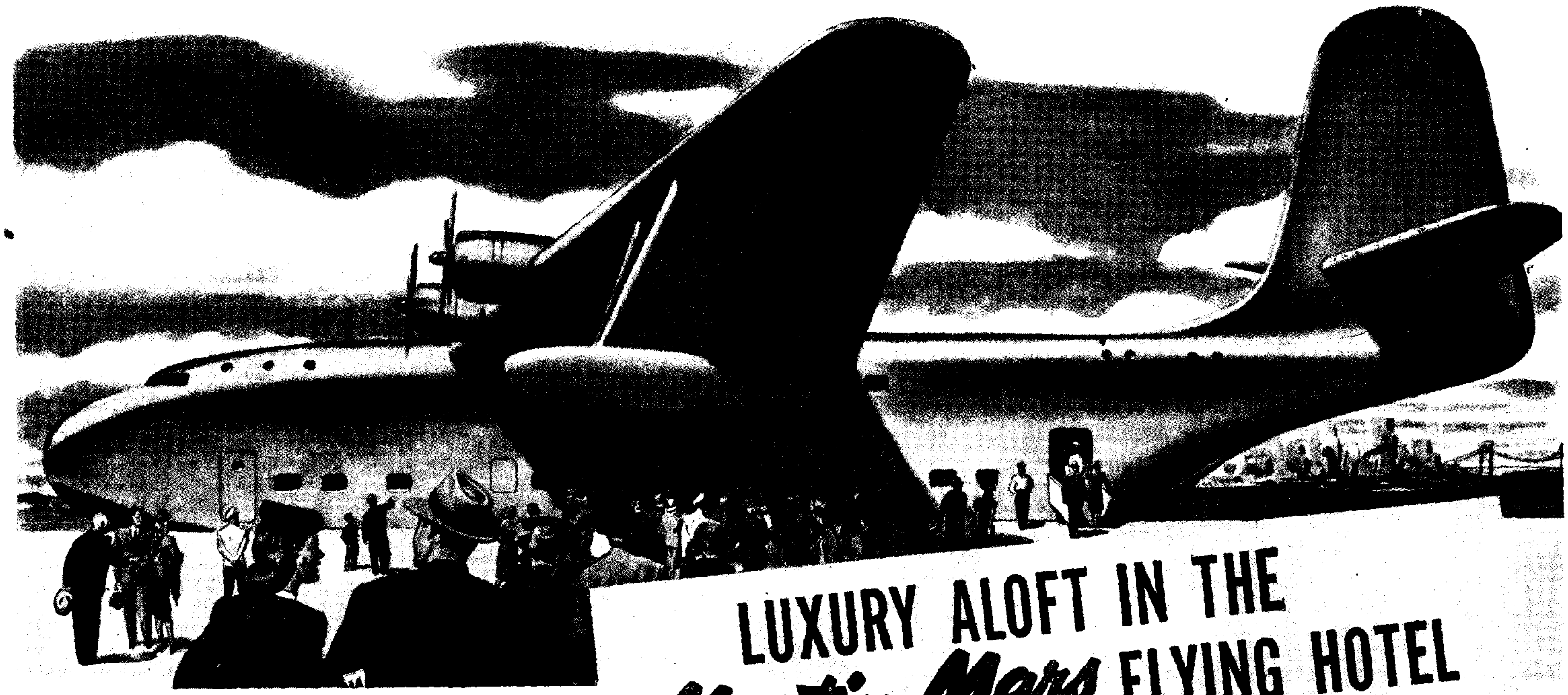
Private Gerhart Kaputl, 16, wrote: "Every healthy German must now work to help build up Germany again. We have a big job. How can we help here behind barbed wire? I will tell you. We can study hard so that when we return we can be useful to our country. We must study peaceful pursuits. I, for instance, am now studying navigation so that when I am a year older I can get a job in the merchant marine. I am studying English and Spanish, because some day we will be trading with America and Argentina, and I will be more useful if I know those languages."

Asked to write a composition about Hitler, the boys became really bitter. Almost without exception they condemned him. Such phrases as, "He was an egomaniac," "He is a war criminal," "He is insane," "He destroyed Germany, to satisfy his own ego," "Only a madman would have attacked Russia," appear. There is no doubt that they now have an abiding hatred for Hitler.

"We aren't completely misled by that," Tourtellot says, with a smile. "Many of them hate Hitler because he lost the war for them. Had he won it, most of them would be worshiping him."

It is difficult to understand children, especially children behind barbed wire. But at least Captain Johnson and his associates are trying. Only time will tell whether their efforts will be crowned with success.

THE END



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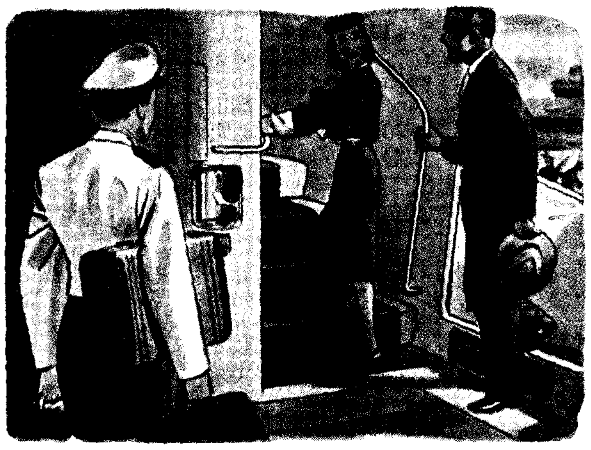
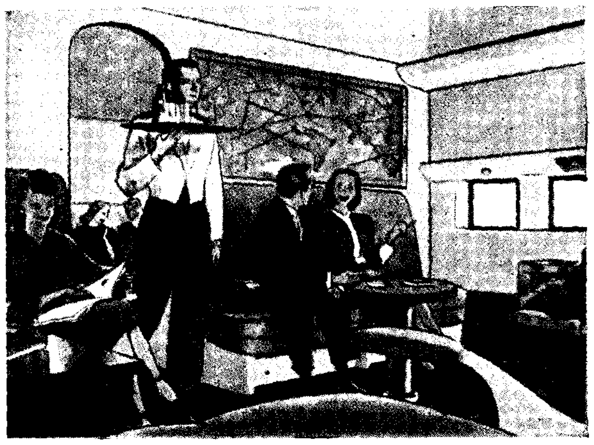
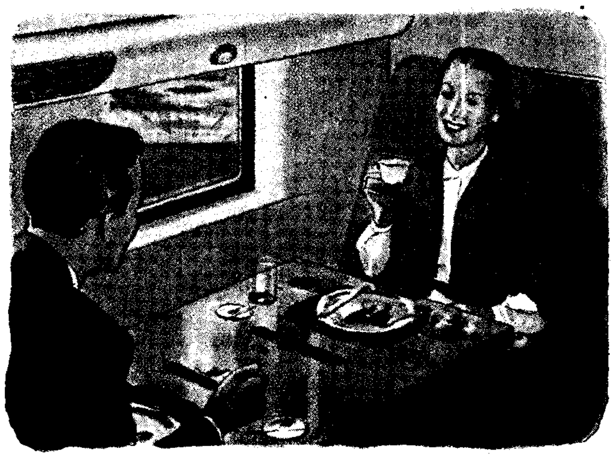


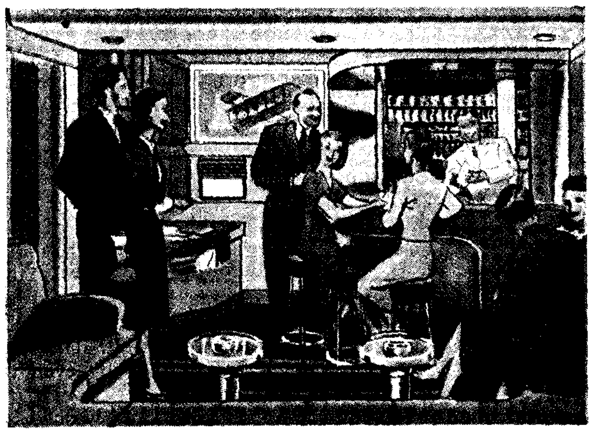
2 So step aboard the Mars and look about. Two full decks. Spacious, air-conditioned rooms. Courteous service. A flying hotel!



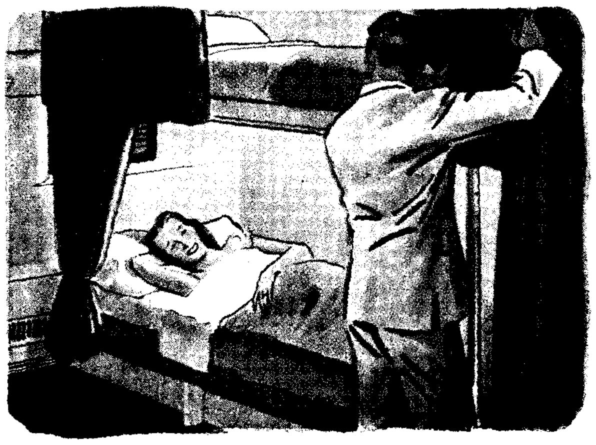
3 Note the size, smartness and comfort of the Mars' lounge! No cramped seats, or narrow aisles. Plenty of room for walking about!



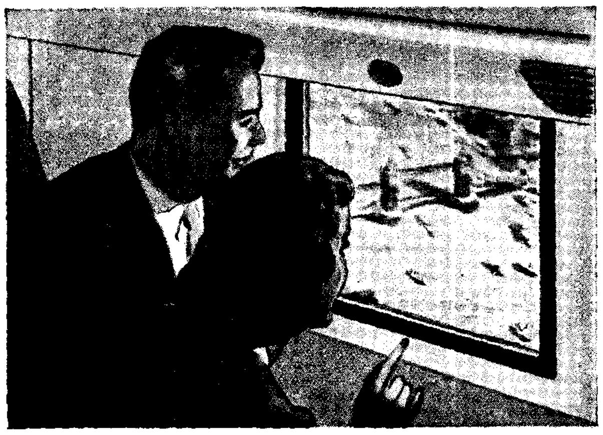
4 A full-course dinner, from the Mars' galley, served by smiling stewards. Soft lights . . . gay laughter . . . music! De luxe transportation!



5 After dinner you'll want to explore the big ship. Here, for example, is the ultra-modern Skytop Room, a favorite rendezvous.



6 Your snug cabin is waiting when you're ready for bed. Nothing to disturb your slumber as the great ship speeds toward Europe and vacation.



7 Morning . . . and you're there! Only a few hours have passed. Ahead lie days of sight-seeing, adventure . . . thanks to the Martin Mars!

Fantasy? Long-range prediction? Not at all! The plane shown here is flying today! It's a Martin Mars transport! True, today's Mars contains no luxurious furnishings. Every inch of space is still needed for war supplies. But commercial versions of these huge Navy transports will offer every comfort to tomorrow's trans-ocean travelers. So when you plan that trip abroad . . . plan to fly via Martin Mars!

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AIRCRAFT
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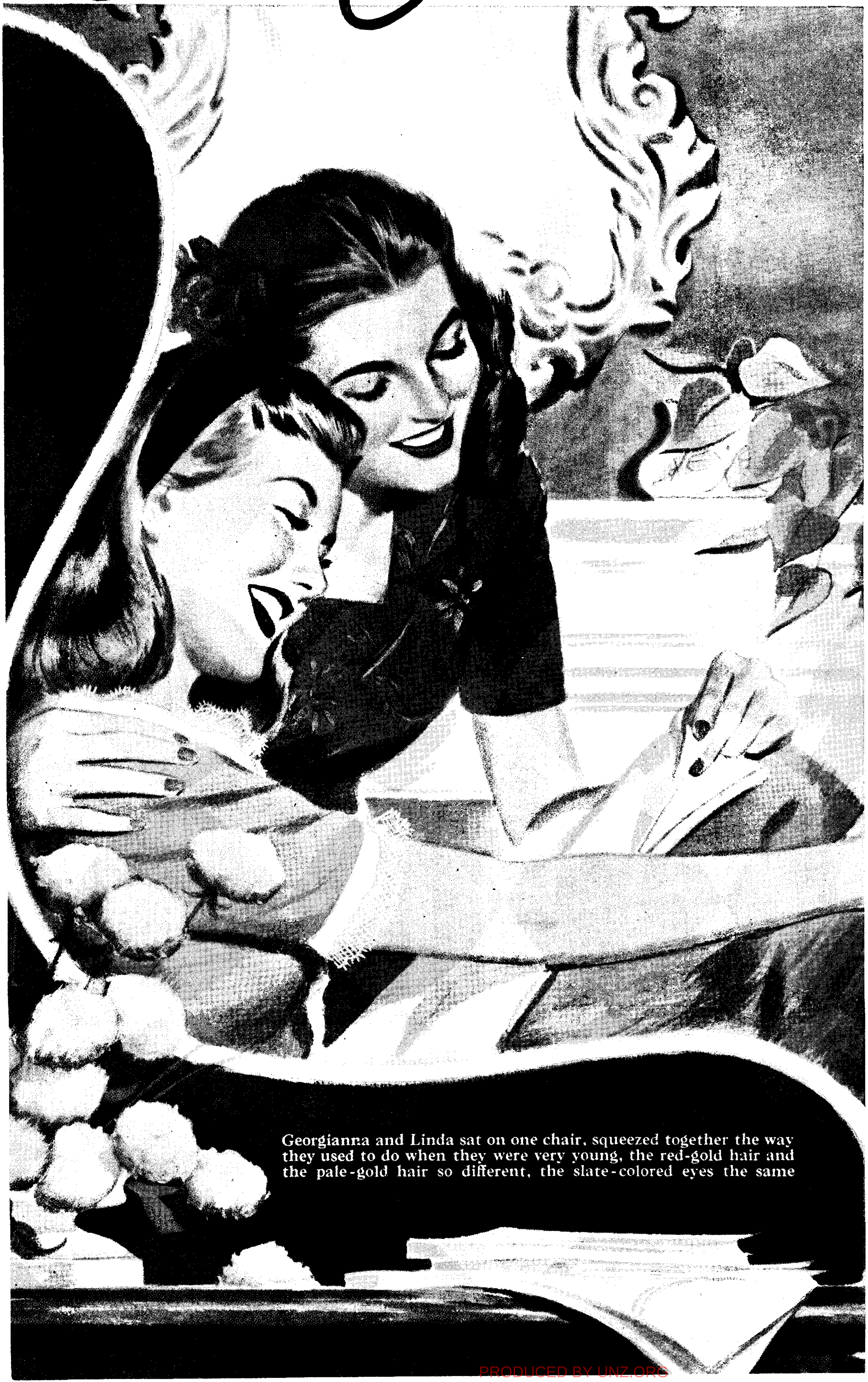
Blue Chinchilla

BY ELSIE TAYE

No one can say where love ends and possessiveness begins, but this mother had the wisdom to find the dividing line between



Georgianna and Linda sat on one chair, squeezed together the way they used to do when they were very young, the red-gold hair and the pale-gold hair so different, the slate-colored eyes the same

THE cold drizzle was about what you could expect in spring. All of May had been like that, no sun to speak of and warmth as though it would never come. Closing the back door noiselessly so as not to waken her daughter, Mrs. Ames pulled a raincoat over her head and went along the path with her quick, heavy step. It was early, but darker than it should have been.

Inside the long low ranch house she walked past the pelting pens where the most precious of the chinchillas scampered sedately, to the end of the room where the breeding boxes were. She stopped at the fifth box and swung back the cover. The red bulb was on for warmth and in its light she could see Queenie, lying on her side, her rich silvery fur rippling around her like a rug.

"Good girl," said Mrs. Ames as she saw two tiny whiplike tails and the tip of a third. "I was beginning to worry about you. You're a week late."

Queenie regarded her friend with a full round eye like black glass, her whiskers trembling in passionate pride.

"I'll just take a quick look," Mrs. Ames assured her, and slid a hand under the soft weighty body. "Why, you!" exclaimed Mrs. Ames in pain and indignation.

Withdrawing her teeth from Mrs. Ames' thumb, Queenie settled herself once more over her babies, deep contrition in her eyes.

THE one or two mild swear words she knew coming from surprised lips, Mrs. Ames went down the room to the small office at the end. Iodine was here for miscellaneous cuts and abrasions. Definitely not for chinchilla bites. Chinchillas, Mrs. Ames would have told anyone, never bit.

A big woman, Mrs. Ames was neatly and compactly overweight. Her unlined face was pink, with a tendency to grow pinker when she was agitated, and the smooth roll of fair hair would loosen later in the day, little locks blowing about her neck.

Now her face was flushed in the half-light, but it was not because she had been bitten. She was excited because the three new cubs were the darkest ones she had ever seen, the nearest to the deep blue which all breeders dream of. Their little hammer heads would change, grow pointed as they matured, but their fur would not change. The long guard hairs on Queenie's cubs were almost as dark as the soft blue fur next to the skin.

Cute of Queenie to bite the hand that fed her. Mrs. Ames grinned as she put the iodine back in the desk. You would swear that Queenie knew that she had produced the handsomest litter of her career. That she wanted to keep them for herself. That they were too valuable to be seen by even the friendliest of eyes.

Back in the house Mrs. Ames washed her hands at the kitchen sink, examined her thumb, and looked at the clock. She went into the front hall and called up the stairs to her daughter, Georgianna. Georgianna was the only other person in the old brick house which had belonged to Mrs. Ames' grandfather.

Mrs. Ames had two daughters. The eldest lived with her father in Washington.

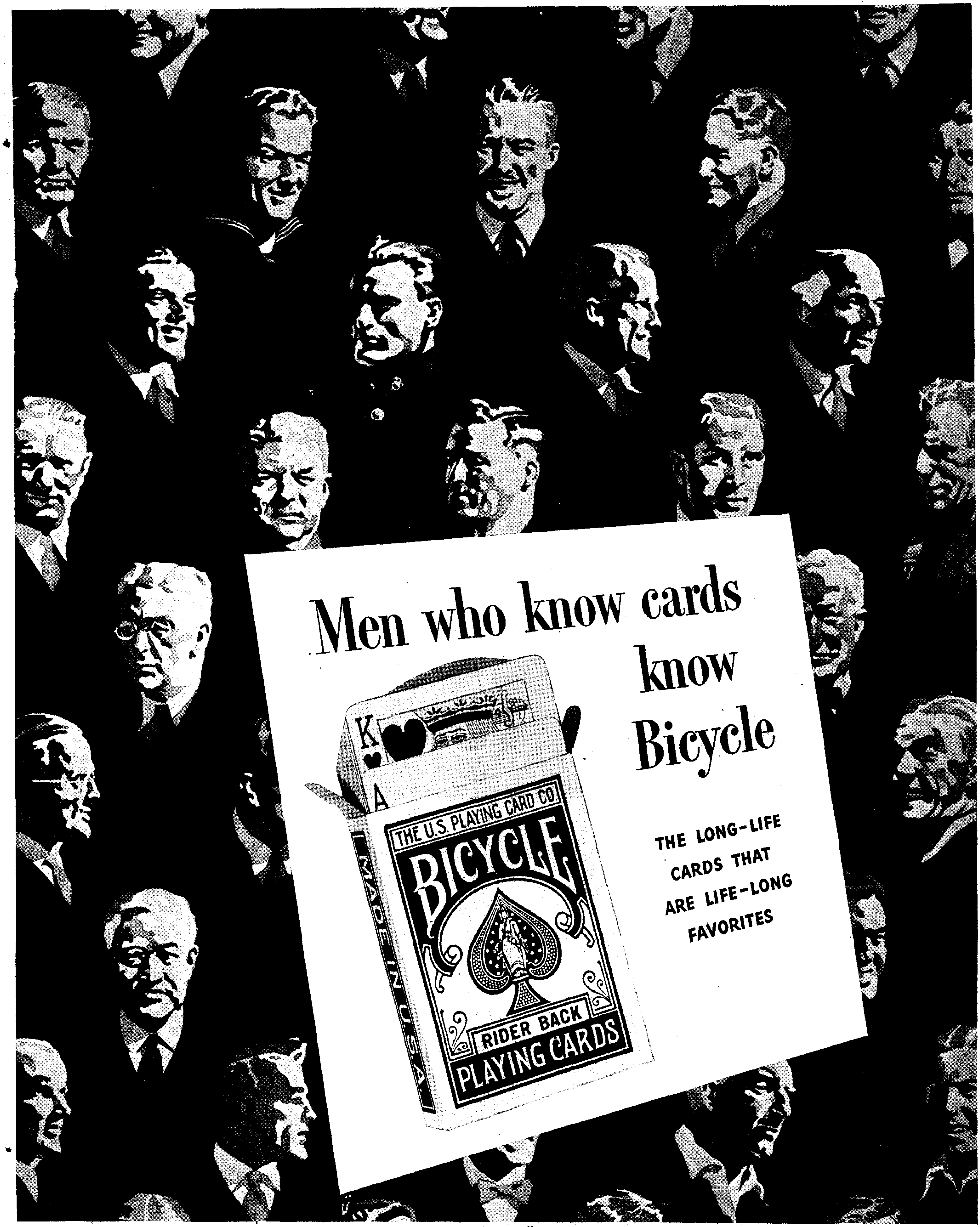
"I'll have to let you have the girls, of course," Horace had said. "I suppose that's only right. But they're to be allowed to visit me."

It had not quite turned out that way. Linda visited her mother. . . .

The house was quiet, Georgianna already in her second class of the morning at high

(Continued on page 54)

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD FORSBERG


Men who know cards know Bicycle
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In 1928, Ford introduced its use on certain car and truck parts. Five years later, methods of applying it to the entire car were perfected, and since then all Fords have been finished in synthetic resin enamel. Ford's own plant produces more than a million gallons of this long-life finish yearly. In normal times, 3000 gallons flow to the spray booths and dipping tanks daily.

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EXPECT THE "FIRSTS" FROM FORD!

Give Us Tomorrow

Continued from page 13

she had been told that he was coming to Windower her impression was a quick one—that of a defiant, bold fellow with a rough sort of approach to girls. It didn't surprise her that he might have caught Violet Clyde's cosmopolitan fancy, and it wouldn't have surprised Ellen at all if Violet had let her fancy have its head.

Then she had seen Peter in the upper hall and he seemed quite different from what she had imagined. He had an interested, almost shy look, as if he were trying to master a situation. He didn't seem rough or aggressive at all. And when he had noticed her, his face had warmed with admiration and friendliness.

Somehow that admiration had pierced the loneliness that had been encasing Ellen for a long while, since she had been shut in with the memory of horrible experiences. She felt reassured to have him in the house. When he had found her in the garden she wasn't sure that she hadn't been expecting him. It had been so easy to begin to talk, to come right out with the thought that was like a lump in her throat.

"Are you on leave?" she asked.

"Right now I'm waiting for orders. I came to Europe for a specific job. Now that it's done, my unit is broken up."

"And from all I hear it was a tough job and in fact you're a hero."

"Not me. It was tough all right. But the heroes concerned in it are dead."

She drew a breath of sympathy and pity. Her questions paused. He could hear the bees humming over the flowering shrubs and the fragrance and warmth of the garden wrapped around them both. Peter wished he didn't know who she was. It made him feel rather awkward, inclined to watch his step. But why should it? What did it matter who her father was? He wasn't working for the old boy now and maybe he never would again. He was here with a girl he'd liked on sight without an idea of her identity. Something else came into his mind, her possible relation to Lindley.

He decided to find out what he could about that, and right away.

"Isn't Bob Lindley a friend of yours?"

"Oh, yes—for years."

"I don't know where I got the idea but I heard somewhere that you were engaged to him."

"I've heard that, too."

"I wish you'd give me a straight answer. Are you engaged to Bob?"

"Not to him or anyone else."

"That's very good news," he said quite gravely.

"I don't see why it should interest a man who came down here to see Violet Clyde."

"Violet doesn't take me seriously," he said, trying to imply that the reverse was just as true.

"Did you know her husband?" asked Ellen almost irrelevantly. "Roger Clyde?"

"No."

"You didn't miss anything. He was older than most of my friends, but years ago I used to see him around at parties, always tight and horrible. I can't see why Violet ever married him. And he must have given her a very bad time. She's crazy to get back to the States where her child is and yet she doesn't know how she can get along when she gets there."

"Maybe Lewis Hewston's the answer. He can certainly get her back. He's one of the big men in aviation."

"He's married, though," answered Ellen.

"That makes it awkward."

"I'm very sorry for Violet. And jealous of her, of course."

"Why on earth?"

HE MEANT that and his glance overstated it. Her color rose and her eyes thanked him. She blushed easily but it was no strawberries-and-cream blush. It wasn't the red stain of embarrassment, but a rising glow in her cheeks, as if her blood were flowing faster in response to what he said.

"You're a great help, Peter. I'm glad you came."

"I am, too. Now. But I felt like a fish out of water when I got here."

"You'll love it. It's a wonderful and beautiful place, even if it is run down now."

Peter said, "I'm not much on swank or butlers. The only ones I've ever seen close up were being paid by Hollywood. Are there a lot of other people here?"

"Not very many."

"Do I have to talk to anyone but you?"

"I don't believe you're so shy."

"I'm not shy at all. But I don't want to waste time, now that I've seen you." He said it seriously and plausibly, standing now and looking down at her. "It's a queer thing, our meeting here, and already knowing quite a lot about each other. We don't start from scratch exactly, Ellen. You know what I mean?"

"We can think back to the same places."

"I can imagine you walking down Superior Street. No, you'd be driving a car. You know, I've often been by your house."

"I can imagine you back home, too. I've been down in those pits of iron ore. Sometimes, when you stand on the edge of one of them it looks as if God had just started to make the world and was using lots of color."

"You're saying it."

"Once I was there at sunset and I've never forgotten it. All the country was primitive and grand—even the little common peaked houses that are so ugly couldn't spoil it."

He had lived in one of those houses. Common and ugly, she said.

"We seem to be sort of overlooking the famous Windower," Peter remarked and they both laughed. He leaned down, took her hands and she stood up facing him.

"I think I came here to find you. Do you mind my saying that?"

"Say what you please. . . . I hate practically everything about this war; it's utterly wicked." She shuddered and said between her teeth, "It's hideous. But at least it does one good thing. It makes people be themselves."

He slowly, gently drew her toward him, and she didn't pull away.

"Let's be real," he said. "Let's not pretend that meeting here like this isn't very special. When I saw you on the stairs, I knew it. I said to myself that I had to find out who you were. And not waste time. From my window I saw you cross the garden and it didn't take me long to follow."

"Were you really hunting for me?"

"What did you think I was roaming about the grounds for? Ellen—" His arms came round her and his lips came down on hers.

After a minute he asked, "Is it all right? You don't mind my kissing you?"

She moved her head against his shoulder and said, "No, I don't mind. I've been so damned lonesome. . . . And I do like you, Peter."

"This is only the beginning, darling."

A plane going overhead cut off its engine with a cough and at the sound the girl wrenched herself loose and then caught Peter's shoulder fiercely.

"Look out — wait — oh, God —" she breathed tensely.

"Why, that's nothing. It's a British plane. It's all right."

Slowly she relaxed and moistened her lips.

"You see," she said with contempt for herself, "that's what it does to me. I've seen things I can't forget. First one of them hit the place where I lived and then the restaurant where I was going to meet a girl and then one night I was just passing Shaftesbury Theater and—"

"Don't think about it," he said. "It's going to be over before very long." He was stroking her hair now, and it seemed to him the softest hair he had ever touched. "Would you feel better if we went back under cover, Ellen?"

"Oh, no! I'm all right now. It just gets me like that once in a while."

SHE had control of herself again. It had come back as suddenly as it had left her. Her head was high and her eyes were shining.

"Let's go for a walk, Peter," she said. "You haven't seen the place yet. It's quite a show."

"Is there some place where we can be by ourselves?"

"I'll show you the rose gardens."

"I just want to be with you. Anything else is thrown in."

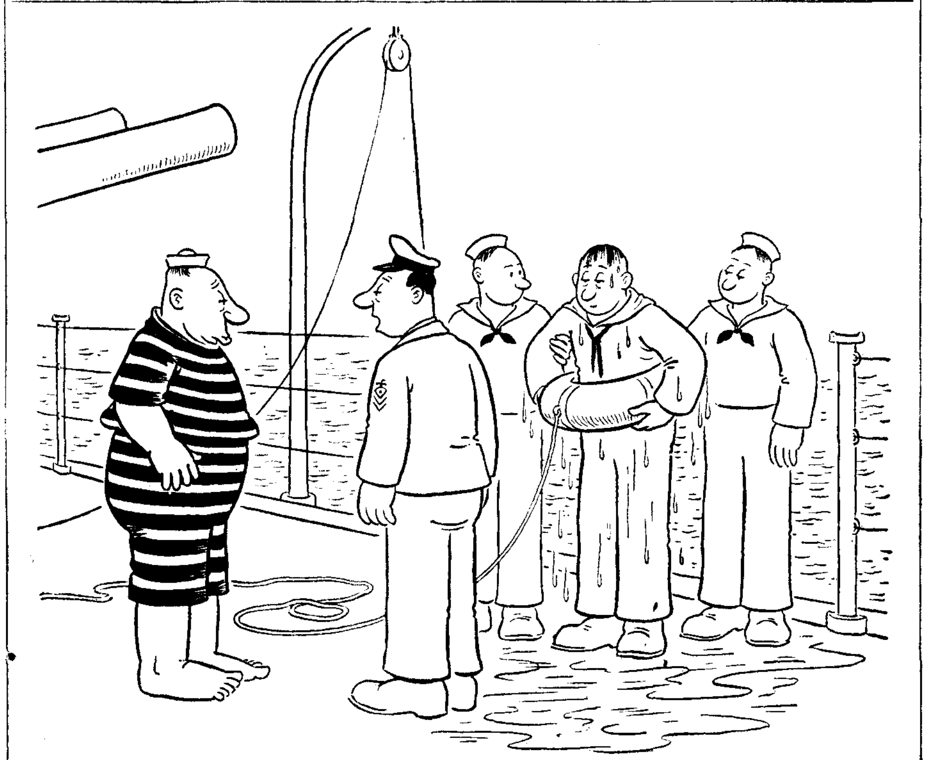
"Come on," she urged, as if she wanted to get away from the emotion of her fright, but not from him.

The paths were intricate and sometimes almost overgrown. Once when they narrowed he stopped her again for a kiss. She studied his face as he let her go, and then she laughed, and suddenly he wondered if she were amusing herself, teasing him, storing up something to talk about. Perhaps with Violet. She might be going to compare notes, he thought in a flash of suspicion.

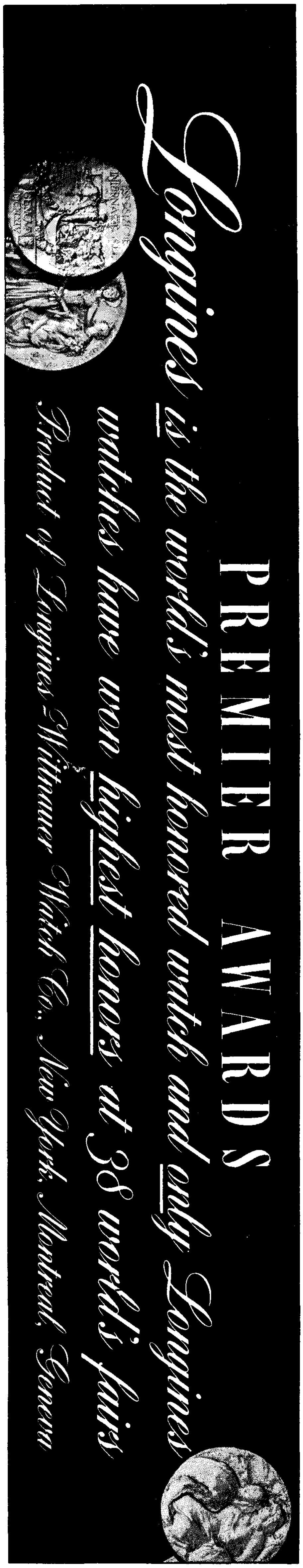
"This is the place. Isn't it beautiful?"

They had entered an enormous rectangle of rose trees. Peter had never known there were such roses. There were noble red ones,

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"I'm sorry you're disappointed, Alfred, but we just couldn't wait for you to put on your bathing suit and rescue the man overboard"



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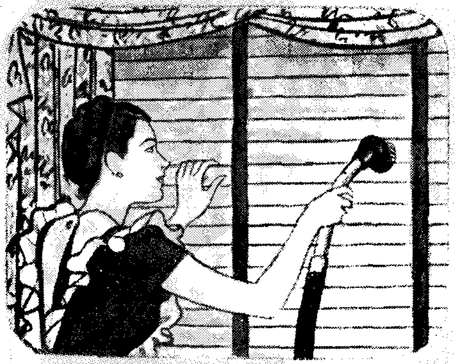
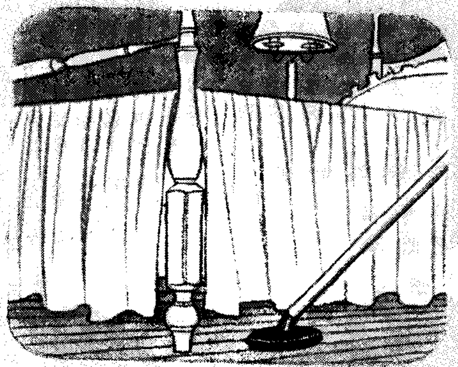


It *dusts* Venetian blinds, draperies, lampshades, delicate upholstered beds, chairs, sofas, walls, ceilings, mouldings, quickly, easily and thoroughly.



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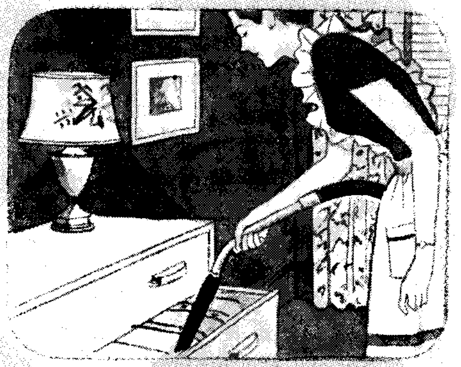

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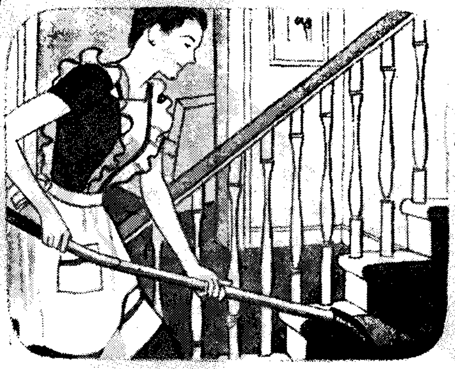
DOWNSTAIRS



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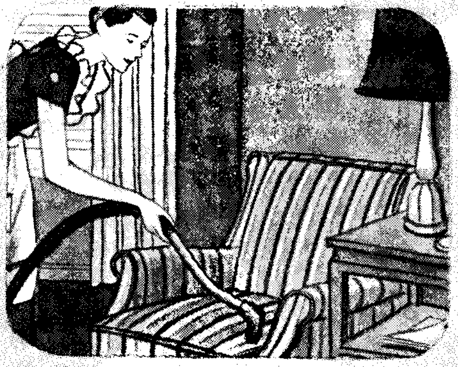

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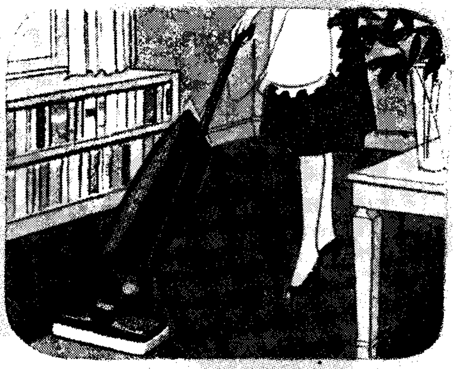

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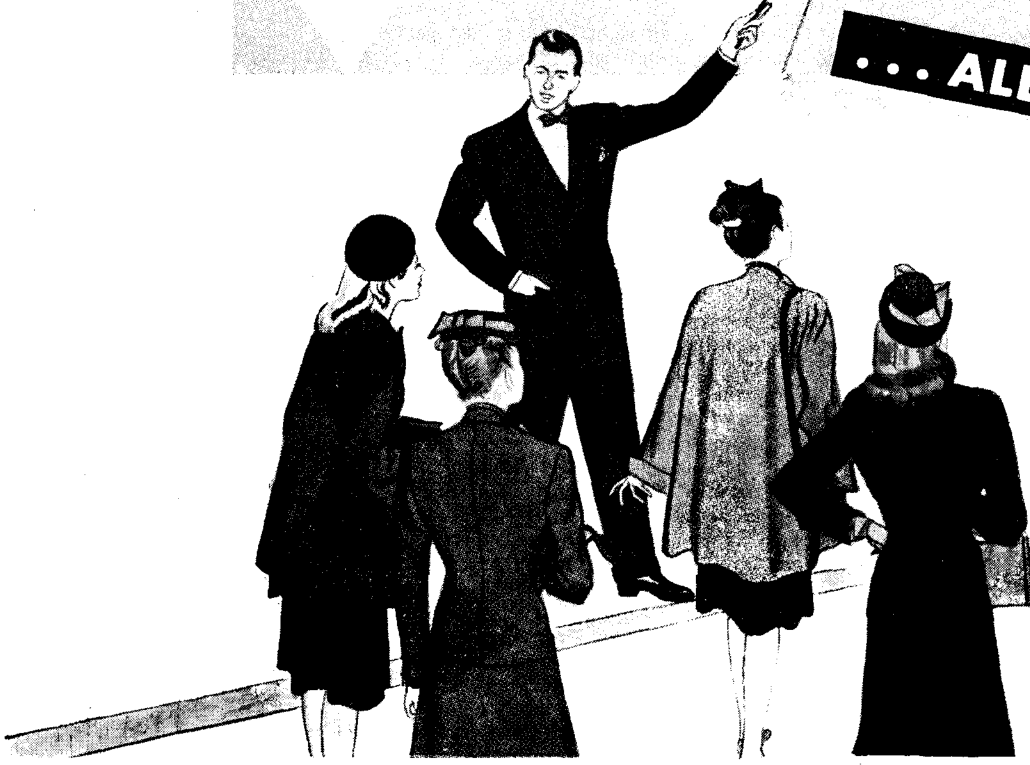

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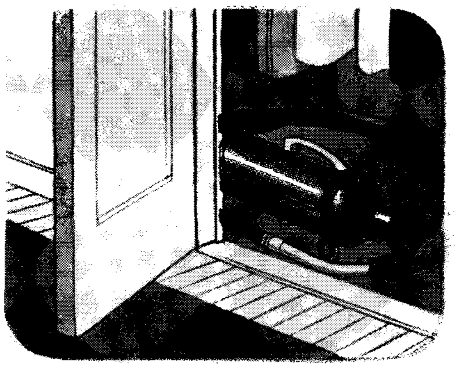

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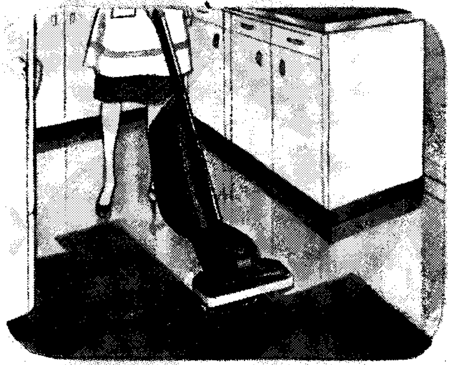

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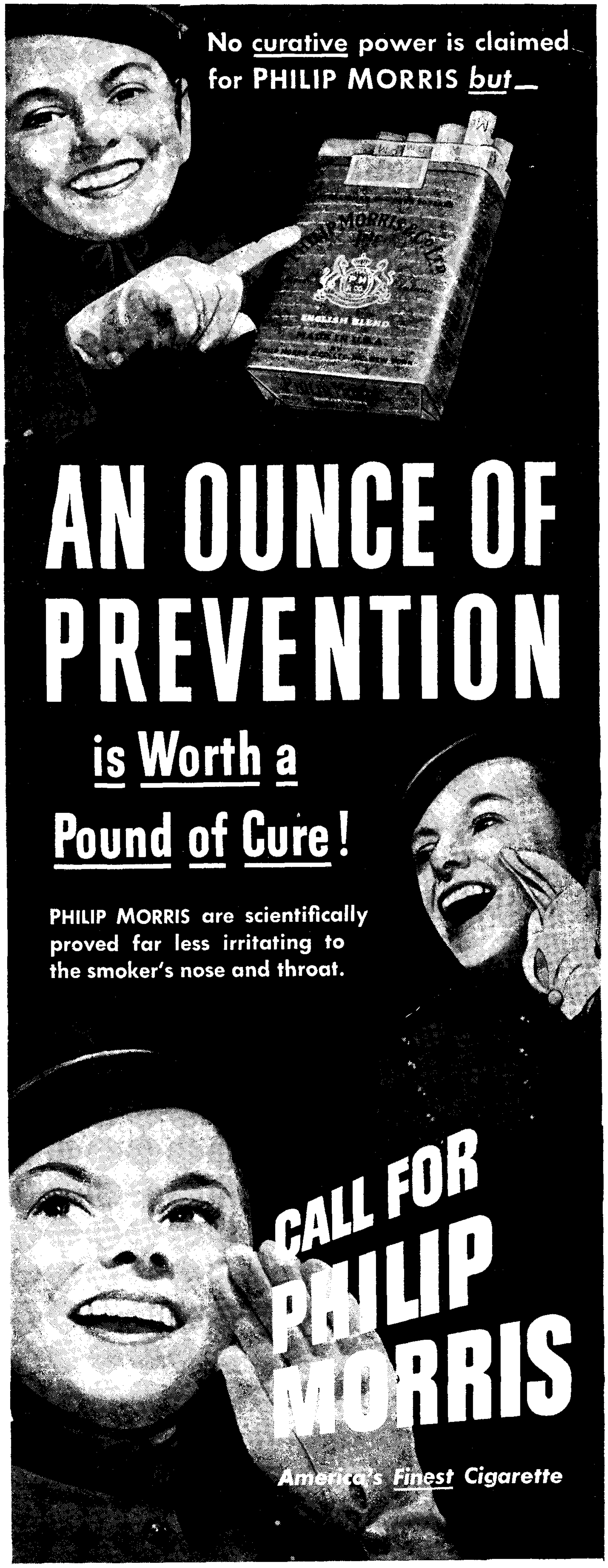
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candy-striped ones, white ones with dark green leaves and a smell of spice and lemon as well as the familiar scent of roses. The arbors were tangled and neglected, the fragile trees badly braced and bent, but Peter, who had always thought of roses as for sale at so much a dozen, looked about him and whistled with appreciation. "I never saw anything like it."

"It's a famous garden, you know."

He didn't know. In a mixed flash of humility and ambition, he was conscious of all the things he didn't know and that were probably part of her life. This place and this girl were both out of his reach. He had got in here only because he was in uniform. It was a soldier's treat. That was probably why Ellen Desmond was being so decent to him, why she had let him kiss her. . . .

"Great background for a love scene," he said. "Calls for a little action, don't you think?"

The remark was a bad mistake but his attempt to touch her a worse one. Ellen turned on him and blazed with both eyes and words:

"I didn't bring you here for that. I'm going back to the house."

"No—please don't go," he protested. "I didn't mean that in the way it sounded. I was just kidding about the place, probably because being here makes me feel like such a hick. Nobody ever told me how to act in the rose gardens of the nobility."

"You don't have to grab the nearest girl."

"It wasn't because you were near."

He said that quietly, as if it were very true and as if he hoped to be believed.

"You've heard things about me, Ellen," he went on. "I know. You think you've got me spotted and pegged. I wish you'd forget what you've heard and give me a break."

"Don't worry. I've heard you highly praised. I know that you've done a splendid job in the war."

"Let's skip that. The war's pretty nearly over in this theater. At least it can only end one way. What I'm thinking of is what's coming next."

"That's no reason to discount what you've done."

"I just had luck. I happened to fit into a groove. You see the experience I'd had in the mines was as handy as a pocket in a shirt. I'd worked in fogs in the open pits and there are dirty fogs off the coast of France. And I knew how to lay out a temporary operation and get things moving even before the job was finished, for that's what we had to do when we were moving a lot of ore in a hurry. It worked out. That's all. I'm not due for any special credit."

"Just the same I'm glad you're getting it. I really am."

"What I want to tell you is something else. I don't know why I want to say it to you so much except maybe it's because you know what the picture is at home."

"Go on."

"Well, like a lot of fellows, I've been getting a new slant on things. Do you mind my talking about myself this way?"

"I particularly like it."

"You're a sweet girl. I wish I had a color camera; I'd like a picture of you against those roses."

"Don't go off the track. Go on with what you were saying."

PETER obediently returned to his subject, trying to simmer down all those thoughts he'd had into a sentence or two.

"Well," he said, "being mixed up in a war like this makes you realize what you want. Not just the old get-ahead and get-a-pay-boost stuff, but what you're really aiming at. Or will aim at if you get by. You narrow it down."

"What is it that you want?" She prompted him because he had stopped.

"Like all the rest, first I want to get back where I belong. Then I want to take a stronger hold on my job. And my life. I can do it now. Do you think that's all right?"

"Of course it is."

He gave her a humorous grin. "Let's hope your father sees it that way."

"What do you want Father to do?"

"Nothing. Except give me a green light maybe."

"And is that all you want?"

"No," said Peter. "I want a girl of my own. That comes pretty clear when you're in the Army, if you haven't one."

The scent of roses often brought back that moment to Ellen, the irresistible pounding of her heart, the sense of emotion rising higher, the feeling that was almost fright except that joy and not horror seemed to be on the other side of it, if she dared go on.

Peter took her hand, holding it lightly in his own. "Ellen," he said, "I'd like to stay here forever with you."

Ellen laughed happily. "Why, Peter! And miss your tea?"

"I like this much better," Peter said, holding her close, again.

WINDOWER still put up a beautiful and majestic front, but Lady Dunn knew, better than anyone else, how its style had been purged and had dwindled. Yet, at half past four that afternoon, sitting at one end of the pergola which had been ancient when it was brought from Italy a century ago, her manner ignored any change or deprivation.

Thirty years before, when she was a wellborn if scantily educated American girl, with a grace and beauty that were extraordinary, she had so securely captured the imagination of Galen Dunn that he had broken through a complex network of objections and offered her his title. The reasons were even now apparent. The grace remained in her slim shoulders and the perceptiveness that had tempted and taunted him was still in her slanting glance.

She had married into great wealth, into complete freedom from self-denial, into almost uncounted possessions. The war had changed all that but to her, life was always interesting, and though it had not been able to keep the brilliant promise it had made when she married young Lord Dunn, she was faithful to her part of the bargain.

The table seemed lavishly spread, as it always had been for tea at Windower. There was no butter, but the bees were not at war, so there were bowls of creamed honey. Compotes were piled high with strawberries. There were scones and buns and plates of thinly sliced bread, all skillfully prepared from the coarse National flour, by the cook who was too old to be called up for war work. The intricate patterns of the beautiful china, the hospitable steam from the silver kettles gave the look of a feast, as it always had been in the days when there was a real plenty.

And now, as then, the conversation was vigorous and pungent. Lady Dunn had become famous for her ability to manage all kinds of people, and with adroitness. Actually all that guided her was a simple American recipe that she had used when she was a popular girl before her marriage. She tried to give all the men who came to her house a good time, to make each of them feel important, and also to keep the girls or women from disliking herself or one another too much.

This was a small party for a Windower week end. There were a few old friends, a Belgian countess and a New York journalist who had descended on Lady Dunn with introductions she couldn't ignore, and several Canadian officers. Ellen Desmond had been sent down a few days ago for a rest, because she had been having the bad luck to be on the scene of one bombing incident after another. It was not the first time that Ellen had been a guest at Windower. A friend of Lady Dunn's at the American embassy had first brought the girl to Lady Dunn's notice and she had been a help several times when the house was full of men in uniform, all hungry for the sight of a pretty girl. Violet sometimes had too many to handle.

It was Violet who had asked Lady Dunn to invite the young American major who had done such a spectacular job in connection with the mechanics of invasion. And now, thought Lady Dunn, her niece was complicating things by bringing down Lewis Hewston.

Not that Lewis Hewston would not be an agreeable guest. Lady Dunn knew that, for he had come down first on her husband's invitation and had been very interesting on the future of aviation. It was councils on that subject which kept him shuttling back and forth over the Atlantic. Then he had met Violet. And Lady Dunn couldn't make up her mind what she ought to do about that infatuation. Love affairs, even tangled ones, were no novelty in this country house. But Violet needed a man to take care of her, not another to make love to her. Though Hewston's marriage seemed nominal, he had a wife in America.

The mistress of Windower hoped that Violet would behave herself. She was very fond of her niece, whose gaiety and popularity with men reminded her of the moods and habits of her own youth. The difference was that Lady Dunn had been choosing a husband when she had been flirting with every man in sight, and she had chosen a very good one. Violet had already chosen a very bad one and now that she was well rid of him, it seemed very hard—perhaps because of the war—to find her another. So many of the English young men were dead and none of them was rich any more. So many didn't want to marry—at least not a girl like Violet.

An American would be better for her and, because of Violet's interest in him, Lady Dunn had invited Major Wymark for a week end.

Now that she had seen him she was very much pleased with him. He wasn't too young, not one of these boys weighted with authority. He was handsome, his mouth had humor, and Windower evidently didn't overawe him or make him ill at ease. He was having a very good time with Ellen Desmond. She had quite waked up and had lost that haunted look she had when she arrived at Windower after the last bombing.

I MUST talk to Major Wymark, thought Lady Dunn, and she drew Peter over to her without lifting a finger. It was her smile and the look of invitation on her face that told him that she wanted to talk to him. A great painter had made that look of Lady Cecily Dunn's immortal, but it was all for Peter at the moment.

"It's very nice to have you here," she said.

"It's a great experience for me, Lady Dunn. Something to write home about."

"Tell me to whom you'll write about Windower. A girl or your mother?"

"I guess I was bragging a little. As a matter of fact, I don't write many letters. I haven't any mother. Once in a while I write to my father or to one of the fellows I used to work with. That's about all."

"No girls?"

"I let them off with post cards."

She gave him the full charm of her smile. "Violet has told me about you, Major. She says you were one of the key men who made the invasion possible."

"One of many thousands."

"Perhaps. Anyway, I thank you personally. I remember very vividly those days when we believed the invasion was coming this way. Right up the road in front of the house."

"What did you do?"

"What could we do? We went on bottling vegetables. Canning them, as you say. And I tore up most of the letters in the house. If there was to be a Gestapo, I didn't care to have them reading my mail. I've been sorry ever since. Some of the letters were very amusing."

"The way you said that sounds like Violet," he said.

"I'm so fond of Violet. Don't you enjoy her?"

He was afraid that he looked queer though he tried not to change a muscle of his face.

"She's certainly been grand to me. I didn't know anything about London. Not her London. I understand she's there now."

"She should be back at any time. She's being driven down. Tell me about yourself, Major Wymark. I know you come from Minnesota. And Ellen Desmond does, too. It's quite a coincidence, your both being here this week end. She said you'd never met."

"Not till this afternoon," he said, and added, "I'm one of the five thousand men who work for her father," so that would be perfectly clear.

"She's such a charming child," commented Lady Dunn.

INVOLUNTARILY Peter looked across the pergola toward Ellen. Just to see her again. She was listening now to a long, thin, shabby Englishman who was holding forth about something. She looked just right, not too dressed up in that blue sweater, with her beautiful mouth carefully made up again after the damage he'd done, and her hair smooth, lifting from her brow and falling back into long curves. He was proud of her, and recognizing what he felt he told himself not to be goofy. He had no claim on her yet. He hadn't proved anything to her.

"Her father must have been worried about her. I'm glad she is going back home so soon."

"Yes, it's a good idea. She's had about enough," said Peter.

"Where are you stationed, Major Wymark?"

"I've been hanging around London waiting for orders recently. My unit is broken up and there's no telling what they'll do with me. They might put me on another job, or release me altogether."

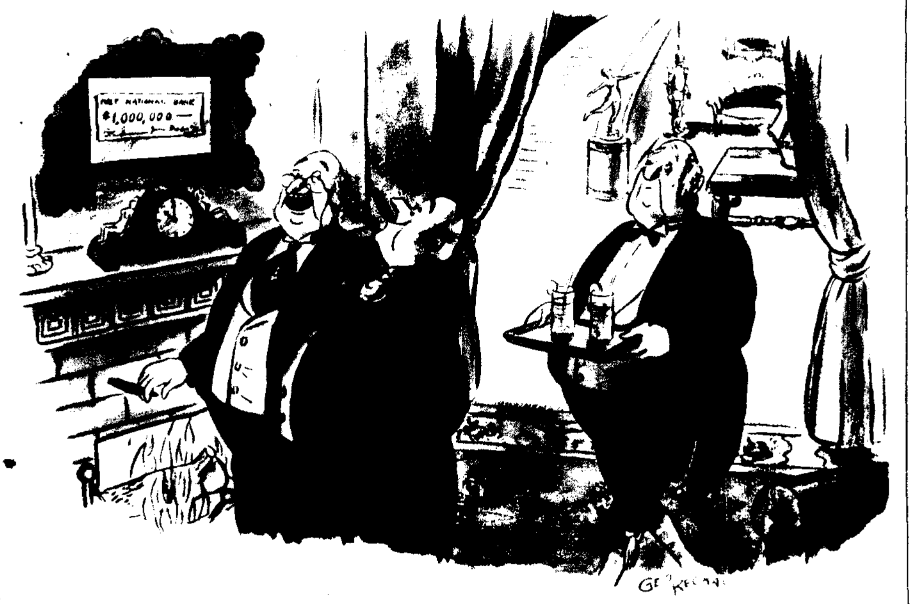
"Which would you prefer?"

"I don't know. Sometimes you think one thing and then another," answered Peter honestly.

"I can understand that. . . . What would you do if you were discharged?"

"Probably go back and mine ore. I'm a mining engineer. That's a good job, too."

Lady Dunn liked this frank young man. There seemed more substance to him than to many of the Americans she had met. Ones like this didn't turn up too often in spite of



"I keep it for sentimental reasons. It's the first million I ever made!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE RECKAS

WANTED:

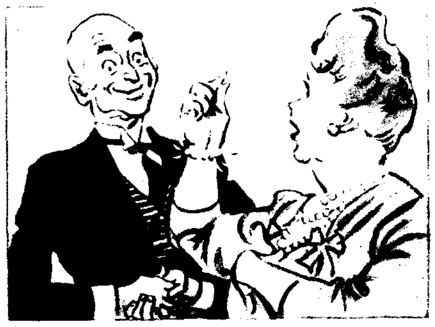
CONGENIAL GHOST

1. Not long after I got Percival, my butler, I asked him if he ever felt homesick for England. "No, Madam," he replied, "I like it here because you have a ghost! We always had one at Twichton-under-Twippet, and I got rawther fond of ghosts."

2. "You mean there's a ghost in *my* house?" I gulped. "Raw*ther!*" he enthused. "Several times, after all were asleep, I've heard creaking footsteps on the stairs—eerie pacing in the upper hall—ghostly moaning and sighing."

3. "Percival," I said sadly, "that's not a ghost. That's *me*—putting in a sleepless night after drinking coffee. I adore coffee—but the caffein keeps me awake." Percival said, "Oh" and looked deflated. But he soon rallied.

4. "It's clear, Madam, that I must tell you about *Sanka* Coffee. It's 97% caffein-free—simply *cawn't* keep you awake!" "But," I cried, "is it any good?" "*Extraw-dnryly,*" he sighed, "with a most *enticing* aroma."



5. "Percival," I bargained, "get me this coffee, and if it lets me sleep, I'll do my best to get you a real ghost. I'll consult a medium. I'll even run an ad in Spooks Monthly." That evening I had Sanka Coffee.

6. It tasted so good, I had 3 cups. And *sleep?* I did no "spooking" that night! Well, we're still waiting for an answer to my want ad. Meanwhile, I've managed to keep Percival by reading him a nightly ghost story.

SANKA COFFEE

Sanka Coffee

YOU CAN DRINK IT AND SLEEP

Real coffee—all coffee—make it as strong as you like. It's 97% caffein-free! A product of General Foods.

SANKA HAS A NEW RADIO SHOW! A half hour of laughs with Fanny Brice! Don't miss it—"The Baby Snooks Show." Sunday evenings on CBS. 6:30 P.M. Eastern—5:30 P.M. Central—4:30 P.M. Mountain—7:30 P.M. Pacific.

You've a Right to Be Proud of Your "Live-In" Room!

...WHEN COMPLETE WITH TODAY'S BEAUTIFUL NEW KROEHLER *Comfort Construction FURNITURE**

Who wouldn't be proud of a "Live-In" Room as friendly, gracious and warmhearted as this?

It's a real "Live-In" Room . . . with a talent for putting guests at ease . . . for making young folks feel at home. Kroehler furniture makes that much difference. Its new, 5-Star Comfort Construction takes an almost personal interest in your comfort . . . helps you relax by shaping instantly to *you*.

Still, it's one of the most rewarding of all investments. Ask grandmother what a *value* Kroehler now offers, compared to furniture of *her* newlywed days. Let your Authorized Kroehler Dealer help you plan your "Live-In" Room *now*.

***Only Kroehler Has 5-Star Comfort Construction**

NEW! Sit-down comfort . . . scientific body support . . . stretch-out relaxation . . . get-up ease. All these scientifically engineered comfort features are now available to you.

1. **Sturdy Hardwood Frames** *—that will not break down*
2. **Permanent Steel-Web Seat Construction** *—that will not sag*
3. **Buoyant Shape-Retaining Spring Cushions** *—that never become lumpy*
4. **Sensitive Posture-Forming Back Springs** *—that will not lose their shape*
5. **Precision Craftsmanship and Clean New Materials** *—inside and out*

WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MANUFACTURER

KROEHLER

(*Say KRAY-LER*)

Furniture

KROEHLER

Look for the Kroehler Label—Your Assurance of Famous Kroehler 5-Star Comfort Construction

the millions swirling around the country. He was unattached and had a prewar profession. If he was self-made, so much the better. Ellen Desmond had said that she had heard about him and that she knew he was interested in politics. A clever girl like Violet could do a great deal with a man like this Major Wymark.

"That must be Violet now," someone exclaimed.

"There she is—"

The sound effect of Violet came first. It was the sound of a girl's voice with a laugh tumbling around in it, the excited, welcoming bark of a dog, a man saying something—and Violet and Lewis Hewston appeared between the columns at the pergola's end.

"We're not too late for tea, are we? We're starved and there was no place to stop on the way down."

WHAT'S she up to now, Peter thought at sight of her. They all saw a girl in a tan tweed suit with a bright coral scarf tied in an Ascot under her chin. She wore no hat and no stockings but the hand that was quieting the dog beside her was gloved and she had a look of great style. There were reddish lights in her short bob, combed carelessly toward the top of her head and rather wind-blown now. Her skin was pale and her features not too well matched, but her great gray-green eyes played tricks of fascination. She brought with her a vitality and deliberate excitement that hardly seemed suited to the company of the man with her. Lewis Hewston, whose face Peter had only seen before in newspaper and magazine reproductions, was middle-aged, groomed by a master tailor, mannered by directors' meetings, important interviews and special preferences. Without all that expense and experience, he might only have seemed a heavy-set man, with thick eyebrows, a sensuous mouth and a shrewd glance.

"Hello, beautiful queen," Violet said to her aunt and kissed her. "I brought down Lewis, straight from the councils of the mighty. I hope he talks in his sleep. Peter, darling, you got here!"

"Sure I did. Wasn't that the idea?" Peter kept himself tall, so that she couldn't kiss him unless she jumped up. He didn't want that to happen here. Not now.

"Lewis, this is Peter Wymark, my very favorite man. He comes from Minnesota."

"Is that why he's your favorite?" asked Hewston, shaking hands.

"No, it just makes a link. I loathe Minnesota, especially St. Paul. That's where my ex-husband sprang from and where my child is now. I've got to go back there and rescue her from my ex in-laws."

Violet picked up the cup of tea that Lady Dunn had poured already, looked the company over with special greetings and called, "Ellen, did you meet Peter?"

"Hours ago," said Ellen. "We've been all over the place."

"Then you know what I meant. About his way with women."

Everybody laughed. Violet was being outrageous as usual. Ellen tried to join in but she felt mocked, as if Violet had seen her and Peter together, as if she had overheard them. She didn't look at Peter.

"I didn't notice it," she said.

"You must have been playing Minnesota rules," answered Violet and Ellen's cheeks blazed. She heard Peter's laugh among the others. Violet was making another wisecrack now.

As soon as she could, Ellen slipped out between the columns of the pergola. The feeling that possessed her was something she had never known before, part shame, part anger. She had never been jealous before. There had been no reason for it, no provocation. But from the moment Violet had approached Peter with that gay, intimate greeting, Ellen had known the fear and resentment and humiliation of a jealous woman. Had he said those things before and to Violet? Was it routine with him? Why had he laughed? Would he tell Violet? If he dared—

But in her own room her self-respect came back. Violet was always like that. Peter couldn't stop her. And he never would have talked to Violet as he had to herself this afternoon, about his future, about what he wanted. She put their talk in order in her mind. . . . Five-thirty. In an hour and a half she would see him again. It was a long time.

Ellen sat down at the beautiful Italian desk in her bedroom that was called the Venetian Room and began to write to her father.

"Who do you suppose turned up here at Windower this afternoon but Peter Wymark from Carmine. He's evidently done a superb job over here—and now he's Major Wymark. I think he's quite a person. When he gets back and I do, we must have him to dinner—"

She began another page: "It was great fun to run into him like this and made me feel almost as if I were home, talking about the mines and your operations and all that. He's very interesting and evidently has done—"

She tore up that page. She had said that before.

"Windower is really something to see. I don't know how long I could take it but I'm glad the bombs haven't come down here—"

She described the room with its reminiscent luxury, its beauty faded but still faintly glowing, and, as she sealed her letter and left her desk, Ellen Desmond was aware of her own beauty in the soft, tired reflections of the Venetian mirrors. As she opened her closet door she saw herself as one more of the long, long line of women who, in this same room, had thought of what they must wear at dinner in order to be at their best before a man they loved.

There was not much to choose from in the way of clothes; she had given away most of her American clothes but it had seemed fair enough to keep several—the useful black crepe with its white monogram on the pocket, the blue-and-white plaid that wouldn't show soil and the yellow silk printed with tiny white horses, that had been a favorite at home and that men always liked.

THE knock on her door startled her. For she was thinking that Peter's room was not far down the corridor. She knew exactly where it was. She had seen Bindle open the door.

It was Violet who came in. She was fresh from a bath and wrapped very sumptuously in a satin-and-lace dressing gown that must have belonged to her aunt. It looked old-fashioned and rich.

"How are you getting on?" she asked Ellen.

"Wonderfully."

"Do you happen to have a cigarette? I meant to borrow some from Lew—he always has plenty—but I forgot. And I suppose I'd better not intrude on him in this dashing Victorian outfit. That's the trouble. I can't wear any of Aunt Cecily's old clothes. They're much too pompous. And she hasn't had any new ones since the war began."

"She looks wonderful in anything," said Ellen. She found the cigarettes and lighted one for each of them. Violet sat down on a hassock to enjoy hers.

"How are you and Peter getting on? How did you ever miss him at home? Aunt Cecily was terribly taken with him. She just told me he's the kind of person I should marry."

Ellen felt as if she had been slapped.

"I didn't know you took him seriously."

"I haven't. He certainly can be a lot of fun, though."

WHAT did she mean by fun? How far did fun go this time? Ellen wanted to ask but she didn't want to hear the answer.

"I wouldn't have thought he was your type, Violet."

"I haven't got a type. I've just got a need. What I want, the next time I get married, is a man with plenty of money and then I'll get Sally out of that horrible old Clyde mausoleum. I don't suppose it made much difference to her while she was a baby, but you can't imagine a girl growing up in it."

"It must be a safe place for your child, anyway. You couldn't have her here."

"The court gave Sally to me, you know," declared Violet with pride. "The only reason I let his people have her for a little while was because I was so whipped after everything that had happened."

"Why did you come over here?" asked Ellen curiously.

"I wanted to get as far away from Roger as I could. He still had crazy notions every now and then about my taking him back. And Aunt Cecily was the only one in the family who had any money and she's always been nice to me. I didn't know the war was going to break out right then and I thought Aunt Cecily would fix me up with something to live on and I'd go back. Or else I'd send one of those wonderful English Nannies back to get the baby and stay here. Then this rotten war came along and I was stuck. If I go back now I don't know what I'd live on. Aunt Cecily can't send money out of the country."

"Couldn't you get a job at home? There are plenty of them."

Violet made a face. "I wouldn't want Sally to live in a little flat with me pounding a typewriter or selling something. It wouldn't be fair to her!"

"Well, you'll probably marry again. Everybody falls for you."

A Policeman's Lot is Not a Happy One

LOCALE	TRIBULATION
St. Louis	**A citizen demanded a special police detail to keep people off his grass.**
Seattle	**A gentleman sent the sheriff a six-page typewritten letter complaining that a dog had growled at him.**
Los Angeles	**Neighbors phoned a rush call for a police detail to lift a fat woman out of a bathtub in which she had become wedged.**
Winchester, Virginia	**A gentleman phoned for the police to remove a swarm of bees from his yard.**
Weymouth, Massachusetts	**A gentleman phoned the police that his wife had run away with his car and he wanted just his car back.**
Anniston, Alabama	**A lady phoned the police to come quick and do something about the ghosts in her house.**

—W. E. Farbstein

"There isn't such a lot to choose from," Violet said skeptically. "Most of the men you meet around haven't got anything but their pay, and when the war stops, where are they going to be? I need money and I'll never get anything from the Clydes."

"Money doesn't seem very important right now."

"It's always important," said Violet. She tossed away the last half inch of cigarette and picked up another. "You can't get anywhere without money. The reason you can be so high and mighty about it is probably because you've always had all you could use. Like Lewis. He's always had it, too. So it's easy for him to work for a dollar a year and keep up houses and cars and servants for a wife he doesn't give a damn about."

"Are they breaking up?"

"He'd better make up his mind," Violet answered, "or he may lose out altogether. He isn't the only man on earth. . . . Ellen, darling, you haven't got anything you could lend me to wear tonight? I'm definitely in rags and Aunt Cecily's things make me look like a dressed-up lady's maid."

She opened the door of the wardrobe and her eyes lit up as she saw the yellow dress with the white horses.

"Where did you get that? You haven't worn it down here at all, have you?"

"Not yet."

"It's divine!" Violet took it from the hanger and held it up against herself. "I haven't had anything like that in years—not for years! I suppose you're going to wear it yourself."

Ellen felt an unexpected, almost unwilling pity for the other girl. To care that much for a dress, to have such brazen hopes and confused human yearnings, showed how queer and tragic Violet's life must have been. She couldn't help herself as she said, "No, I'm wearing the black one. Borrow it if you like."

Violet didn't hesitate. She was ready to go now and on her way she put her hands on Ellen's shoulders affectionately and her voice was as light as if her thoughts were delicate.

"You're really a beautiful thing, Ellen. I ought to be poisonously jealous of having you around, I suppose. Thanks for the dress. It's going to be quite an evening."

PETER WYMARK came down earlier than was necessary for dinner. Bindle had told him that dinner was at eight, with a prelude of cocktails at seven-thirty, but Peter was searching through the drawing room at seven, on the chance that Ellen would have the same idea he had, of wasting no more time. Instead, he came upon Lewis Hewston looking as immaculate in a business suit as if he were wearing a white tie and tails.

"Are we the first?" Peter asked.

"Yes, it's early," said Hewston. "But old Bindle will probably be tottering in with a drink pretty soon. By the way, Violet tells me you come from Minnesota."

"From the Iron Range. Have you ever been in that part of the country?"

"Oh, Lord, yes. I know it very well. I did some fishing up there at one time. And it's been interesting me from the air-route standpoint. The ore will play out there some day, but air travel may open up the region for new development."

"I've heard that talked about."

"You interested in aviation?"

"I flew a Cub around some before the war. Had a couple of hundred hours but nothing to count for much."

"You're a pilot?"

"Just on Sundays," said Peter grinning. "I couldn't make the grade for the Air Force. Too old and battered."

He looked splendidly strong and fit as he said that, and Hewston regarded him with appreciation.

"You're the sort of fellow we'll be looking for when we get ready to go," he said. "I'd like to talk to you sometime when this mess is over, and that may be sooner than we think. What we want is men who believe in flying and know the country—not just these kids with wings pinned on them. What line of work are you in?"

Answer which you probably nev

WHEN you buy a tire, you make a fairly important purchase.

Not simply because of the money involved, but because a tire can be so important to both your safety and pleasure.

So—the more you know about tires, the better. The better for you—and the better for us. Because we firmly believe that the more you know about tires, the more likely you are to buy Goodyears.

Here, for instance, are some questions to which you ought to know the answers:

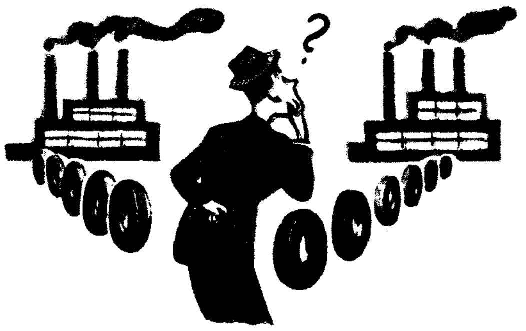
Q. What else does this special Supertwist cord do?

A. Tires can get hot. And because heat takes the "life" out of both rubber and cord, it's a tire's worst enemy.

Particularly the heat *inside* a tire—the heat generated by internal friction caused by the constant bending and flexing of the cords and rubber.

Goodyear's tighter-twisted, thinner cords are more flexible—produce less friction, and less heat. That's why Goodyear tires run cooler—and many miles farther.

Q. Are all tires today made of the same materials?



A. By and large, yes. For example, all passenger car tires are made of synthetic rubber produced in government-controlled plants.

All tire-makers use the same rubber—just as they all used the same natural rubber before the war.

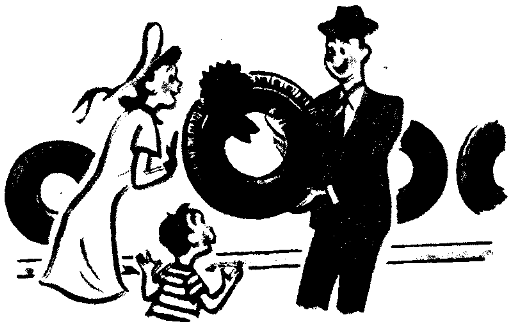
Q. When's the best time to buy tires?

A. These days—any time you can get a Goodyear. But it is actually true that tires installed in fall or winter may last up to 20% longer than tires installed in summer.

New tires generate the most heat in flexing because the tread is thick, stiff, and creates more internal friction.

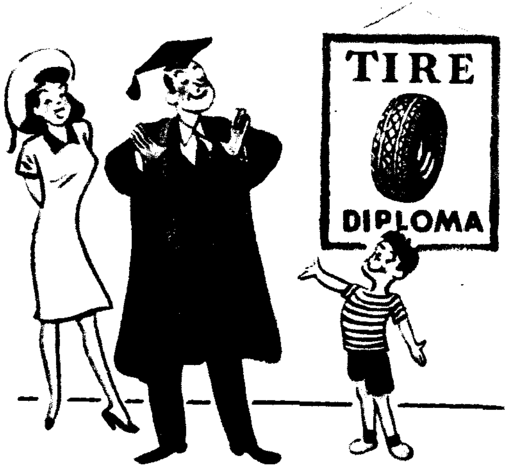
But if new tires are put on when it's cold, destructive tire temperatures aren't apt to be reached and tires are apt to last longer.

Q. Does that mean that there's no difference in tires today?



A. Not by a jugful. There's probably more difference in tires today than ever before. They differ in cords, in tread design, in various structural ways.

In addition, getting the most out of synthetic rubber is a tricky job—and no two makers go about it in just the same way.



GOO

MORE PEOPLE RIDE O

to some Questions

r ask... *but should!*

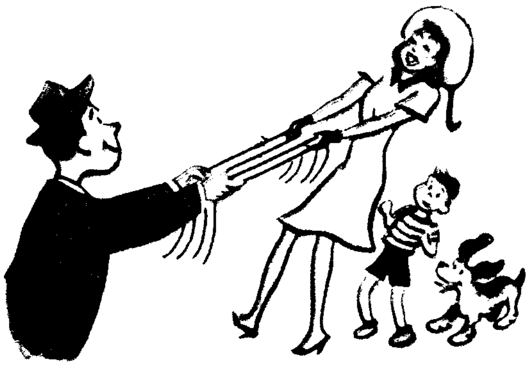
Who's had the most experience with synthetic rubber tires?

GOODYEAR
TIRES
1927
1937

Goodyear's first patent on synthetic rubber dates back to 1927. America's
st all-synthetic rubber tire was made by
oodyear 10 years later.

Today, more people ride on Goodyear syn-
etic rubber tires than on any other kind of
nthetics.

Q. How can one tire differ structurally from another—aren't they all made the same way?



A. No sir—they are not. For just one example, take the all-important cords that form the body of a tire:

Goodyear makes its own cord. When the yarns are spun, they're subjected to heavy tension. Nearly all the "stretch" is eliminated—and then they're twisted into cord more tightly than ever before.

Result: stronger, thinner, pre-stretched cord—Goodyear's low-stretch patented Supertwist.

Q. I take it that you believe this thinner, pre-stretched cord is better. Why?

A. For two very common-sense reasons. First: tires tend to "grow," or stretch—to become fatter in cross section. When rubber is stretched, it wears faster and is easier to cut.

Goodyear's pre-stretched cord and molded shape prevent this—make a Goodyear tire hold its size and shape—keep the tread from stretching and thus wearing faster. It actually means thousands of extra miles for Goodyear owners.

Two versions of the world's finest tire:
The DeLuxe Rib Tread
The DeLuxe All-Weather Tread

GOODYEAR
DELUXE ALL-WEATHER

HEN you get through reading a
Goodyear tire advertisement,
ope that you'll feel that you know
about tires than you did before.

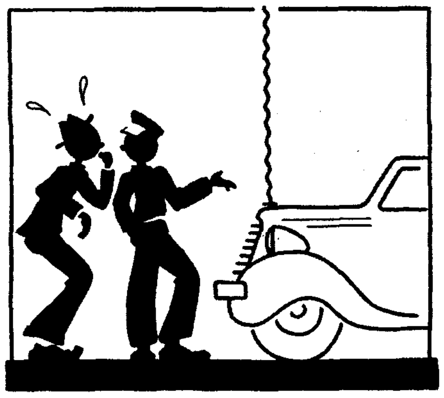
e hope, too, that you'll understand
of the reasons that make a Good-
what we honestly believe it to be: the finest tire that's made today.

And while that's a pretty large claim, we have some pretty good substantiation for it: year after year, every single year for the last 30 years, it's been true that "more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind."

D YEAR

OODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

All-Weather, Supertwist—T.M.'s The Goodyear T. & R. Co.



"It's thirsty for AJAX"

C. S. C. AJAX* is a Proprietary Alcohol Type anti-freeze . . . used for twenty years by thousands of motorists who always have found it safe and dependable. Sold by service stations that display the AJAX window banner —look for it.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

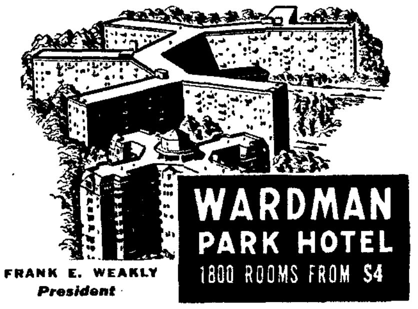
CSC

AJAX

PROPRIETARY ALCOHOL TYPE

ANTI-FREEZE

COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.



WASHINGTON'S LARGEST

WARDMAN PARK HOTEL

1800 ROOMS FROM $4

FRANK E. WEAKLY
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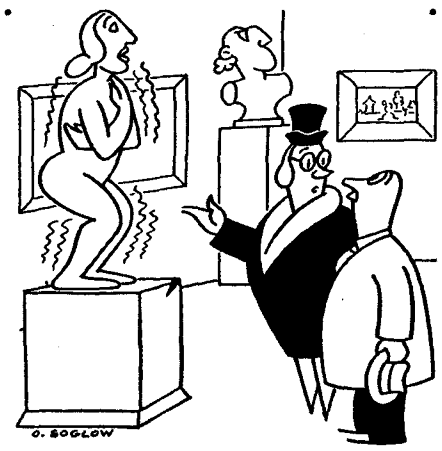
CONNECTICUT AVE. & WOODLEY RD., WASHINGTON



"Oh Lemuel - get her a LIGHTNINGPAK!"

HEAT PAD

Yes, Lightningpak gives warmth in a hurry. Just add 2 tablespoons of water and this modern pad quickly heats up, stays hot 8 hours. Each pak good for 100 hours service. Handy anywhere. At drug, department, hardware stores, only $1. Refills 50c.

Lightningpak, Newton 58, Massachusetts.

HOT ON THE SPOT!

COPR. 1945 ROSE-DERRY CO.

"Engineer. With the Greysolon Company."

"Jay Desmond's crowd?"

Peter nodded.

"Desmond's a very shrewd operator. Tough old bird, though. I mean that in a friendly way, of course."

"I just work for the organization," said Peter; "say what you like."

"But you know his daughter?"

"I met her today—for the first time," said Peter, determined not to put up a false front.

Hewston smiled. He obviously began to add it up.

"I'd say something fell right into your lap, Wymark. Nice little by-product of war. Meeting the daughter of the big boss at a famous country house. I don't know what your commitments are but she's a very pretty girl. Desmond dotes on her."

Peter didn't respond. He wanted to tell Hewston to mind his own business, and was trying to phrase it when he saw Ellen coming into the room. There she was, but Hewston's presence spoiled everything. With the other fellow watching, and after those cracks about the daughter of the boss, Peter couldn't be natural.

"I've just been finding out that you and Major Wymark have all sorts of things and places in common," Hewston said to Ellen. "Isn't it amazing?"

There was a stiff moment and then Bindle came in with a tray and Violet ran down the stairs to make a gay and dramatic entrance. She didn't look at Hewston but went straight to Peter.

"Have you been missing me?" she demanded.

There was nothing to do but play along. "Of course I have," he said.

AT DINNER, served in the long twilight created by the two hours of daylight saving, the company gave an effect at least of being fused. The guests were far more interesting than the food tonight, which had not always been the case, Lady Dunn admitted to herself. And of them all, Peter Wymark interested her most. Anglicized for thirty years, she still had a very great awareness of America and a gift for figuring out its various backgrounds, but she found herself unable to place him in his setting. He carried himself very well, wasn't embarrassed and put on no airs. She could imagine him most clearly building those temporary and completely necessary railroads, a tall figure in a work shirt, with a rough scene around him. What did he go home to? Lady Dunn didn't know. She had never seen his part of the country. But wherever his home might be, it was certainly temporary. He hadn't placed himself yet.

Well, she told herself, this is no time for speculation—after all, I have other guests.

She turned to Lewis Hewston, on her left. "We were so glad to see you again," she said. "I hope your work is going well."

"There are always snags."

"You're probably very good at disposing of things that get in your way. How long are you staying in England this time?"

"It's hard to tell."

"Your wife must miss you."

"She has a great many interests and friends."

Lady Dunn had separated him and Violet at the table, putting Peter beside her, and Hewston felt sure this was deliberate conversation. If she was playing him down in favor of Wymark, thinking that he was a big catch, she was entirely off the track. Take that fellow out of uniform and put him back on his old job and he'd be one more engineer in a big corporation, making perhaps thirty-five hundred a year at the most. Violet wouldn't like living on that. She might have nothing of her own but she managed to contact money.

Hewston couldn't get her out of his mind. But she had that child and was fanatical about it. Also, Gwen wouldn't let him go without a fight.

He knew that Violet herself was playing him off against Wymark. She had done it ever since she came downstairs, trying to make him jealous. And he was jealous, in spite of seeing through her trick. He was jealous of Wymark's youth, of Violet's shoulder next to his, of what she might be saying and he himself missing at this moment.

He was missing a conversation that might have pleased him.

"Do you know, Peter, that Aunt Cecily thinks we'd make a good match?"

"Well, you know better than that, you crazy girl."

"We had fun, though, Peter, didn't we?"

"Sure; but you're back where you belong now What did you bring Hewston down for? More fun?"

"I like him. He loathes his wife. He ought to be free."

HEWSTON broke it up, leaning forward: "Major Wymark, are you interested in politics?"

Ellen listened for the answer.

"Very much so," said Peter.

"I had a talk with the governor of your state about air routes the last time I was home. He was greatly interested. But someone told me I ought to get in touch with a man called Lacey, that he pulled a lot of wires. Do you know him?"

"Yes Everybody does, in political circles."

"Good man?"

"He's very dangerous." That was Ellen, not Peter, speaking quickly and with an air of sureness.

Peter looked at her quizzically. "I don't think that's the whole answer, Ellen. Joe Lacey's smart. He's been senator for our part of the country. Then he ran for governor but didn't get elected."

"Which certainly was lucky," added Ellen.

Peter paid no attention to that. He said, "A lot of people are out to get him, of course. That's part of politics. I never found anything really wrong with him. As a matter of fact, I've had some communication with him lately."

"I suppose he's beginning to line up the veterans," suggested Ellen.

"No, it was just a decent letter. And even if he was doing that, at least he's taking an interest in what's going to happen to a lot of men who are going to be discharged before long. Somebody has to see that they get jobs."

"There's a law about getting back their jobs."

"If they don't get around it. Anyway, a lot of fellows aren't going to be satisfied to go back to the same spot."

Everyone was listening. Hewston had succeeded in breaking up the confidential conversation between Violet and Peter. But he had started an argument and there was a personal thread in it.

"Maybe they'll have to go back to the same spot," argued Hewston, "if they're going to eat."

"Then they'll be a pretty sour lot," Peter prophesied. He sat forward a little as if conscious but not afraid of the audience, as if he thought he should explain. Violet's head was lifted toward him and Ellen was struck by the beauty of the picture and its strangeness; the young man in American uniform against the background of ancient portraits, the sophisticated girl at his elbow, waiting for him to go on.

"If a man has been spending three or four of the best years of his life in uniform, he's got something coming to him," Peter said. "He's lost that time. He's got to make it up. Why does he have to go back to the place where he left off? He's learned a lot. He's three or four years older. Maybe he will want his job back. Maybe not. It depends on what the job offers. And how much chance there is of getting somewhere."

Ellen interrupted.

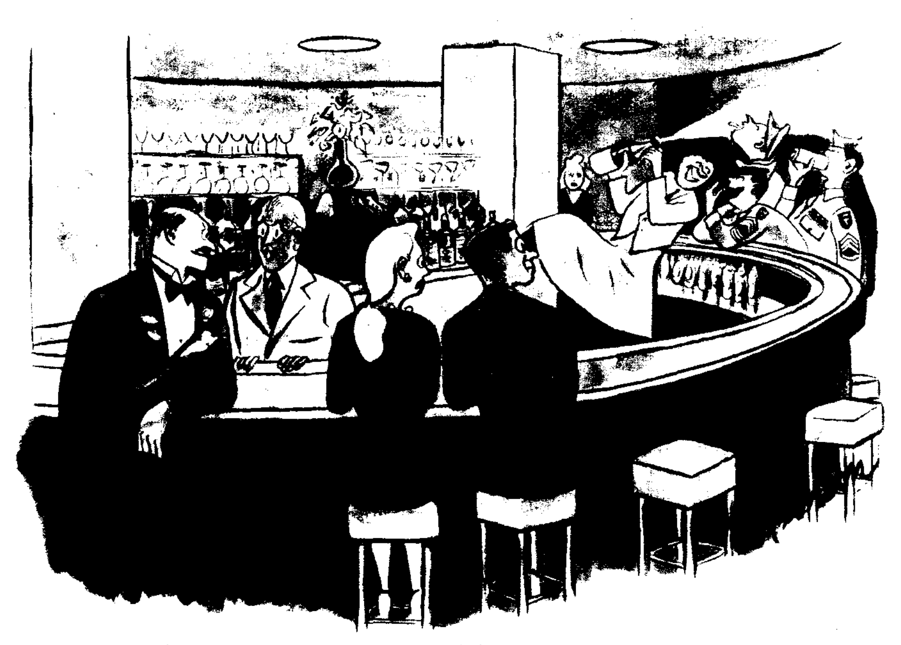
"But doesn't getting ahead depend on himself? And what he has to deliver?"

"That's what your father tells us when he makes a speech," said Peter. "Unfortunately it's not that simple; it doesn't always work out that way."

Ellen's eyes darkened. She hated to be mocked and more to have her father even faintly derided this way.

"Getting ahead depends on the people you know," said Violet lightly, "and on what you can wring out of them by fair means or foul."

"Not out where I live. In the Iron Range a man has to deliver. His background or friends don't matter," Ellen answered.



"Fennel's fine except for when those fellows from his old outfit come in"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

Peter felt the words sting his pride. He felt as if she were pointing out to everyone at the table the small peaked cottage where he had been brought up, his father coming home with a dinner pail. It didn't matter who a man was, she said. But it did. That was Joey. Suddenly Ellen reminded him of the whole hierarchy of the organization, social and industrial. It hadn't mattered to him in a long while. The life he had led with the Army had made it unimportant. But now it did.

"In case you all don't recognize it," he said, "that's the voice of authority." He laughed and turned to Violet again, dropping the argument.

Lady Dunn was conscious of the moment's conflict. She didn't quite visualize the little shabby cottage but she had realized that there was a sore spot in Peter Wymark's mind and that it was the kind of sore made by humiliation. . . . The Desmond girl is really beautiful, decided Lady Dunn, but not yet skillful with men. Violet does so much better.

PETER wondered, over the after-dinner brandy and war talk, what he would say to Ellen. He wasn't going to back down but now, since his defiance, he found that he was thinking again of this afternoon and of what a sweet kid she really was. He'd try to show her how he felt. But when the men cam back to the drawing room he had no chanc The New York journalist and two of t

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Canadian officers had her surrounded so that any personal conversation would be impossible. Peter settled into a bridge game with the Rackhams and Ned Cliff, one of the Canadians. Lady Dunn began knitting. Violet went to play records in the music room with Hewston, but the music stopped before long. Link, the journalist, went to telephone London, and the countess, finding Ellen taken away, fastened herself to the attention of Lord Dunn. Ellen and Charley MacCormac, another of the Canadians, went off by themselves, perhaps into the summer darkness outside the house, and the drawing room became a place of detention to Peter.

It would have been a good game if he could have put his mind on it. But Peter was conscious of wasted time, of opportunity that had shriveled away, of a sore, smarting place in his mind. What it got down to, he told himself, was that Ellen Desmond had lost her balance for an hour this afternoon. She was probably a lonesome kid and got all excited at seeing someone from her part of the world, and then began to think it over and realized that he wasn't her speed and she'd better go slow. So she told him where to get off.

THE blackout curtains hung tightly and secretively at the windows now. Bindle, at the proper time, had come in to draw them together and snap their weighted folds with fastenings so that the room and the house and all the people in it would disappear into darkness from the sky. The drone of the planes could be heard as they went over, first distant, then roaring over the house, then fading into whatever their perilous journey was tonight. They did not disturb the game or the knitting. They were too customary. But once Lady Dunn sighed.

"I wish I could persuade more of the women to leave the village," she said to her husband.

"I can't persuade you to go, either," he reminded her with his fond, wry smile.

"But I don't know where we could go. The town house is wrecked and I couldn't sit on my hands up in Scotland. Besides, I like it here."

"So do I, Cecily," said Dorothy Rackham, spreading her cards in triumph and turning; "there's no place in England where you can have a better time than at Windower. It was always true and still is. It's always been the best place for love-making in the known world. Are we going to play another rubber, Major Wymark?"

"Just as you like."

"Wymark's had enough, I think. He probably wants to find the girls," said Rackham.

"It's a sound idea. You cut in then, Galen, and we'll try another game."

Lord Dunn cut in and Peter was embarrassed but free. He crossed the room to where his hostess sat, but she looked up as if she didn't mean to detain him and asked, "You know your way about, don't you?"

"Not too well. This is an awfully big place."

"It used to seem tremendous to me, too," she confessed, "after our house in America. I was afraid of living here when I first came. Windower seemed too big to manage or to be really cozy in. But I found out that it had a rhythm of living—like all good homes. It's a little different in every one but there's always a rhythm. I'm sure you had one in your own."

She went on to tell him about the age of the house and when the various wings had been added.

"Is there anybody in the west wing now?" asked Dorothy Rackham, overhearing.

"Violet is still there. She's had her rooms there ever since she's been with me. She does them up herself so it doesn't need a housemaid and she adores that part of the house," answered Lady Dunn and explained to Peter: "It's really the historic wing. The only one, too, that hasn't been burned to the ground at one time or another in the last three hundred years. You must ask Violet to show you that part of the house tomorrow. It's on the other side of the picture gallery and you may want to look at that, too, though there's nothing worth much in it now. Just a few out-of-style landscapes and portraits of unloved ancestors."

"Nothing worth the Germans' time," Lord Dunn said, "or Jerry would have blasted it."

With no panic in her voice, Lady Dunn remarked, "I don't like those rockets at all. I'm so glad we got Ellen Desmond down here for a bit. She had a very disagreeable time with the buzz-bombs. I think at the Embassy they were afraid that she had seen more than she could take, but now she seems quite fit and in command of herself."

Nobody, not even Ellen, was quite sure about that. Most of the time she would have agreed with Lady Dunn that she was over the shock and the terror. She could swallow now without feeling as if she would choke. She could do her work, type her reports, decipher the codes. It was possible to laugh as she had this afternoon, to put her mind on a conversation, and Peter Wymark had linked her with home again.

She had left the Canadian out on the dark terrace. . . . Peter Wymark—her heart felt sore, her mind disappointed.

She meant to go to her room and probably not come down again, as she made her way through the curtained French doors into the library.

The room was unoccupied. One table lamp was lit but its downward gleam could not bring out the rich colors in the deep well of books that made the room. The drawing room stretched beyond it and one door was half opened so that Ellen could hear that the bridge game was in progress. She did not intend to interrupt it or to see if Violet was still pretending to play records in the music room. Instead, she opened a door which led into the rear of the great hall and went upstairs, feeling strange and small in the shadows of the large furnishings and as if the house had forgotten she was its guest.

Without warning, the horror began to creep up on her again. She could hear planes going over, going out to destroy places and people, and she felt she could not rest until it was done, until the crash came. The thought of being closed in her room, committed to stay there for the night, made her turn on the upper landing and go down the passage toward the picture gallery. She would sit in there and get control over her feelings, if she could.

There were wooden shutters fitted into the oval windows and hardly more than a dozen pictures in the ornate and tarnished gilt frames along the length of the walls that had displayed so many. The empty squares and faded oblongs from which more precious canvases had been removed gave the gallery a look of being devastated. It was wicked and cruel. The world was utterly cruel, she thought. Peter Wymark had turned on her tonight at dinner for no reason. That was what had scraped her nerves raw again. Like most of the men, he wanted a girl to play with, and until Violet appeared he had been content with Ellen. But he had really come to be with Violet. So she told herself bitterly, ashamed that she had taken him seriously, and more desolate, without that feeling of seriousness, than she had been before. . . .

SOMEONE was coming. She drew a quick breath and touched her hair as if she could smooth the inner tumult in that way.

"Well," said Peter, "studying art at this time of night?"

"What are you doing yourself?"

"Just exploring the place a bit."

He wasn't sure what he was after. But here she was, the girl who had disturbed and humiliated him, the one who seemed to be able to get under his skin. She was important to him and he knew it, even while his mind stubbornly tried to declare that what she thought didn't matter at all.

"Perhaps I'd better explain before we go any further," he said, "that I'm not putting on any act here. My father is a shovel-runner and we always lived in a little dump on the Range and I'm not used to being invited to castles or anything like it. And that's all right with me."

"What are you talking about?"

"I just want to make it clear that I'm not pretending to anyone around here that we had the same background at home."

"Why be so self-conscious about it? Who cares?"

"You seem to. I don't. The war has settled a few things anyway. It's shaken up a lot of old situations. People aren't going back to the old routine. These people in this house aren't, and they know it. I suppose they thought they were God-all-mighty superior once, but they know better now. A whole lot of bootlicking has been bombed out of this world."

"I don't know why you're telling this to me. Do you suppose I didn't know it?"

"All right. I just wanted to be sure. You asked me tonight at the table if I was going back to my job. I probably will, when I'm discharged—but not on the old terms. Isn't that fair enough?"

She didn't speak. Her dress was very black and her hair very light in the dim room. Peter stared at her, at her beauty, and it became more necessary than ever to convince her.

"Don't you think that's right?" he pressed her.

She was about to answer when a light disturbed the gloom. From the far end of the gallery Violet entered with Lewis Hewston. They were coming from the west wing and Violet was laughing. It was a gay, reckless laugh. They saw the other two and paused. "What are you two doing? Playing living statues?" asked Violet.

Peter's mood broke. He chuckled.

"We've been over in my sitting room," Violet told them with no embarrassment. "I wanted to show Lewis the pictures of my child. Let's go find some dance records and start a night club."

"And make it sensational," said Ellen, suddenly gay.

She would show Peter how well she could dance, how much fun she was. There were plenty of times when she had been the most popular girl at a party, and if Violet asked for competition, she was going to get it. But I won't be serious again or let him get serious, thought Ellen, and if he kisses me, it won't mean anything; it will be just a kiss.

LEAVING Windower early on Sunday morning, in the car whose availability was a tribute to his importance, Lewis Hewston did not look up at the windows of the west wing. He was not a man to indulge in sentimental gestures. And Violet, he knew, would not be watching his departure from behind her curtains. She was asleep. She was well taken care of here, and when he got around to doing it or thought it advisable, he would do what he had promised and see if he could arrange passage back to the United States for her—if it wasn't too complicated and he continued to feel this way about her. No need to give it any more thought now; he had important things to do today. Hewston was feeling fine and glad to get away.

Hearing the sound of the automobile on the gravel, Ellen guessed that it must be Hewston who was leaving, for the arrangements had been made the night before. She wondered how Violet would feel today and how she would act. Peter must know by now that Violet and Hewston were having an affair. Would that make Violet seem more or less desirable to Peter? Of course, it ought to mean that he would write her off, but facts are often different from the way things ought to be. Men were competitive. They always liked the most popular girl. How far did they carry that idea? Or want to?

I wish I hadn't come from Duluth, she thought. It makes me so much less glamorous. He knows too much about me. At first it excited him to meet somebody from home, and then he thought I cramped his style. I wish I'd met him in New York. It would be better if he were a writer or an advertising man and we were completely ignorant of each other's backgrounds. But no, that's silly; he wouldn't be the same man. He belongs where he is, doing active, actual things here and back home. He's terribly ambitious. Like Father. They should like each other. But will they?

IT'S Sunday. It's our last full day for I'll have to go back early Monday morning to clean up the office for the new girl. I could catch that late train this afternoon, but if I go up Monday perhaps we'll take the same train. We could travel together. Her mind lingered to look at the picture of that little trip and then doubt crept up again to stand beside her desire. It was Sunday morning, and not since Friday afternoon had she been sure of anything.

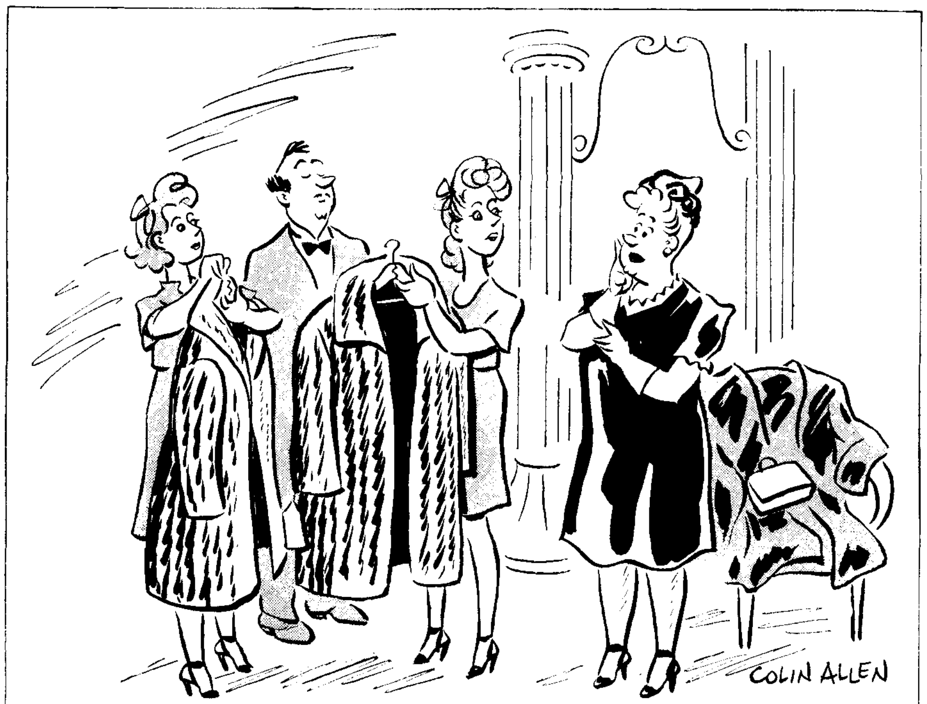
She had danced with him and all the others, and she had been fun. Deliberately. She wanted Peter to see what she could be like, to make him want her. But when she felt his arm tighten as they danced, when he tried to get her by herself, she held him off, afraid that she had whipped up a false or synthetic emotion in him. She had not been sure of Peter since that afternoon of Friday, and Saturday had been a very long day, with longer nights surrounding it with questions. All she could be certain of was that it seemed as if she had known him for years, or as if all the time before she had met him was insubstantial and of no importance, except as memory, not life.

She hurried with her meager, cold-water bath, and only Lord Dunn, who could sleep scarcely at all these days, was downstairs before her.

There were silver dishes with great covers along the sideboards and Bindle managed to keep them shining, if he could not keep them filled.

"There's brook trout this morning, Miss Ellen," he said triumphantly.

Lady Dunn came in and took her place behind the coffee urn. She looked very worn



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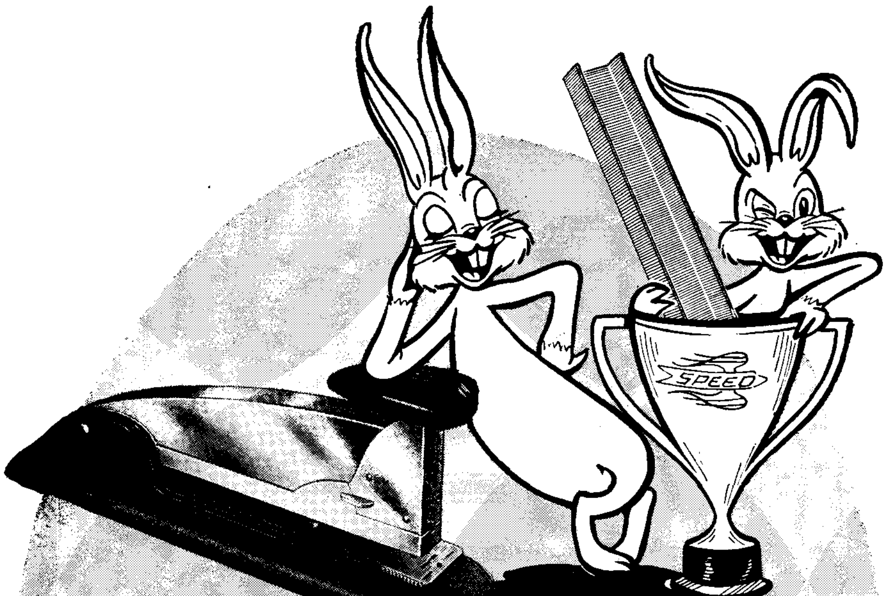

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in the sunlight, but her hair, spun gold and gray, was like an aureole. She was a beautiful image, worn down and scarred.

Then Peter was coming. He had hurried because of her, Ellen hoped.

He brought his plate to where she sat.

"May I sit here? How do I rate today?"

"Oh, pretty high."

"That's a relief," he said, taking the place beside her. "Do you realize this is our last day?"

"I know."

"Then let's make the most of it," said Peter. "Save some time for me, Ellen. Don't get all tied up with the others."

The table was long and he was talking almost under his breath in an intimate way that warmed her heart. Their day was ahead. It was beginning. It had begun.

The rest of the guests were coming in, one by one. The hungry, handsome young Canadians, Dolly Rackham with her husband halting along behind her, the Belgian countess sniffing as she lifted one silver cover after another to find the best food.

"Where's Violet this morning?" somebody asked, and several people listened for an answer. Ellen suddenly wanted to know.

"She sent word she wasn't coming down," said her aunt. "She's tired. She's been driving herself pretty hard."

"Has Hewston gone?"

The question seemed awkward. A small smile came to Dolly Rackham's mouth. But Lady Dunn said evenly, "Oh, yes. He got off quite early. He has to meet some men in London today."

"What do we do with ourselves this morning?" Peter was asking Ellen.

"What do you want to do?"

"Let's go someplace by ourselves. Talk things over. Can you stand it if I go on about myself and some of the things on my mind?"

"I'll try."

"Good. I've been going over them while I was getting dressed. Just give me time enough. Maybe we won't come back for lunch."

"We don't need lunch; have another helping now. I'll get my cigarettes and meet you outside on the terrace."

SHE ran upstairs. One minute to look at herself, one minute to decide that it didn't matter how she looked anyway—Ellen felt plans, hopes, desires whirling in her mind in a gay flight. Then, almost before she knew it had happened, as if some secret sense acted first, they stopped. She had heard something, a sound like a metallic cough which she had heard before.

The next moment was crash and motion. There was a terrible trembling of the great house. The old Venetian mirrors fell with crazy, splitting tinkles and Ellen flung her hands before her face and ran blindly to the door and down the hall, where chests were toppling and tapestry swinging wildly loose.

The strange thing was that she was not frightened. When bombs had fallen close to her before, she had been frozen in terror. Now she was conscious of only one thing: She must get back to the dining room, for the bomb had hit somewhere and it might be there. She must get to Peter. . . .

"Dear child—you're all right?" called Lady Dunn, running past her, out of the dining room.

"Where is Peter?"

"Gone for Violet. It must be that wing that's hit."

Ellen ran, too. Down the long gallery where canvases lay flat, into the hall with the open side, wondering horribly what she would see, if Violet—

But she saw Violet in the midst of the wreckage. She was moaning but she was on her feet, a tall figure in a nightgown half torn away, with her arms flung around Peter's neck.

"I don't want to be killed. I have to go home." Violet was crying hysterically.

"You're not going to be killed. You're all right, dear."

"Oh, Peter, don't leave me."

They were so close. They seemed so intimate. It was no time, in this respite from death, to notice that, but Ellen felt it with shock. It's not the first time he's held her, she thought with certainty now.

"I was in bed waiting for my breakfast," Violet rushed on, "and Bindle had just come—oh, God, where's Bindle?"

There was no Bindle. His luck had run out. The English voices were very calm now, deliberately commonplace. Lady Dunn was wrapping a coat around Violet. Ellen knew that Peter's glance was searching for her and then he was beside her, reaching for her. But she couldn't let him hold her now.

"All right, Ellen? You weren't hurt? We knew it was the west wing the minute the crash came. You're surely all right? It's one more rotten shock for you, scaring the wits out of you, poor girl."

"I wasn't in the least scared," she said, suddenly conscious of it.

Rackham was calling, "Wymark, can you lend a hand here?"

"We must leave this to them," said Lady Dunn in a steady voice.

THE damage was everywhere. The Sunday peace of the house was shattered. Ellen did what she could. She went to the kitchen and helped the servants make more coffee, listening to their sobbing about Bindle.

"What else can I do, Lady Dunn?" she asked when she came back.

"Nothing, my dear. We've given Violet something to put her to sleep."

"If you want to help," said Mrs. Rackham, "start the people back to London. Racky and Major Wymark can handle things here and I'll stay with Cecily and Violet. Could you get the rest moving?"

"Of course," answered Ellen.

So much is ruined, she told herself. All this beauty—everything I thought might happen today. I mustn't think of that.

But Peter thought of it. He caught up with her before she left, his face streaked and grim.

"This spoiled everything for us," he said.

"It doesn't matter."

"I've got to stay and help here. It's the sort of thing I can do, you know."

"Why of course you must stay."

"But I'll call you at the Embassy tomorrow. I'll come up tonight sometime. And please save tomorrow night for me, Ellen. Will you?"

"But what about—"

"You must— Ellen, you're wonderful in a jam like this. You're always wonderful."

She hurried off. He would be with her tomorrow, though, Peter kept thinking, as he helped Rackham explore the tragic rubble, and searched for sources of fire. They'd both be in London—he'd try to see her every day—what fools people were to put off things that should be said.

It was midafternoon. They had stopped for a drink and a sandwich when Lady Dunn called him to the telephone.

"Major Wymark?"

"Yes. That's right."

"This is Special Services Headquarters. Lieutenant Mott talking. I'm asked to request you to report at headquarters as soon as possible for transportation to the United States."

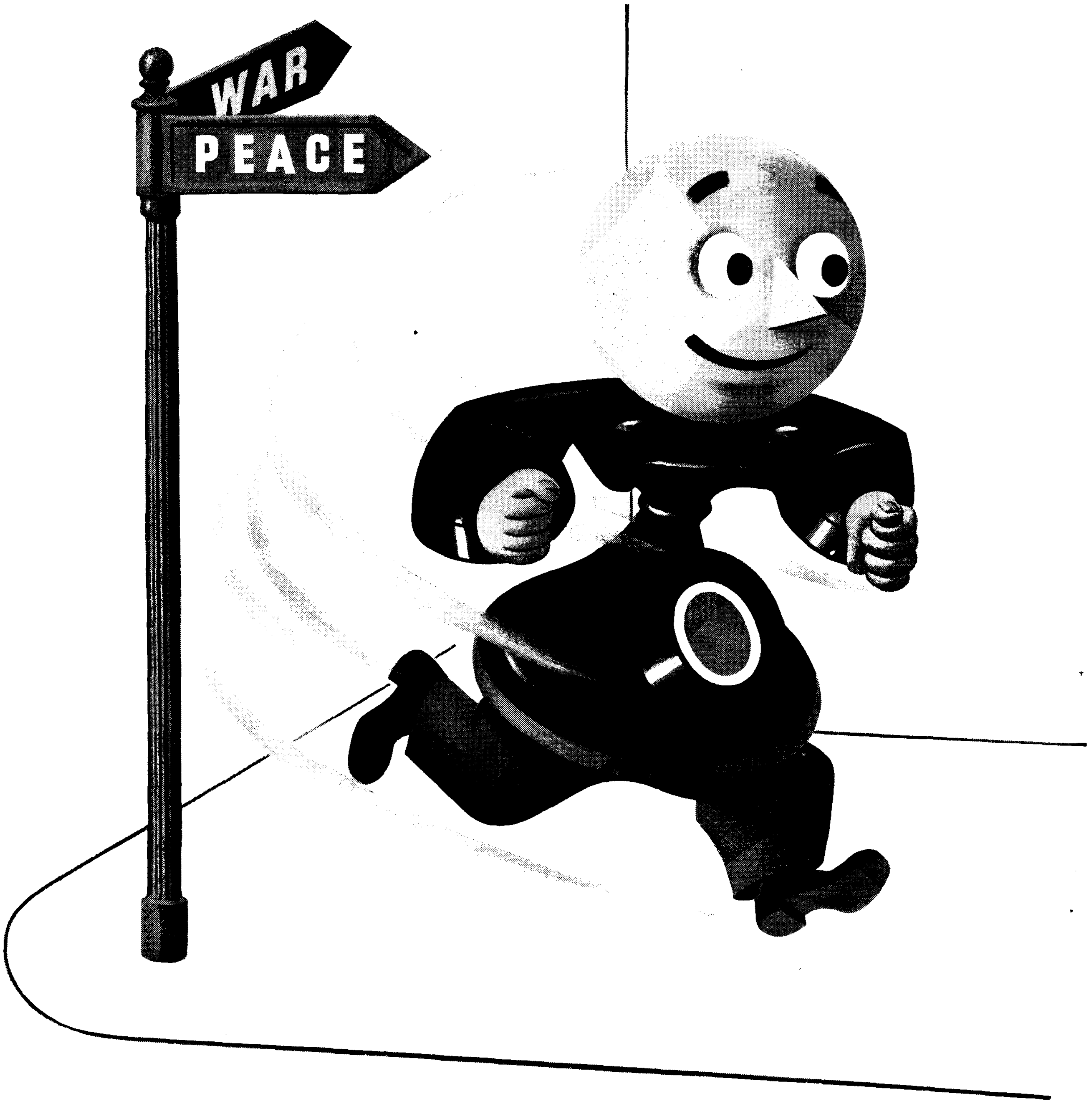
ELLEN looked up from her desk in one of the anterooms of the Embassy, ready to be polite to another person with some impossible request. But it was Peter Wymark who stood there, as startling in that minute as if her secret thoughts had suddenly come to life.

"Sorry to turn up in working hours," he said, "but I thought it would be quicker if I didn't telephone but walked over from Headquarters. Besides, I couldn't see you on the telephone, and that's the main point. I tried to get in touch with you last night but there were only a couple of dumbbells around this place who didn't know where you lived."

"Last night? But I thought you weren't coming up from Windower until the late train. Did something else awful happen down there? Were there more bombs? How is Violet?"

"She's all right now. But I got my orders. So I had to beat it back to London right away."

"What are they?" she asked eagerly. "Or can't you tell me?"



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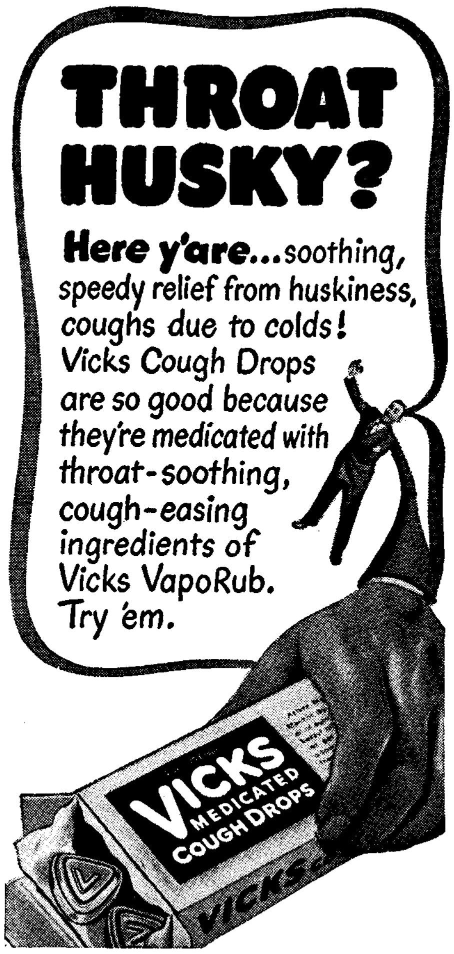
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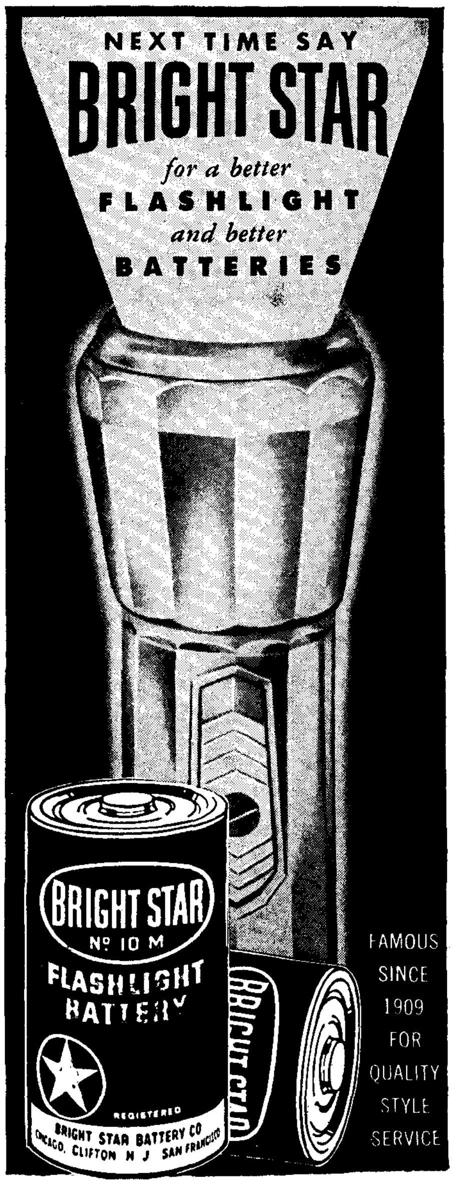
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"There's no secret about these orders. I'm being discharged. I'm just about out of the Army."

"Then you'll go home!" Ellen could feel her relief before she had time to think about it. The fears which she had been carrying around blew away. Last night she had imagined that he might be sent to the other side of the world, while she went home to America. She also had imagined him staying last night at Windower, with Violet under the same roof. It had been no night for sleep. And they all had been false worries. Peter had been looking for her. She searched his face to see how he felt about all this. She said, "You're glad, aren't you, Peter?"

"It's up to them. They must know what they're doing. I haven't any illusions about the glories of war and if they don't need me in any special spot, that's fine with me. But it makes me feel that I'm getting off pretty easily. . . . Look—how about lunch with me? I have to push off this afternoon."

"You don't mean for America?"

"That's right. I had quite a break. One of the officers at Headquarters had a seat on a plane leaving Foynes for New York tomorrow morning. But they canceled his orders and he turned his reservation over to me. I have to go by way of Bristol and catch a plane from there to Ireland. There isn't a lot of time. It's just about noon. Can't you take an hour off?"

Ellen was already standing, looking at her own watch.

"I'll see if I can't trade lunch hours with someone."

They walked out into the square amid the handsome, shabby buildings that had escaped bombing. She was a girl to be very proud of, Peter decided again. It wasn't the gray flannel suit and black sweater. She set her clothes off with that figure and her shining hair. Funny that he should be taking Ellen Desmond to lunch. Funnier still that it should be in London.

"Where would you like to go? Ivy's?"

"That's a terribly expensive place, Peter."

"The food's good," he said. "Let's snag a taxi."

She didn't protest again. It was his party, a farewell party. It was also their first one by themselves and nothing would be too good.

THE headwaiter at one of the most expensive restaurants in London seemed to know Peter. That was a tribute in the overcrowded city, with American officers everywhere. But Peter had an air of authority and evidently knew his way about. There might be another reason why he was so well acquainted at Ivy's, as Ellen guessed.

"This is a great haunt of Violet's," said Ellen.

"Yes, she's always here when she's in London. Usually gathering a crowd. She'll be at it again in a day or two."

"You don't expect me to do that, do you?"

"I should say not. I want you to myself."

"That's lucky. I don't draw admiring crowds."

"You don't try," he said.

She begrudged the hours he had probably spent here with Violet. But not with worry or bitterness now. Only because she herself would like to have them to remember now when there was only one hour left for them in London. But there would be plenty more in other places, when they were home again. Violet would be forgotten, or remembered only as a war flirtation.

They seemed very close and familiar in this restaurant full of strangers. There was a chatter of foreign tongues, a medley of uniforms. It was a background which only emphasized how much she and Peter had in common. The waiter brought them small drinks of lime-flavored gin and a tray of brightly colored vegetable hors d'oeuvres, and said that there was still some duckling, though the restaurant was already crowded.

Peter too was savoring this hour. Ellen might say that she couldn't draw a crowd, but he noticed the glances that men gave her. He was proud of himself too for being with her. He'd come a long way since he had left Carmine. And he wasn't going to slip back, when he became a civilian again. Peter's mind had been clicking with that determination ever since he'd known he was getting out of the Army. . . .

He wondered how he'd look in civilian clothes to Ellen Desmond. What would she think of him when she saw him on the home ground? I ought to have saved more money, he said to himself irrelevantly, thinking of what he had spent in London; Violet certainly could make it fly. But that was fair enough, considering everything.

"You'll be in America day after tomorrow," Ellen said.

"By Thursday certainly, even if we get held up by weather."

"And when will you go west?"

"I don't know exactly. That depends on what I decide to do after I'm discharged."

"But I thought you said you'd be going back to your old job," she said, lifting her face in surprise.

"Maybe. Maybe not."

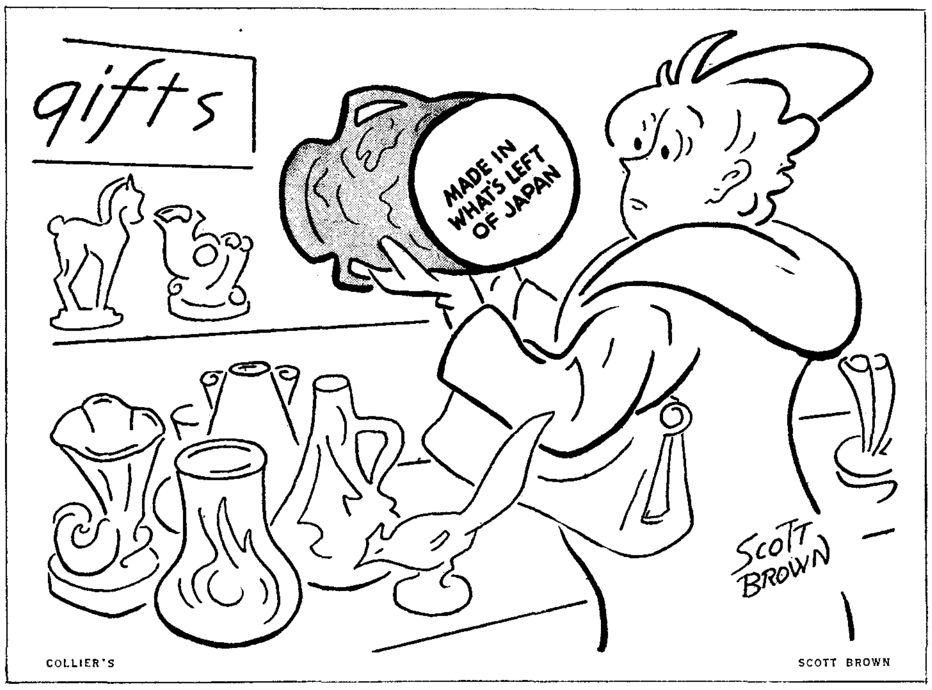
SHE felt queerly let down. Worried too. What was she taking for granted?

"What would you do if you didn't go back home?"

"I might go into a new line of work. For example, there are all those possibilities in aviation that Hewston was talking about."

"For fliers, yes."

"They need other kinds of men too. Hewston told me so. And if I do go back to Minnesota I may not want to slip into the old groove."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He was trying to prove something to her, that he wasn't dependent on her father's company, or on a job that her father would give him. To think of it that way made him feel too small. It humiliated him.

"I might even go into politics," he added.

"You're being funny."

"No, I'm not. They're going to need men in politics who know what this war's been about, and what a lot of servicemen are going to want when they get out of uniform. I don't mean just bonuses. But there's more to this business about winning the peace than just gab and speeches."

"Of course there is. But going into politics seems so vague."

"It's not when you get going. Far from vague."

"You mean you'd run for office? Try to go to Congress or something?"

He laughed. "You look very lovely when you disapprove of me," he said. "I don't know about running for office. I'd have to ask Joe Lacey about that."

"Look, Peter, don't get tied up with him!"

"He's a pretty powerful fellow."

"I suppose he is but—"

"You think it would get me in wrong with your father?"

She was silent, not denying that.

"I've been in wrong before—with various people," said Peter as if it had never bothered him or hindered him very much.

Ellen turned to him. He saw her sweater move as she breathed, watched her long eyelashes lift as she made her request, and could see that she liked him. It made him feel tractable, willing to concede.

"I really do wish you'd go back to your job. I know it's none of my business what you do—"

"Isn't it? Doesn't it matter to you?"

"Yes. It does. But if you hadn't talked to me about how much you like our part of the country and if you hadn't been in the mining business all your life, I wouldn't urge you to go back."

"It's a question of opportunity. Of making something of myself. It's such a slow build-up there. And I've lost two years. Incidentally, while your friend Bob Lindley's been right on the spot, making time."

"That's not his fault. He didn't want to be deferred."

"Of course it's not his fault." Peter spoke with impatient justice. "I know your father sent me instead of Bob. And there was nothing I wanted more. But I'm speaking about the way it works out now. I'm two years older. I've got to get going."

"They'll realize that."

"Think so?"

"I'm sure of it. You forget that you're going back with a wonderful war record. You're a credit to the company—to the whole state, as a matter of fact."

He laughed aloud. It was in mockery of himself but he wasn't really displeased. "That's certainly stretching nothing until it snaps."

"Well, lots of people here know what a big job you did. It's been told in the papers and on the air. They'll have heard about it at home."

"The country is crawling with real heroes. Nobody'll know anything about me. And they'll care less. That's all right with me. I wasn't over here for publicity. But, getting right down to brass tacks, the only person from back home who's written me about what I was doing over here or shown any interest—except my father—was Joe Lacey."

"That was smart of him. He wanted to get something out of you. When you get home you'll find out that other people appreciate what you've done. If you give them a chance to show it."

"I'm not looking for credit. I just want to get my teeth into something that's worth doing after I get out of this man's Army."

"But you will go back to Carmine and see what happens?"

"Are you asking me to promise?"

"Of course not. I haven't any right to ask for a promise."

"You have more right than anyone else I know. You're the only person to whom I'd give a promise like that. I'd like to do what you want me to do."

She couldn't speak. If she did she might spoil it; she could only wait.

"Well, I'll go back," he said gravely, and he put his strong, weather-beaten hand over hers. "I'll try to deliver. I want to make you happy, Ellen."

(To be continued next week)

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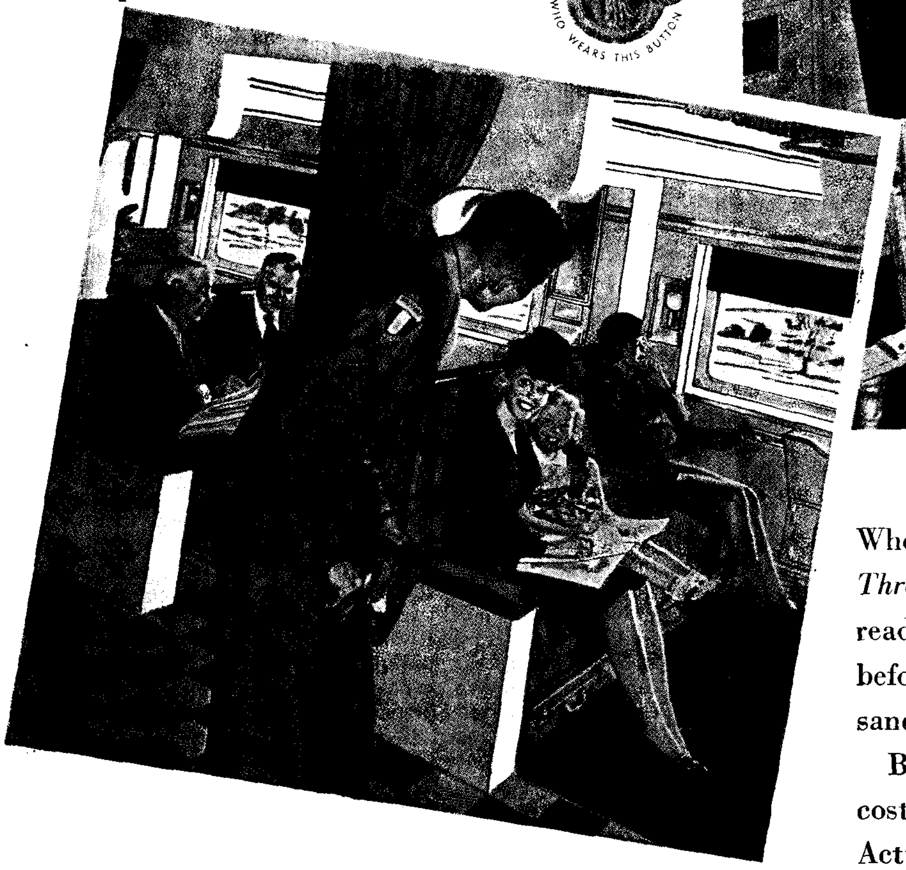

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Blue Chinchilla

Continued from page 34

school, when the mailman tramped up the front steps and down again.

Hanging the dish towels on the metal bar, Mrs. Ames put the dishes away and closed the cupboard doors before she went with her firm step to the mailbox. There were bills for feed, the monthly magazine from the chinchilla breeders' association, and a letter from Linda. Standing in the hall, Mrs. Ames read the letter. She studied the two white cards enclosed and slid them thoughtfully back into the envelope.

It was not to be taken for granted that she would go to her daughter's graduation. By no means. Linda herself had felt impelled to plead a little, not skillfully, in her letter. "For some people," she wrote, "the situation might be awkward, but you can handle that part all right."

Snorting gently, Mrs. Ames laid the letter on the hall table. She was not one to be taken in by flattery, but neither would she be prejudiced by such as was well meant.

And Georgianna would like to go—unless Mrs. Ames indicated that it was unthinkable. Then Georgianna would not think of it again. Her youngest daughter was Mrs. Ames' other self, her dear companion, whose love was simple and entire, not needing to be bolstered by loyalty nor strengthened by a sense of duty. You did not ask for more than that.

In the living room Mrs. Ames moved a framed picture so that the light fell on it and looked long and intently at the face of Linda, her first daughter. A famous Washington photographer had caught the spirit and the pride and the beauty, but not the pink-gold hair and the slate-colored eyes. And there was nothing in the sweet half-smile that one could read as recklessness. . . .

Oh, she had had a time with that girl and no mistake. Once she would not have counted on Linda graduating from any institution—unless it would be a reformatory. But next month Linda would graduate from one of the really good girls' colleges in the country, cum laude, and of course the class beauty.

This was not the girl whose sullen, "How do I know—we haven't decided yet," was all the answer you got when you asked her where she was going. Who at sixteen stayed out until frightening hours. Whose dates were all with city boys too old for her. There had been no sweetness in the girl who hated this small town and scorned the people in it.

"Sure," the sixteen-year-old Linda would exclaim, "I know—the backbone of the nation. That's what Father would call them. But I'm not interested in backbones. What I want is a few faces that have been someplace and have seen something and know what's going on outside this dump."

Still, those, and the other things, it was possible to cope with. But not with the drinking. When the two overdressed and blustering young men carried Linda into the house at midnight, saying, "You can't blame us. We thought she could take it—she always talked big—" then Mrs. Ames did the only thing she could think of to do. She called Horace in Washington.

HORACE AMES was sharp with his former wife, and accusing. "Yes, yes, Myra, I heard you. How long has this thing been going on?" He came by plane the next morning. And took Linda back with him to Washington. For a visit, of course. To get her away from undesirable companions. To give her a new viewpoint. The good day school in Washington, the new friends Linda was making, the complete change in her attitude were talked of later in letters from Horace. And in one from Frances, his second wife.

Linda must have sensed from the beginning how it would be. Standing in the hall that day six years ago, while her father telephoned for the taxi that would take them to the airport, Linda touched her mother's arm, shook a fold of the sleeve childishly. In a low voice, the sullenness gone, she said, "You come too. You come with us." A small thing, but precious, for Linda to have said that. . . .

Humming a little off key, Mrs. Ames got her raincoat and went out to the ranch house. She and Georgianna would go to Linda's commencement.

The white raincoat over the pink cotton dress, bright against the gray day, was Georgianna coming home from school. A tall boy lounged beside her, carrying her books. Mrs. Ames rearranged the curtain and sat down again with her mending. When there is just one person for you to pour your love out on, you have to be careful not to smother her.

Sometimes Mrs. Ames thought of her youngest child as a sparkling brook, or the first yellow tulip of spring—and at such times she snorted silently. All girls in their teens were pretty. She herself had been pretty. Horace used to say so. He said, "Do you know what you're like, Myra—you're like a portrait by Winterhalter—all that mass of light hair and your lovely shoulders." Something to remember that was, particularly since one of the last things Horace had said to her was, "My God, Myra, but you're a dull woman. . . ."

THE front door opened and Georgianna, followed by Carl Decker, came in. "How's your thumb?" she asked at once, kissing her mother.

Sometimes Georgianna liked to be younger than her fifteen years. Now she leaned against her mother, snuggling. She twitched at the mending in her mother's hand so that she could see the thumb, brown with iodine. She tucked stray locks back into the big roll of her mother's hair.

"It's fine," said Mrs. Ames, looking at her thumb too. "Well, Carl," she said to the tall boy, "did you skip school again today?"

"Golly." Carl grinned engagingly. "It was a swell day for a movie or something. But I thought I'd give Mr. Whiting a break." Mr. Whiting was the high school principal. "He goes nuts if I'm not there every day, and all day."

"I should think it would be a relief to the whole high school when you're absent. I understand you distract the ones who like to study."

"Yeah," said Carl easily. He sat on the arm of a chair, his legs stretching far in front of him, not taking his long-lashed eyes off Georgianna, who stood in the hall reading Linda's letter.

Back in the living room Georgianna slid the letter and the two white cards into the envelope. Her mother smiled at her and Georgianna smiled back. That way they both knew it was settled that they would go.

"Come on, baby," said Georgianna to Carl. "We'll go out to the ranch and make with the broom." It was Georgianna's job to sweep under the cages every afternoon. "And I want to see Queenie's babies. Even if she did produce the only true blue chins in captivity, and knows it, I bet she won't bite me."

It was quite possible she would not bite Georgianna. All the chinchillas, docile enough with everyone, melted with love for Georgianna.

Carl slid a careless arm about her shoulders as they went down the hall together. Absent-mindedly Georgianna shrugged his arm away. He said okay, okay, knowing it would be that way. He was the only boy who was allowed close enough to *be* shrugged away.

The strap mended, Mrs. Ames folded the pink slip and picked up striped pajamas that needed buttons, smiling a little. At fifteen, Georgianna was overcome by no one's admiration.

The telephone rang at night, often, and Georgianna would say, "A movie? What movie? Oh, I don't think so, Johnny (or Dick, or Hal)," in her soft voice made for the purest poetry. "All you think about is dates and stuff like that. Why don't you latch onto your books and do a little studying for a change?"

And she would hang up and turn to her mother. "Say, that *is* a swell picture. Let's you and I go. I finished all my homework in study hall today."

It could not be like that all the time, and Georgianna had resigned herself to the necessity of enduring a boy around. Grudgingly she had selected the one who was least objectionable to her. Fifteen chose the attractive package, never doubting that the contents too would be attractive.

With accurate thrusts of the needle, Mrs. Ames anchored a button.

Those two, those kids, would drift along, "going together" the way they did in small towns. World conditions would be pretty well settled probably, by the time Carl was eighteen . . . he was fine with the chinchillas . . . girls married at seventeen, eighteen, most of them had before there was all this nonsense about them going to college. . . . Carl needed a firm hand, of course, to help him develop a little starch . . . a nice amiable kid. . . .

The mending basket under her arm Mrs. Ames went up the stairs with her quick, heavy step.

She looked in her clothes closet, knowing that she would wear the good blue suit to Linda's graduation. And a new hat, of course, which she might go into the city ten miles away to buy.

There was the long ride in the air-conditioned train. June had come in with its particular brand of steaming heat and the coolness of the train was welcome. Carl was to look after the ranch tonight and tomorrow morning, and both Georgianna and her mother hoped for the best. When you told him exactly what to do, it was reasonable to depend on Carl for a brief time.

Mrs. Ames sat with her pamphlets on the care and feeding of chinchillas. All her life pamphlets similar to these had been familiar to her. She came, she liked to tell her friends at the Red Cross and at town meetings, from a long line of raisers. Her grandfather had raised prize roosters, and her father had raised coon dogs, and she came by it naturally. Not everybody, she told herself contentedly, riding along in the train, had the opportunity of working at the thing they liked best.

Georgianna, in a beige suit, a little beige hat on the back of her head, talked and looked out the window. Soldiers and sailors, walking through the train, slowed up and stared at her with slightly glazed eyes. And all of them, for the moment, fell a little out of love with their current girls.

The inn where they were to stay overnight in the small college town was old, with a pretty chintz-decorated lounge. Linda could not meet them, but she had made reservations for them. And almost at once, as Mrs. Ames went up to the desk, she saw Horace.

With him was Frances, his second wife, and two or three important-looking men, youthful men whose tanned faces ignored their silver hair and their increased waistlines. Horace's lean waistline had not increased, and his hair was thinner but as dark as it had ever been.

Mrs. Ames heard his short, sharp laugh, not loud but vibrant. Happy he would be, properly surrounded like this with important, attractive people. Horace had always wanted the right people around him—and to let the world know about it. The joy of the news photographers he had been, always eager to display his two beautiful little daughters, and his houses—the one in Chicago, later the one in Buffalo. And if he had never quite accused his then-wife of losing the election for him, the one time he had run for office, he might as well have. But he had not lost power. Chairman of national committees was Horace, and secretary of august organizations and on the advisory council of everything. Horace G. Ames, it was said, carried power in his pockets. . . .

Mrs. Ames hoped that he would not see her, that she and Georgianna could slip up to their room, that later they would be able to find an obscure place in the chapel where the commencement exercises would be held.

But knowing Horace she was not surprised to hear his voice close behind her: "Well, Myra." She finished writing Croyden, New York, before she put the pen down and turned:

"Hello, Horace."

THE youthful-looking important men were gone. But his smart, lipsticked second wife was beside him. Georgianna kissed her father coolly, and the two Mrs. Ames shook hands, smiling a little archly at each other, to show that they recognized how civilized and sensible they were. Then they all moved a bit, looking at Horace with vague uneasiness, waiting for him to start talking. A great talker, Horace.

But for once Horace was silent. He was stunned. His fine blue eyes were on his youngest daughter. Of course. He had not seen Georgianna in years. And no one had told him about her, not adequately. Something like indignation was visible on his tanned, lean face. Watching him, Myra Ames hardly knew that she had been touched by the finger of fear before it was gone.

There had been no bargaining between them about Georgianna. But there is justice in all things. Horace knew that he could not have Georgianna.

As though he had heard her, Horace turned and smiled at his former wife. "She looks like you, Myra," he said.

So like Horace, dear Horace. Other men might say, she looks the way you used to look. But Horace's tact was notable. The only unkind thing she remembered him saying to her was, "My God, Myra, but you're a dull woman," and that had burst from a desperate man.

It had come out when he got his first appointment in Washington. Jubilant, he was explaining to Myra what her part would be, the entertaining she must do, the celebrated

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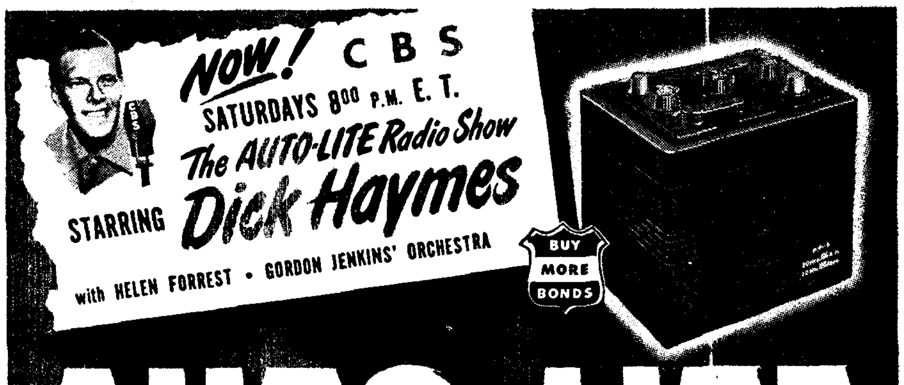

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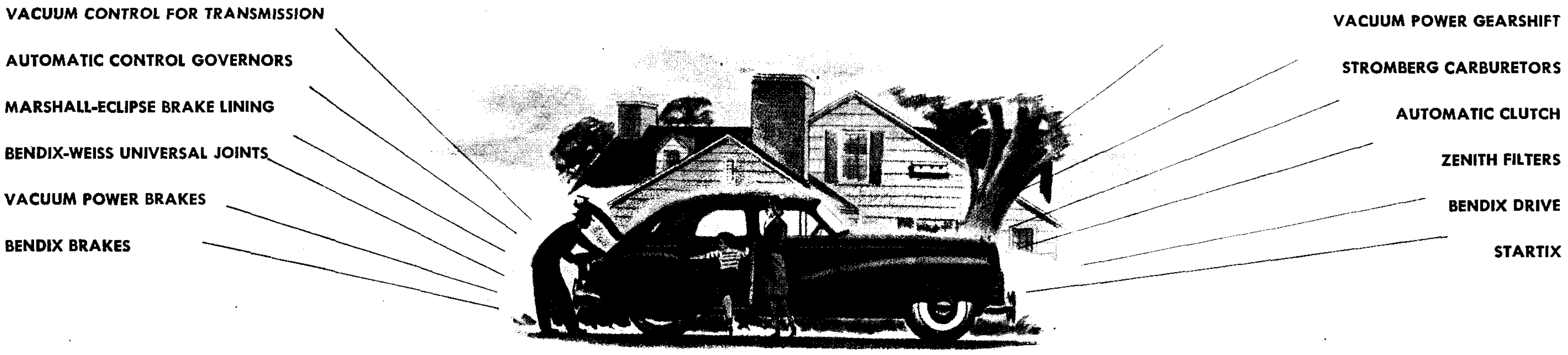
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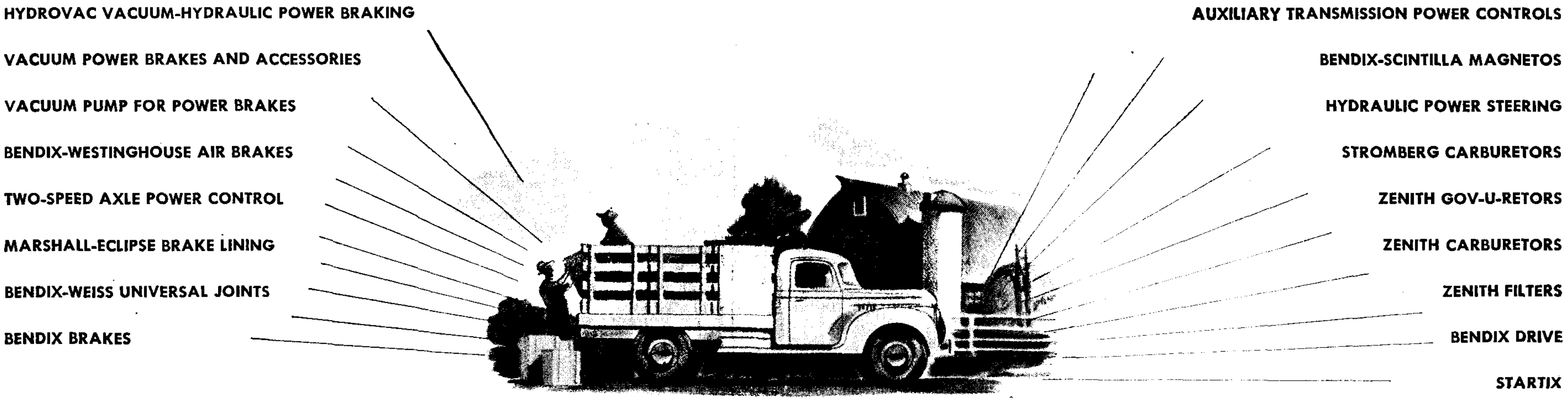
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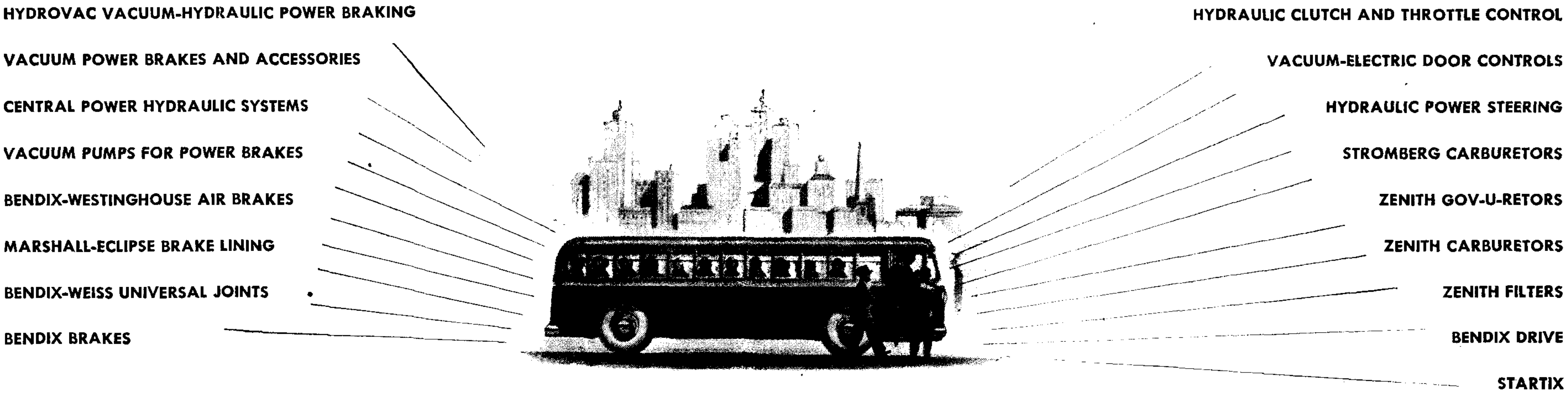
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people she would meet and have to cultivate. And she had said: "Horace—I can't. I simply can't. You know I'm no good at that kind of thing. I get nervous and everything goes wrong and servants always leave me when I need them most. I don't see why we can't go on living here. You could come home week ends and vacations—"

They had let it be the beginning of the end.

Now Horace was saying, "—and these small-town high schools are excellent. Your report cards are very good, Georgianna. Better than Linda's when she was in high school."

And Georgianna, a little less than friendly to this father whom she hardly knew, said, "Oh, I'm not so hot. I got two B's this year."

"Terrible," said her father, his glance denying any lack of friendliness. "Two B's and all the rest A's. Practically failure." They all laughed, and Georgianna grinned, warming a little. "What," asked Horace, on his favorite subject as a father, "are you planning to do? Have you decided yet on your college?"

"She has two more years of high school," said Georgianna's mother pleasantly, "and there's plenty of time—"

"I think not." Horace gave her the kind of look she remembered well—a tolerant look that did not blame her too much for her wrong opinions. "Girls' colleges are getting more and more crowded, and two years is barely time to file an application. You don't want her going to a second- or third-rate school. Would you," he asked Georgianna, "like it here—find what you want in the way of courses?"

"Well," said Georgianna, an unfifteen-year-old glint in her eye, "I'm not really a brain, I'm afraid. I might not get in." She put an arm around her mother. "It's just that high school is easy."

"And now," said her mother briskly, "if you'll all excuse us—we're pretty dusty—"

THE room that the ancient bellboy opened for them was big and clean, with a fine view of sky and elm trees and brick buildings in the distance.

When the boy was gone, Mrs. Ames said, "That breeze feels good. I wonder if we'll see Linda before the ceremonies."

They saw her almost at once. Georgianna had the door open at the first sound of feet running down the hall. Laughing and excited the sisters met at the door, kissed with deep affection. Then Linda broke away and hugged her mother.

"Honestly," she said, "if you hadn't come I couldn't have graduated. It would have spoiled everything."

"Well, I came," said Mrs. Ames simply, glad that she had. Whatever the situation was, it was not awkward. No one allowed it to be.

The two sisters sat on one chair, squeezed together the way they used to do when they were very young, the red-gold hair and the pale-gold hair so different, the slate-colored eyes the same. Impossible to remember that the red-gold head had been wild. But you could remember always that Linda had once said, against all reason, "You come too. You come with us."

"How about lunch?" said Linda, beaming at her mother. "Everybody's going to lunch now. I'm going to eat with you."

It was not in Mrs. Ames to show the pleasure that this gave her. Murmuring something about her hands, she walked into the old-fashioned bathroom off the bedroom. "I'm getting kind of hungry," she admitted over her shoulder. "You'll have to tell us where to go."

"There's the dining room downstairs," Linda told her through the open door. "The food is super here. And in the next block there's another hotel where the food is good if you'd rather go there—"

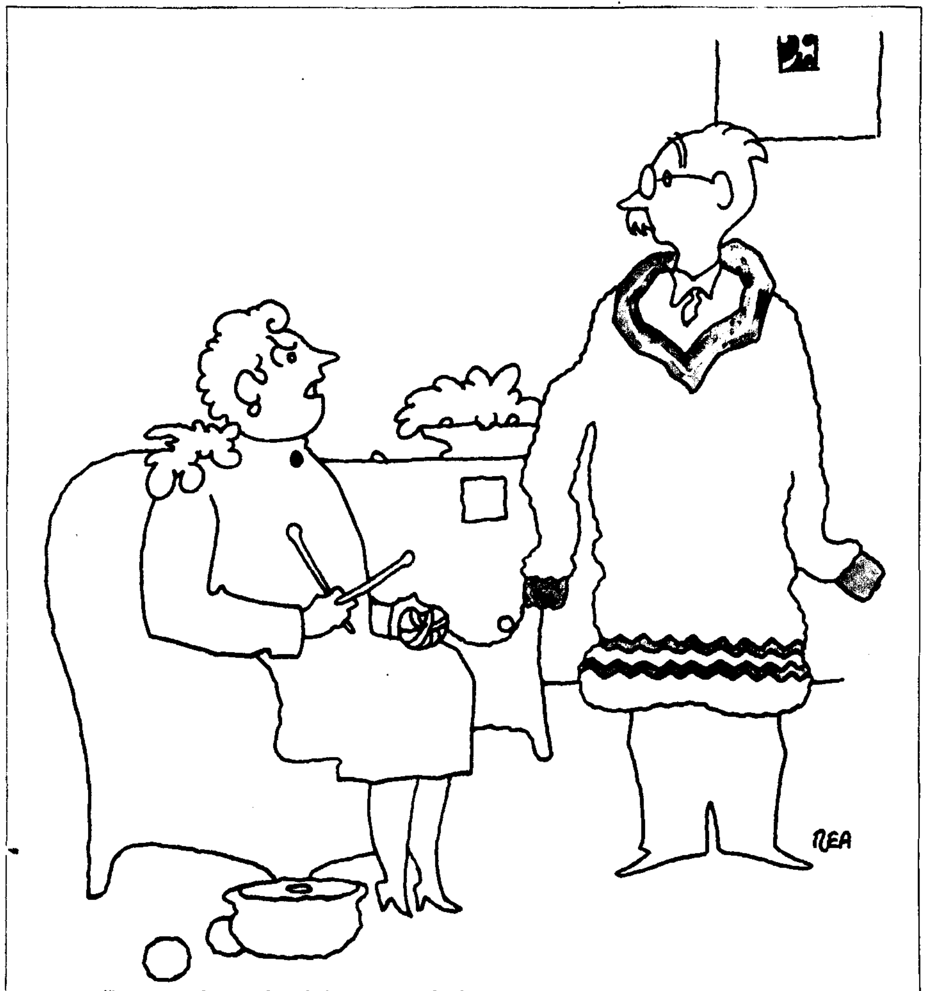
A towel in her hand Mrs. Ames came back. "We'll eat downstairs, of course, where the food is super." She added dryly, "I've seen your father and his wife—if that's what you mean."

Linda and Georgianna hooted. They teased her about Horace, and giggled, and their mother said tartly that they were too smart for their shoes.

Downstairs they joined the line being held back at the door of the big, airy dining room by the headwaiter.

"Gosh," said Linda, peering over heads, "it's jammed. I don't know—"

She exclaimed and waved with enthusiasm. Her mother wished she had not, because Horace rose at once from his table. Linda had always brushed the barriers aside. Horace spoke to the headwaiter, and if the headwaiter had different ideas he changed them quickly under this robust authority. Extra chairs appeared at the small table where Horace and his second wife were seated.



"You ought to thank heaven I do keep forgetting what you're like!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Unresigned and helpless, Mrs. Ames marched beside her former husband to the table, saying starkly, "There isn't room. You shouldn't have bothered." Everybody else looked pleased.

"We've just ordered our drinks," said Horace, when they were all sitting down. "What will you have, Myra? Georgianna? Linda?"

Cocktails were being placed on the table and Linda, eying the little glasses critically, said, "You'll be sorry, Father. Rum always makes you hotter than a bonfire."

"It works both ways," said Horace. "It makes me hotter, but I don't mind the heat so much."

"Well, I'll have ginger ale with gobs of ice," said Linda. Georgianna said she'd have that too, and their mother said thoughtfully that she would have sherry.

She took off her gloves and laid them on her pocketbook in her lap. Linda had regarded the cocktails with an attention completely without desire, as a person might who had never tasted liquor. At sixteen Linda had had a desire that could well have proved disastrous—but Horace, and Frances, too, had known how to cope with it. Worldly they were, but you had to give credit where credit was due. They had done something wonderful with Linda. And they had done it without damage to her spirit and her pride.

Horace's second wife was saying something, her sharp little hat leaning gracefully across the table:

"—we'll be there during the month of July. We're only opening the house at the shore for one month this year—and we were wondering if you would let Georgianna come to us for a little while."

The little finger of fear touched her again. Georgianna's mother put her wineglass on the table. She should have known. Horace, having seen Georgianna, could not be satisfied that he already had Linda. His youngest and most beautiful daughter must be added to the circle of attractive people that was so becoming to him. And this was only the beginning, the opening wedge.

"That's very kind of you," she said evenly. "But don't ask me. Ask Georgianna."

"Ask me what?" said Georgianna, breaking off her low-voiced talk with Linda.

The second Mrs. Ames told her, brightly, and Georgianna listened and said in her gentle, idyllic voice, "Well, gee whiz, that would be swell, of course. And thanks a lot. But Mother and I always go away together—when we can get away from the ranch."

With unmistakable dismay Linda and the second Mrs. Ames turned and gazed at each other. So Linda was in on this too—on more, perhaps, than this—

Horace was going on and on about the place on the eastern shore of Maryland. The sailing and the swimming and the uniforms of Linda's young men. "My God," said Horace proudly, "she has one of each—she collects 'em. I swear every uniform in the service has passed through the portals of that house at one time or another. . . ."

If Georgianna's eyes shone it was only with youth and enchantment. There was no envy in the slate-gray eyes as she shook her head. And at the earliest opportunity she winked gravely at her mother. No one was putting anything over on Georgianna.

"Well," said the second Mrs. Ames, when Horace at last stopped talking, "we're awfully disappointed, of course—"

THEY could separate after lunch, and they did. Linda took Georgianna over to the dorm to see her room, and their mother escaped upstairs, to deal with her indignation, to forgive Linda for planning to join forces with her father and to hope that Carl Decker would not lose the key to the ranch house.

Enthusiastic about Linda's room and the girls she had met, Georgianna came back, and she and her mother hurried over to the chapel.

Waiting for them inside the chapel door, Horace directed them with authority. "Come on," he whispered, "we've had a stiff time saving two seats for you."

Mrs. Ames had not wanted seats saved. She had no choice. Her face pink, she and Georgianna followed Horace down the aisle, squeezed past people, sat down. The rustling and low voices died away as the principal

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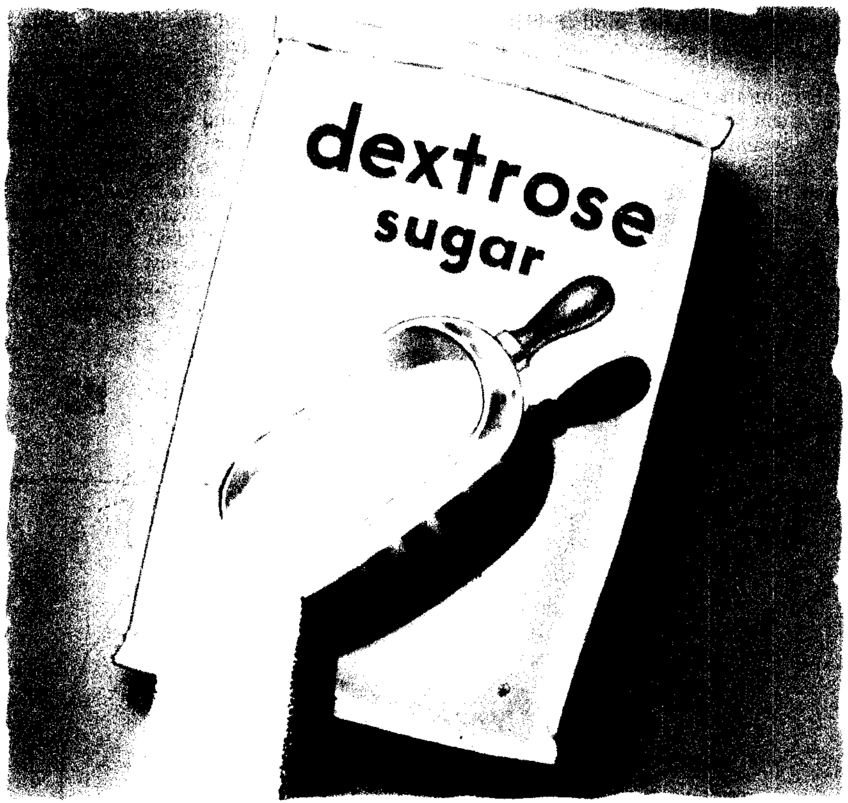

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speaker was introduced. Judge Coates the speaker was one of Horace's silver-haired friends. His voice was wonderful, soothing, and it was possible to relax, to think about things, to figure up the months, the years actually, it would take to get together a pelt herd of dark blue chinchillas. . . .

And when Linda Ames' name was called, her mother almost missed the great occasion altogether, Linda looking exactly like every other graduate in her mortarboard and gown.

Then immediately, it seemed, people were crowding into the aisles. Horace had gone forward and was coming back with the speaker. And with them were two or three equally distinguished-looking men.

The aisles were jammed, and Horace's group waited, talking in low voices to the judge about his fine speech. They, these distinguished people, had an appalling amount of information concerning the affairs of their country and the world. Even Linda, fresh from classroom discussions, asked crushingly intelligent questions.

Privately Georgianna tucked in a strand of her mother's hair. Her mother turned to smile in gratitude, but Georgianna's absorbed gaze had turned to the other people, her gray eyes going alertly from one to another as the low, eager talk was tossed back and forth.

THEY inched along in the pew, and the talk did not stop—the brilliant talk, that was kind of, well, deep. . . . Mrs. Ames found herself wondering if Carl would remember everything, particularly the water. Without water the chinchillas became excited, hurled themselves about their cages, perhaps tearing their fur. A little excited herself, she turned to speak of this to Georgianna.

Georgianna was not there. Nor were the distinguished gentlemen, or any of the others. Mrs. Ames was quite alone.

Opening her blue handbag she took out her gloves and stared at them, not seeing them. It was only now that she saw something else clearly.

She had come here to see Linda graduate, and she had almost missed the presentation of the diploma. There had been an address by one of the most noted speakers of the day, and she had scarcely heard it. And she had only the most remote idea of what the bright, intellectual people had been talking about, with their racial groups and geopolitics and reconstruction—

My God, Myra, but you're a dull woman.

"Yoo-hoo," said Georgianna softly, hurrying up the aisle. "What are you dreaming up all by yourself? I was between Father and that nice Dr. Silsby, the skinny one. I thought you were right behind us."

No loyalty or sense of duty marred her delight in finding her mother again.

"I guess I was thinking," said Mrs. Ames. "Look, darling, I really ought to go to the breeders' convention next month—and if you went to visit your father—Linda and you haven't been together in a long time—"

Soberly Georgianna looked at her. She said, "Trying to get rid of me, huh?"

"Darling," her mother laughed. "I'll have to do *some*thing with you. You wouldn't have any fun at the convention."

A little glow began far back in Georgianna's eyes. There was often a little glow there, at the prospect of a movie, or a new frock, or a sorority dance where she would have a fine time brushing off the boys.

"Gee," she said, "I'd like to go—as long as you'll be away anyway—"

"Run along," said her mother, "and tell them. I'll meet you back at the hotel."

"Yipe," said Georgianna and ran along.

Mrs. Ames looked at the small scar on her thumb, barely more than a scratch now. Queenie . . . she must tell Queenie that the more valuable and beautiful they are, the less they belong to you. They belong to the world and must be allowed to find their place in it. . . .

She stepped out into the bright sunshine and said "darn" under her breath. The two figures coming toward her, arm in arm, were blurred through her tears. She had never let them see her cry. She must be glad that they were coming back to tell her that it was all settled.

When they reached her she was smiling.

"Maybe," said Linda, smiling, "she won't even want us for that long, although she always *acts* as though she did."

"Oh, she can put up with you for a couple of weeks," said Georgianna, tossing her head. "Can't you, Mother? Linda wants to come back with me, after I've visited Father. We've *planned* on it."

THEY had planned on it. If the two of them could be together in the grand house at the shore, then they could be together in the old brick house—

"But your father," murmured Mrs. Ames, having trouble with her glove.

"You leave Father to us—and to heaven," laughed Linda. "He and Frances can have more big-shots to those famous breakfasts of theirs and watch their protocol, which they love so dearly, while I'm gone. May I?" Linda looked shy! "May I come home with Georgianna?"

"Well, now," said Mrs. Ames carefully, because you couldn't tell what a thing like this might do to your voice, especially when you'd been thinking for years that you were happy enough, "there isn't much going on there—you might find it kind of dull."

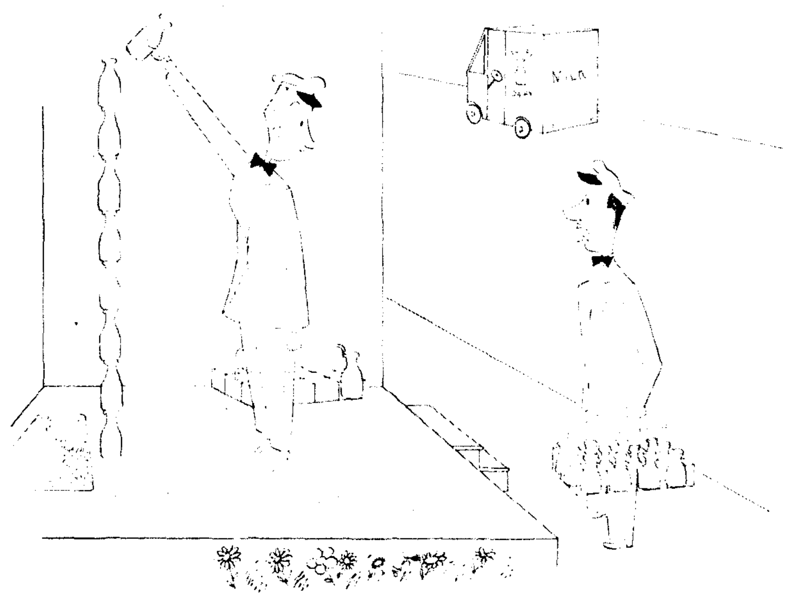
"Dull!" cried Linda. "I had a wonderful time last Christmas, skiing and skating and seeing all the kids I went to school with. Besides, I'm going to work in a Washington hospital in the fall, and they told me I had to put on five pounds first. I don't know a better place to do it than home."

Home. She had called it home.

Mrs. Ames went down the brick steps to join them. Linda took one arm, Georgianna took the other.

Her two girls. When she had time to think she would get it straight. It went something like this: If you let them go to their wonderful and valuable work in the world, did not try to keep them, they would always come back. They would always want to come home.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"Side by side is good enough, Jennings"

DICK STROME

End Labor Wars Too

Continued from page 15

florid prose said, "The whole scheme is blueprinted to rob the poor and further enrich the rich." None of the blasts bore any relationship to the actual provisions of the bill itself, which obviously these men had not had time to study carefully.

A challenge by Mr. Richberg offering to forfeit $1,000 to the Red Cross if he could not prove in open debate that the statements of these labor leaders were misleading and based on misrepresentation of the bill was never accepted. These initial attacks have been followed by almost daily blasts in most of the labor press.

My whole background and record predisposes me to sympathy with organized labor's objectives. But the hysterical rejection by union leaders of the middle-of-the-road suggestion in S. 1171 that organized labor assume public responsibilities somewhere near commensurate with its power has about convinced me that these gentlemen have adopted the same "public be damned" attitude that got the railroad barons into hot water more than half a century ago.

Employer organizations so far have remained silent on the bill, although a number of them are studying it and probably will testify when committee hearings are held. Many individual employers have expressed approval of the principles, although some have misgivings on a few specific points. They seem to realize, as the union leaders do not, that the bill imposes just as many and essentially the same obligations on employers as on employees.

And there are two phases of the labor-relations problem where government has a positive obligation. Its obligation is to bring more order into the government's participation in settlement of disputes, and to protect both the general public and individual employees and employers against the irresponsible and arbitrary exercise of economic power by either unions or employers.

It is that obligation which Senators Hatch and Burton and myself attempt to meet in S. 1171. We believe S. 1171 provides a sound approach to both problems, but despite the many months of work on it, we would be the first to concede that it is not perfect and that it is capable of improvement.

The proposed act would be administered by two boards. A Federal Labor Relations Board of five members would have charge of all mediation functions of the federal government, while an Unfair Labor Practices Tribunal would hear and decide complaints of unfair labor practices, now handled by the National Labor Relations Board. The tribunal's procedures would be similar to the present NLRB with enforcement through federal court orders. Our objective in setting up these two boards was to separate completely the government's quasi-judicial function in determining when rights of parties have been violated by unfair practices, and its mediation functions when the government acts as an impartial go-between trying to bring the two parties to a dispute together.

Most labor-relations disputes fall into three main groups: those over representation, where there is a question as to what union, if any, really represents a majority of the employees; disputes over the application of an existing labor-relations contract or over grievances; and, finally, disputes over the terms of a new collective-bargaining contract between a union and management.

The easiest way to explain the peaceful settlement provisions of S.1171 is to describe how it would operate in each type of dispute. Take a representation dispute first. Say the C.I.O. Automobile Workers and the A.F. of L. Machinists each claims to represent a majority of the employees of the Jones Auto Parts Co., and each demands the right to negotiate a contract exclusively. Because virtually all of the Jones company's products move into interstate commerce, the Federal Labor Relations Board steps in. It calls and conducts an election to decide which of the two shall be the exclusive bargaining agent.

Now let's take the second type of dispute, a grievance case. Suppose the Textile Workers Union has a contract with the Smith cotton mill providing three rest periods per shift for employees. The company counts the lunch hour as one rest period, while the union insists it should not count. Ten employees who take a third rest period in violation of company orders are suspended. Efforts of the management and the union to settle the dispute by negotiation get nowhere, tempers rise and a stoppage appears likely.

Board Appeals to Both Parties

The union asks the Board to intervene. The Board says to both parties: "Gentlemen, the Federal Industrial Relations Act makes it your duty to include in your contract a clause establishing an adjustment board empowered to make a final settlement of grievances like this. You did not do that, but you should do it next time you renew your contract.

"In the meantime we'll set up such a board. Each of you appoint two members of a board and authorize it to settle this matter. If those four cannot agree on a settlement, we will appoint an impartial chairman who can cast the deciding vote. Expenses of the board will be divided equally between you, and the adjustment board's decision will be final and binding on both parties."

Now we come to the really tough disputes, those involving the making of an agreement on wages, hours and working conditions. Suppose the agreement between the Atlas Steel Co. and the steelworkers union is expiring. The union demands a wage increase of twenty-five cents an hour and a reduction of the standard work week from forty to thirty hours, along with a number of lesser changes. S. 1171 would make it the duty of both parties first to try to settle their dispute by collective bargaining.

After several meetings, the union and the employer agree on everything but the wage and work-week demands. The company insists on no change, and the union presses its demands. The employer asks the FLRB to step in. First the Board sends a conciliator to the steel plant. This conciliator, who is skilled at his job, is part of the Department of Labor's conciliation service, which would operate directly under the Board.

After a week of conferences, the conciliator gets the employer to offer a five-cent increase with no change in the work week, and the union counters with an offer to accept a ten-cent increase with a 36-hour week. There things stall. The conciliator reports to the Board that he believes an offer of seven cents and a 38-hour week by the employer might be accepted if backed by the added prestige of the Board itself. Two members of the Board call both parties in and suggest that sort of compromise.

If the Board's mediation settled the dispute, that would end it. But if the two parties still failed to agree, the Board would then suggest that they agree to submit the issues still unsettled to voluntary arbitration, the arbi-

Shirley Temple says

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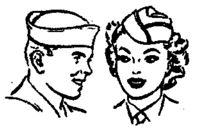

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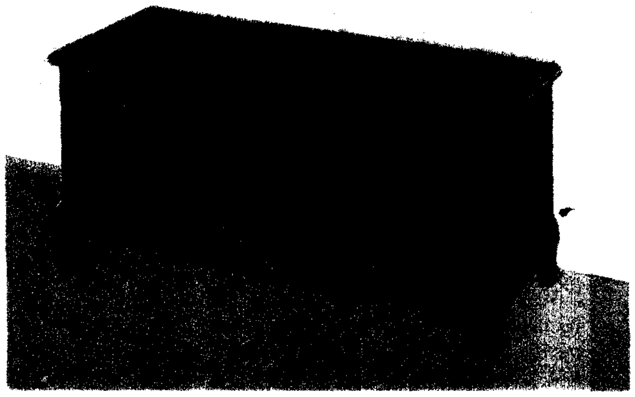

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rator's decision to be binding to both parties. If the differences between the parties had been narrowed down sufficiently, this might solve the problem. But if either the union or the employer turned down arbitration, the Board would then have to decide whether the dispute threatened to result in such a substantial interruption of commerce that its reference to a special fact-finding commission, appointed by the Board or the President, would be necessary.

If the Atlas Steel Co. produced only a small percentage of the nation's steel, the Board would drop the dispute there, and both union and employer would be free to take any action they desired. However, if the Atlas company were a major steel producer, and a prolonged stoppage of its production would be very serious to the nation, the Board would refer the dispute to a fact-finding commission, giving that commission thirty days in which to file a report making a recommendation for settlement. The thirty days could be extended to sixty days by the Board, and for thirty days after the report was filed, if its recommendations were not accepted, both the union and the employer would be prohibited from a strike or lockout.

It would be the duty of both employers and employees to exhaust the procedures for peaceful settlement of their disputes set forth in the bill before resorting to other methods, such as a strike or lockout. Likewise, neither party could make any change in the conditions out of which the dispute arose during this period except with consent of the other party or the Board. The Board is empowered to seek an injunction in federal court to stop a violation of this provision and for that purpose and that only, the Norris–La Guardia Act prohibiting injunctions in labor disputes is suspended. Also either party is authorized to sue the other party for civil damages resulting from a violation of this requirement that the *status quo* be maintained.

The objective of this requirement is simple. Some employers have shown a tendency to take advantage of this "cooling off" period to act unilaterally on wages, vacations or even on hiring and firing in such a way as to weaken the union. That would be prohibited. Similarly, some unions have become addicted to the "quickie" or pressure strike, called suddenly and often without a semblance of collective bargaining in an effort to gain an immediate advantage and force the employer to capitulate. S. 1171 would restrict the right to strike to that extent. Exactly the same restriction prevails under the Railway Labor Act. Unions of railway employees are among the most completely organized and best disciplined in the country, and they have not had a serious stoppage since the act was passed.

If our third example had been a power company supplying electricity to a metropolitan city, the Board would have taken one other step. It would have made a public finding that it was necessary for the parties to accept a compulsory settlement of their dispute because any interruption in the supply of its product would cause severe hardship on a substantial number of persons. The special fact-finding commission would therefore be vested with the powers of a board of arbitration and its award would be binding on both parties and enforceable in the courts. This compulsory-arbitration provision would apply to public utilities and also to the supply of an essential food, such as milk, or an essential fuel, such as coal.

A Two-Fold Purpose

In S. 1171 we have narrowed federal jurisdiction over disputes considerably, by requiring that they threaten a "substantial" interruption of interstate commerce and by exempting disputes affecting less than twenty employees, which are left to state agencies to handle. Our purpose was twofold. First to return to a more reasonable definition of federal jurisdiction, which has been stretched to fantastic lengths, and second, to avoid cluttering up the Board's calendar with thousands of petty, local disputes which would inevitably slow its work and delay procedures.

The second title of S. 1171 dealing with unfair labor practices is more controversial and probably will require more study and rewriting in committee.

S. 1171 would rewrite Section 8 of the Wagner Act to make the unfair labor practices defined in that section apply to employees as well as employers. For instance, it would be an unfair labor practice for either employees or employers to refuse to bargain collectively on any controversy. That obligation now applies only to employers, and unfortunately, there has been a growing tendency on the part of unions in the past decade to use the strike weapon without even going through the motions of collective bargaining.

Violation of the obligation to exhaust peaceful procedures for settlement of disputes set forth in the bill by either party would be a new unfair practice, and union interference with purely management decisions also would be an unfair practice.

One of the hottest issues in the bill is its rewrite of the proviso in the Wagner Act legalizing all closed-shop contracts entered into "voluntarily." Instead of a blanket legalization, S. 1171 would legalize such contracts unless and until the Unfair Labor Practices Tribunal, acting on complaint or on its own volition, found the union failed to meet these requirements: (1) that 75 per cent of the employees covered by the agreement are members of the union; (2) that the agreement itself has been approved by 60 per cent of the employees covered by it; (3) that the union will admit on equal terms any individual employed or seeking employment, and (4) that the union will not deprive any individual of membership and thereby his job, except on written charges after a fair hearing.

Union spokesmen have claimed this proviso would prohibit any closed-shop contract, either union shop or maintenance of membership, until the union had met these requirements. That is completely wrong. We realize full well how deeply closed shops are embedded in our labor-relations structure, and the proviso was carefully drawn so that any closed-shop contract is legal *until* the Tribunal makes a formal finding that the union involved does not meet these standards. After such a finding, an employer would be guilty of an unfair labor practice if he discriminated against non-union employees.

Labor has concentrated its fire on requirements (1) and (2), which in my opinion are far less important than (3) and (4). The percentages required merely make sure that the closed shop, which after all is a drastic regimentation of those covered by it and a very substantial interference with the freedom of the non-union employee, is really desired by a substantial majority of those covered. The Kaiser shipyard at Portland, Oregon, for instance, signed a closed-shop contract with the A.F. of L. metal-trades unions in that city when less than 200 men were employed, and subsequently upward of 50,000 persons were employed under that contract.

Example of Closed-Shop Contracts

Even more undemocratic are a few unions with closed-shop contracts and closed and rigidly restricted memberships. The Newspaper Delivery Union which recently tied up newspaper deliveries in New York City for more than two weeks is a perfect example of the closed union with a closed shop. Although the work its members do is relatively unskilled this union imposes an initiation fee of $500 on each new member and in fact has refused to admit more than a handful of new members for years. It is using the closed-shop contract to monopolize and exploit for a privileged few job opportunities which should be open to all qualified on a free competitive basis.

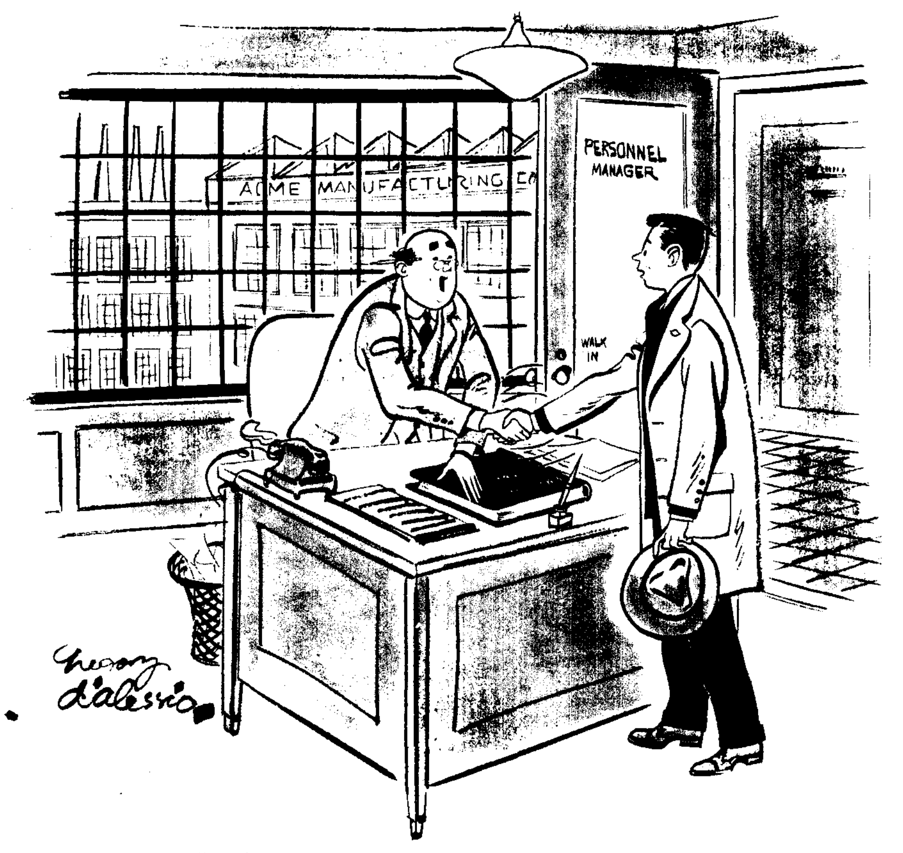
Requirements (3) and (4) of our closed-shop proviso would give the individual who is the victim of that kind of monopoly at least a chance at equality of opportunity. If government is going to tax all of its citizens to provide job opportunities for all, it certainly cannot permit these few closed unions to use closed-shop contracts to monopolize these opportunities for the benefit of a privileged few.

The United Nations Charter, which is simply an agreement among fifty-one nations to settle their international disputes by peaceful means instead of by war and to stop by force any outlaw nations which do resort to force, was ratified by the Senate by the overwhelming vote of 89 to 2.

If a program of peaceful settlement of disputes among nations is sound, well then a program for peaceful settlement of disputes between management and labor, with appropriate sanctions on the few outlaws, is just as sound. And the need is just as urgent. Unless some such program is worked out, we are headed for industrial chaos and in the opposite direction from full employment and greater prosperity.

THE END

WELCOME HOME! **by GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"Well, you've got your old job back, Howland, but you can't start yet—you're on strike"

Men! DO YOU KNOW THESE FACTS ABOUT SUSPENSORIES?

● Many men are not even aware that a persistent, energy-draining strain on certain delicate and vital cords and muscles can cause them to tire too easily.

This strain affects office workers and laborers alike, particularly as they reach their 30's. It affects the entire system. The result is an ever-increasing fatigue; you feel "all in," fagged out.

Comfortable Support Needed

There is nothing better than a Bauer & Black O.P.C. Suspensory to help you to avoid this fatigue . . . and maintain bodily vigor. It has a soft knitted pouch, so comfortable and easy to wear that you scarcely know you have it on. Soft, elastic leg straps and waist band hold it securely in place regardless of your activity. Buckles for individual adjustment. Once adjusted, slips on or off as easily as your "shorts."

Men in all walks of life—bankers, laborers, business executives, skilled mechanics and unskilled laborers—say they feel younger, peppier, less fatigued, thanks to its scientific help.

Go to your druggist today. Ask for a Bauer & Black O.P.C. Suspensory. Regular model, $1.00—De Luxe model, $1.25.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK, valuable information about Suspensories, and why so many men in all kinds of occupations now wear them, is given in a frank, interesting booklet, "What Every Man Should Know About Suspensories." Send for it today. There is no obligation. You may benefit greatly. Simply write Dept. S-514.

BAUER & BLACK Suspensories
Division of The Kendall Company
2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago 16, Illinois

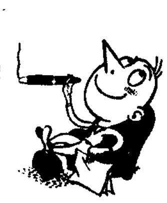
YES NO
Poor Digestion? ☐ ☐
Headachy? ☐ ☐
Sour or Upset? ☐ ☐
Tired-Listless? ☐ ☐

Do you feel headachy and upset due to poorly digested food? To feel cheerful and happy again your food must be digested properly.

Each day, Nature must produce about two pints of a vital digestive juice to help digest your food. If Nature fails, your food may remain undigested—leaving you headachy and irritable.

Therefore, you must increase the flow of this digestive juice. Carter's Little Liver Pills increase this flow quickly—often in as little as 30 minutes. And, you're on the road to feeling better.

Don't depend on artificial aids to counteract indigestion—when Carter's Little Liver Pills aid digestion after Nature's own order. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills as directed. Get them at any drugstore. Only 25¢.


THE RECEPTION
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HOTEL LENNOX
WASHINGTON AT NINTH

Scoldy Lox
BOB PINS
NEVER LET
YOUR HAIR DOWN
•The pin with a lasting grip
•Smooth finish inside and out

MORE MILK AND EGGS

BY CLAY PERRY

New breeding methods point the way toward doubling the production of vital dairy foods

AS AN agricultural institution, Mount Hope Farm in Williamstown, Massachusetts, has upset the dictums of state and United States departments of agriculture and stood traditional breeding standards on their collective ear. This situation arose because traditional breeding looks backward to ancestors, while Mount Hope Farm's discoveries look forward toward offspring—a difference with consequences of considerable significance to American dairymen.

In the breeding of dairy cattle, for instance, dairy cows in the United States annually produce less than 5,000 pounds of milk per cow. Even in the best herds—those included in the Dairy Herd Improvement Associations—it is only about 8,000 pounds per year, and that figure is maintained only by constant culling—a process whereby only the cows with high records are included, poor ones being omitted so as to keep the average higher. Except for this culling, the figure would be less than half what it is.

There's a brighter side to the picture, though, for E. Parmalee Prentice on his Mount Hope Farm has demonstrated that it is possible to double the average production of our dairy herds and, as a corollary, that with half the 28,000,000 dairy cows in the U. S. today, we could produce just as much milk—at half the present cost.

The Mount Hope method is to use as breeders only those animals that have really good offspring. The best bull is the one that has the best daughters. Instead of looking back at a bull's ancestry to see how they did, dairymen should measure his value by the production of his daughters compared with the production of his mates. This comparison determines and states how good a bull is, and the statement is called his index.

The principal sire at the farm until a July flood drowned him was Madcap Victor, a Jersey bull purchased *after* he had made a good index. To be strictly technical, this index reads: 16 pairs—10,563 lbs. M.—601 lbs. B. F. Young, home-bred bulls replace him.

Reducing this to plain English, it means that comparing the production of Victor's unselected mates and daughters—16 dam-daughter pairs in all—the production he transmits to his offspring is 10,563 pounds of milk and 601 pounds of butter fat.

Many other bulls have been used at Mount Hope, some registered and some not, but all are judged finally by their indexes. The result is that Mount Hope has actually developed an American milch cow.

Here are the certified figures: The five-year average of the herds, 1937-1941, when official testing stopped because the Berkshire Dairy Herd Improvement Association was unable to procure testers, was 12,015 pounds of milk and an average of 531 pounds of butter fat. This exceeds the annual average of all Dairy Herd Improvement Association herds in the country by more than 45 per cent of total milk and more than 50 per cent of total butter fat per cow. And without culling, too.

The story with poultry is similar: more and bigger eggs that cost less to produce. Mount Hope Leghorns are bred in the same method of "asking the daughters" which hen and cock gave the most production values to their progeny. It sounds simple, but it keeps a dozen people busy bookkeeping in eggs and numbers and names, for every animal is named. There is no culling or selection among the birds taken into the laying houses; if one of a family is taken, all are taken and kept for a full year.

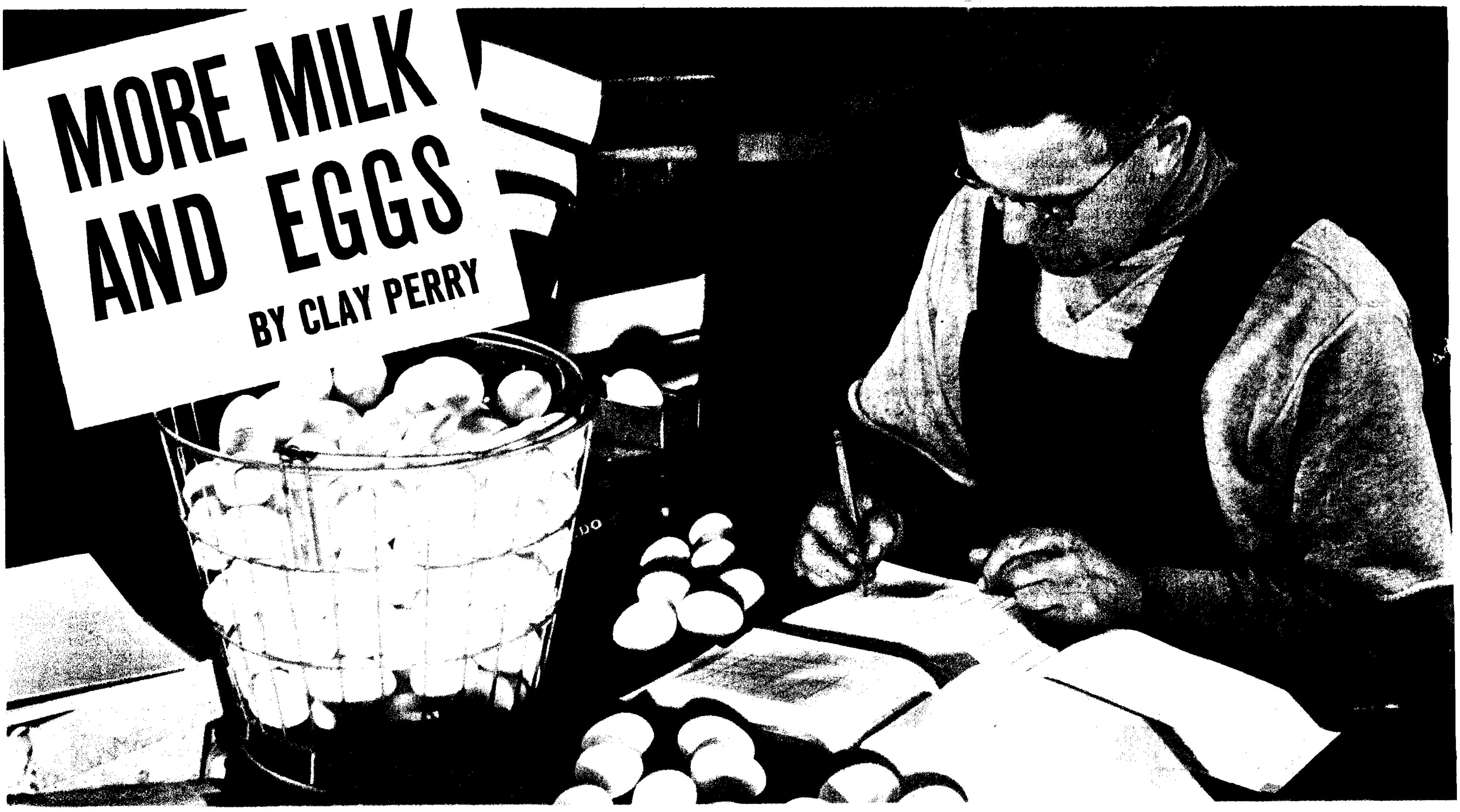
The records, therefore, show the unadulterated truth about Mount Hope breeding and feeding. The pay-off is that in 21 years the flock average has risen from 169 eggs a year for each hen to between 230 and 240 a year, and it's rising every year from seven to nine eggs. Incidentally, the average production for a hen in this country is 110 eggs per year.

To the "purebred" philosophy, which for

(*Continued on page* 84)

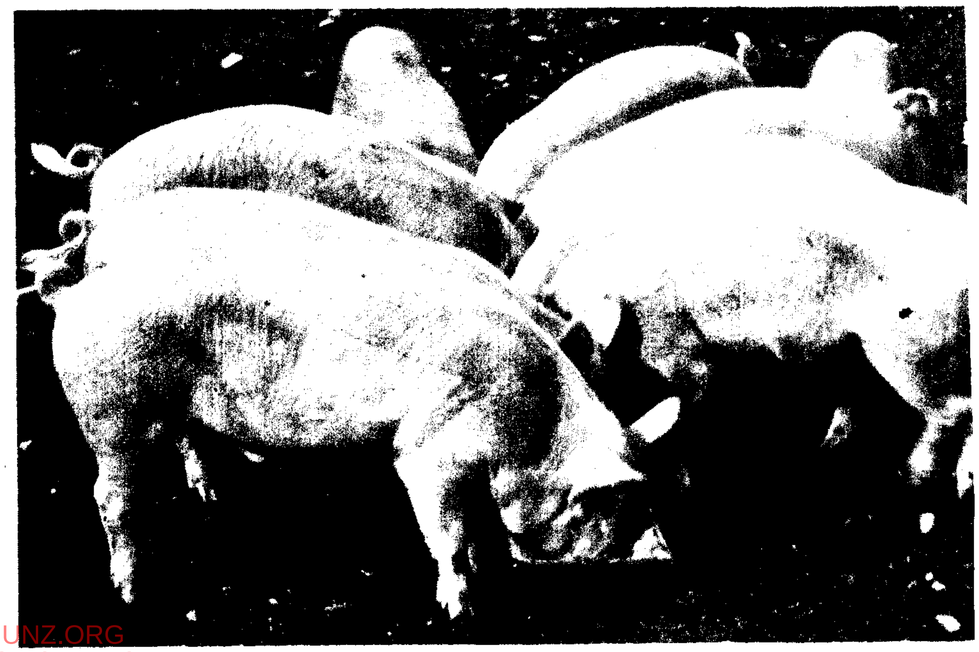
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

The hens raised at Mount Hope Farm produce more, bigger and better eggs, and the farm records prove it



Grass fed into the drier, lower left, emerges baked, bright green and nutritious. Lower right, one of Mount Hope Farm's fine Jersey bulls

The Farm's method is to use as breeders only the animals that have really produced good offspring. The fine pigs below show that the method is successful



Mrs. Curtis has a crisis on her hands

Mrs. Curtis' little world is in a mess.

Her husband can't drive around on business calls. Can't drop the kids off at school. Her shopping will be done at the convenience of neighbors. Whom she hates to ask for favors.

For the Curtis' car is worn out. Finished. And the bus is always badly overloaded long before it reaches the Curtis' corner.

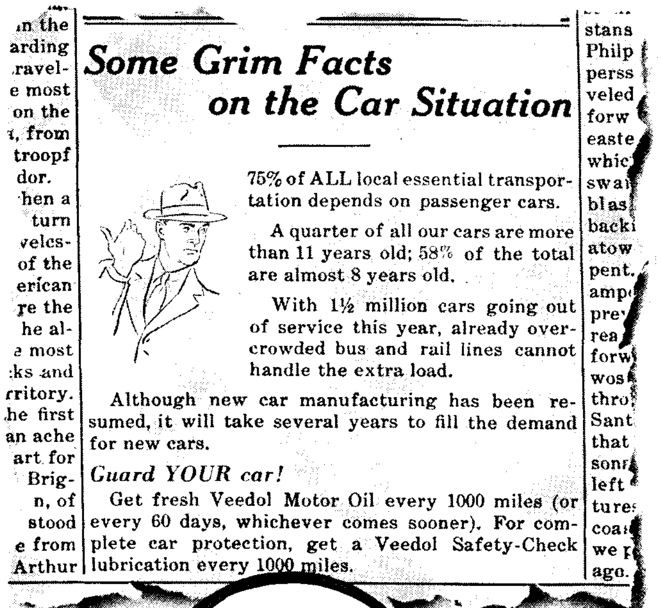
Today Mrs. Curtis realizes how vital that car was in maintaining her home and family life. But it's too late. It's too late, every day, for the 3,000 families whose cars wear out. Many of them will be without private transportation for several years.

It's serious. Those of us with savable cars MUST take advantage of our two main hopes: the equipment and skill of car service men, the wear-fighting materials we fortunately have aplenty.

For example, there's Veedol Motor Oil, supreme enemy of engine wear, triply-refined from 100% Pennsylvania crude. And chassis-saving lubricants used in a Veedol Safety-Check lubrication job.

Lose no time. See your Veedol dealer—now. For your car is not only vital to you. It's essential to our national transportation.

Remember, every car counts. *Yours* most of all.



Some Grim Facts on the Car Situation

75% of ALL local essential transportation depends on passenger cars.

A quarter of all our cars are more than 11 years old; 58% of the total are almost 8 years old.

With 1½ million cars going out of service this year, already overcrowded bus and rail lines cannot handle the extra load.

Although new car manufacturing has been resumed, it will take several years to fill the demand for new cars.

Guard YOUR car!

Get fresh Veedol Motor Oil every 1000 miles (or every 60 days, whichever comes sooner). For complete car protection, get a Veedol Safety-Check lubrication every 1000 miles.

VEEDOL
MOTOR OIL

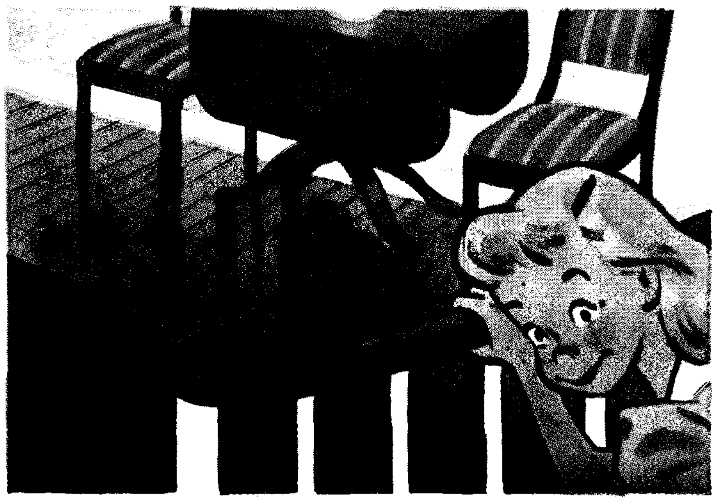
BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
New York Tulsa San Francisco

Trust your car to Veedol—
it will see you through

Hear Fibber McGee and Molly every Tuesday night, NBC

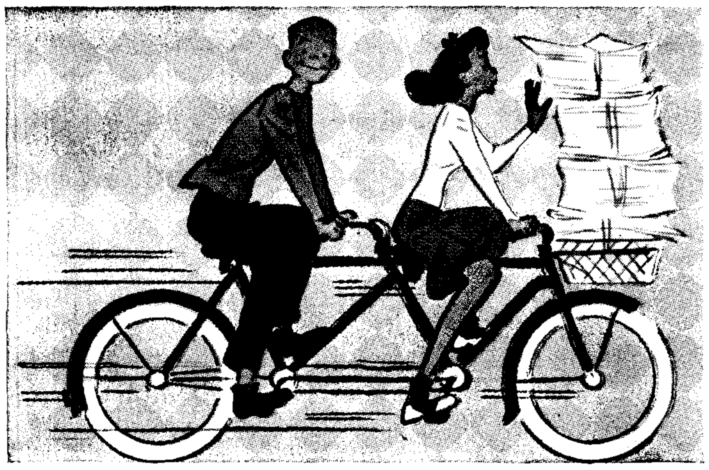
"Let's begin with the finish," says Fibber McGee, "and wax it!"



Wax the finish first and see how it lasts and lasts! Whether your floors are varnished, shellacked, painted or lacquered, faithful care with Johnson's Wax will keep them always beautiful . . . always protected from wear and dirt. Makes cleaning so easy, too!

Your precious furniture, also, needs the protection of Johnson's Wax. It brings out the lustrous graining of the wood and guards the surface from marks and scratches. The Johnson Wax method of housekeeping is actually *protective* housekeeping!

Shield your woodwork and furniture from moisture and wear with Johnson's Cream Wax. It cleans as it polishes . . . gives painted and finished surfaces a lovely lustre that means protection! So easy to use . . . so simple to renew! Wax-protect your decorative accessories, too!



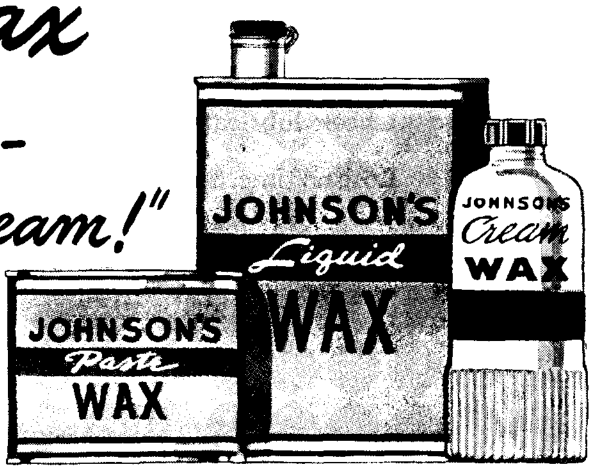
This is no random tandem! They've got an aim in view every time they turn in a pile of paper! They're aiming at ending waste of this vitally needed material . . . and it's a job every one of us is needed on. So be sure to save every scrap and turn it in regularly!

Watch for WAX-O-NAMEL!

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Johnson's Wax laboratories have successfully blended high-quality enamel with wax. The result is a patented product, WAX-O-NAMEL, a superior finish that will give new household equipment richer beauty, extra protection and make cleaning easier. Remember the name—Johnson's WAX-O-NAMEL—and look for the WAX-O-NAMEL label or tag on the new things you buy.

"Johnson's Wax comes in 3 forms—paste, liquid and cream!"



© S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Racine, Wis., 1945

Darling, You Are the One

Continued from page 27

dancers were straining for something; and the coloring made it seem as if they didn't know what they were reaching for, as if they were lost in a world of vagueness. He felt an instant kinship with the dancers.

"Elizabeth," he called, "How did you come to get just that picture?"

She came out of the kitchen and stood in the doorway looking at him, and now her face seemed friendly, without its constraint and caution.

"I liked it," she said. "It keeps me—well—it keeps me believing in things." She turned her eyes to the picture, too. "I like it because they're reaching up," she said simply. She went back to the kitchen.

Suddenly he wanted to talk to her. What if it were just an act? Maybe this time it wasn't? Maybe she was on the level. He waited until she had placed the food on the coffee table and poured coffee for them.

"Maybe," he said, "maybe you could understand—straighten things out for me. Maybe I could talk to you." He didn't look at her now. It had been a long time since he had talked seriously to a girl. He had almost forgotten how. "Look," he said. "I'm divorced. My wife wrote and asked me for a divorce after I had been at sea about a year and a half." He glanced at her then, and she was looking at him quietly, waiting for him to go on.

"But that isn't what I wanted to say . . . You see, I'm all mixed up. I try to think it out but it's no good. I'm not saying that I care about the divorce. I don't any more. I'm all over that. But—well, we were happy when we were together. We got along all right. That's not it. It's just that, well, if people can change like that, then there isn't a damn' thing you can hold onto in the world. You have to believe in people or else there isn't anything. But she did change. Maybe she would have if I had been home. I don't know. But the important thing is that she did change. I don't want her back any more. Don't think that. But if there aren't people you can believe in, then you might as well go to hell and be done with it. And the fastest way."

"But you haven't made up your mind that you want to go to hell," said Elizabeth.

He got up and walked up and down the room, over to the window and back.

"Maybe that's all there is," he said. "Maybe that's all there is."

"No," said Elizabeth. "Oh, no."

"But that isn't all of it," he went on. "I told you that I used to be a good band man. I want to be again. You don't know what a band—what being in it and with it—means to me. But if I wouldn't be good, if I couldn't do it again, then . . . And I won't know until I get a chance to crack it again. This being here on home duty, not knowing when I may be sent to sea, is really getting me down. I'm so close to it and yet I can't get started at it. My hands are tied. And then, if there wasn't, in addition to the band business, this other, this feeling that I'm a fool and that it doesn't matter and nothing matters if people aren't what you—Oh, hell!"

He sat down and lit a cigarette. He knew he had told her very badly, and he felt a deep revulsion for having told her at all. She wouldn't know what he was talking about. Probably what she was expecting right now was for him to come over and make love to her.

But she was looking at her coffee cup, staring at it, her brows drawn into a frown. "Well," she said. "I suppose I could tell you all the easy simple things. The sort of things that people would tell you if they didn't care much. But I can't. I could say that of course you will be a good band man again. Of course you will find someone to believe in. But I can't. I know it's going to be tough."

HE GOT up again and came toward her. "Let's forget all about it," he said. He sat down beside her and put his arm around her; she let it remain, but she didn't seem to be aware of it. He pressed his hand against her shoulder, pulled her close to him and kissed her, letting his mouth come down deep and fully around hers. She made no demur, but neither did she respond. When she spoke it was as if he hadn't kissed her at all.

"I could tell you my own personal philosophy," she said. "But it's not an easy one. And a lot of people wouldn't like it."

"Let's hear your personal philosophy," he said, humoringly, keeping her against him, drawing her closer.

"It's just that in this world you have only yourself," she said. She smoothed her skirt with one hand, idly back and forth. "You have to make up your mind whether you are worth anything to yourself. You can only really have yourself. You have to know what kind of person you want to be, and stick to it. And then no matter what anyone does to you, it will hurt you, yes, but it won't change you from yourself. It's a hard way of looking at it, but it's one way of keeping your balance."

He moved away from her a little. "It's a lonely way," he said. He lit another cigarette.

"It needn't be. The few people I have admired have been like that. I'm not lonely because I know that for me it's right. And those few people have, just by example, kept me plugging along." She put down her coffee cup and as she leaned forward he saw the light shining on her hair in soft radiance, the same radiance on her arms. By her way of thinking all he had been doing in his chasing around, his being busted in rank over and over again, was to hurt himself, to destroy himself whom she considered the most important thing in life to him. He didn't like the thought.

"Why did you come to New York?" he asked suddenly.

She leaned back and looked at him with a little reflective smile. "I came because I was in love with somebody," she said.

"So you wanted to get as far away from him as possible. Makes sense."

"It does in a way. I knew he wasn't what I wanted."

"A really strong character." He spoke jeeringly. "Or maybe just cold." He reached over and drew her into his arms. He brushed her lips with his, softly, over and over, light, caressing kisses. The kind that gets results, he thought to himself. But when he saw her eyes they were just amused.

"You just don't know what you want, do you?" she said.

"All right," he said. "Throw me out." He walked with her to the door, his arm around her waist. He decided to make one last try. He put one hand against her head, liking the feel of the soft hair and the way it felt against his fingers, and he held her mouth to his, kissing her as if he loved her, letting himself think for a minute that he did love her and that she was all he could ever want. He felt her arm come up around his shoulder, holding him against her, and her lips moved under his.

When he released her he held her off and looked at her, and now he felt an eagerness and a trust in her, a liking for her that was real.

"I'll see you again," he said.

"Yes," she said.

But he didn't call her right away; he couldn't figure out why. Part of the time it was because he was sure she was what she said she was, what she seemed, and in that case she wouldn't have much to do with a fellow like him for very long. And part of the time it was because he was afraid she wasn't what she said or seemed. He remembered her lips moving under his, and for some funny reason he wished they hadn't. Maybe she could be had. Maybe she just played hard to get, and had kissed him like that to be sure he would come back. He didn't know what he wanted it to be, and so one night after he had had quite a bit to drink he decided to find out.

He saw that she knew he had been drinking as soon as she opened the door, but she didn't say anything, and that guarded, withdrawn look was in her eyes. He decided that she was what she had seemed, and the thought sobered him.

"I thought you might like to go dancing," he said, keeping his hands off her.

She considered him thoughtfully. "All right," she said. "While I get ready have a cup of coffee. There's some in the kitchen."

WHEN she came out of the bedroom she had on a simple white dress with a square neck; her skin glowed warm and smooth and tan against the white. Her eyes looked very dark, almost black.

"What are you doing with a guy like me?" he asked suddenly.

She paused, looking at him and smiling. "What are you doing with a girl like me?" she asked. "You could be having more fun with someone else. You know how serious I am. No line . . . no gags . . ."

He came close to her, put his arms around her waist. "That's what I want," he said.

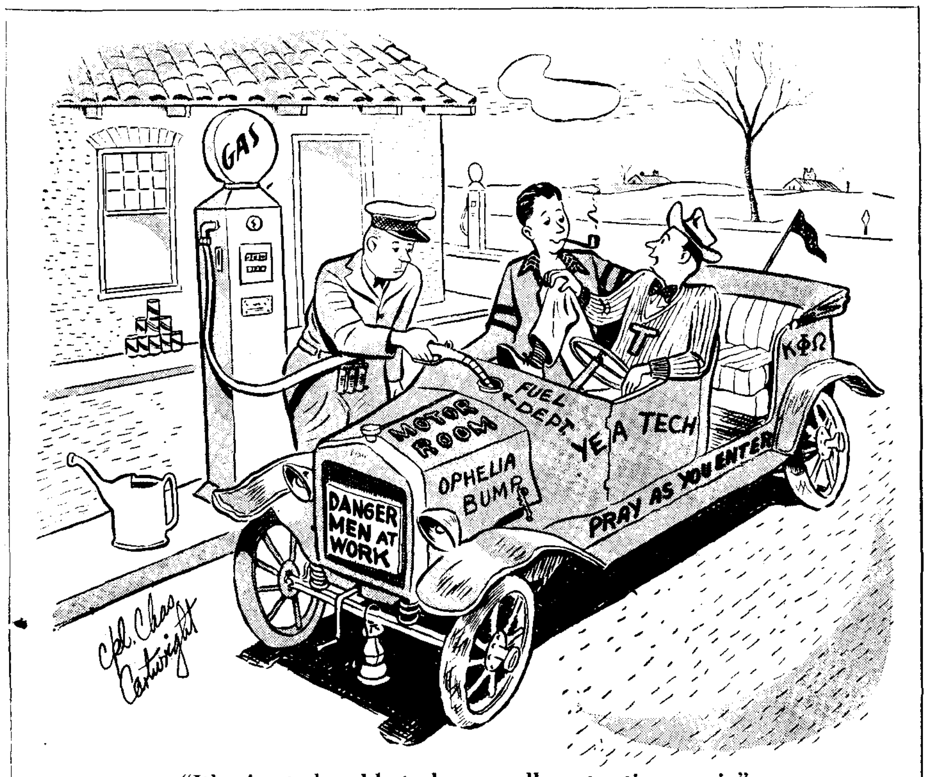
She tipped her head back and her face sobered. "Do you?" she asked. "Do you?"

All right, Jerry, he told himself, go into your act. The girl's asking for it. "Darling, you are the one," he said. "You are the one."

She stepped out of his arms then. "Sex must be a wonderful thing," she said, her voice hard.

"You should try it sometime," he said.

She opened the door and he followed her



"It's nice to be able to buy a gallon at a time again"

COLLIER'S CPL. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

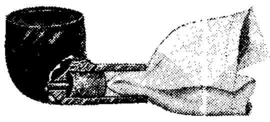
STOP GOO

NO GOO CAN PASS HESSON GUARD

IT'S CUSHION SEALED

$1

HANDKERCHIEF TEST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HESSON GUARD

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Where Trousers only are worn
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*NO OTHER ONE-PIECE UNDERWEAR CAN DO THIS!

Dress well and keep well this winter . . . help your system avoid colds and heart strain by *balancing* the way you dress. Only JONES QUALITY Health Underwear gives you supreme ONE-PIECE comfort, with usual LIGHT weight top to prevent overheating indoors, but EXTRA weight bottom for winter leg warmth. *No* twisty waistbands . . . no binding . . . no bagging or bulges! Ribbed knit, air-cell construction; easily washed. $2 up at better stores . . . *NOW!*

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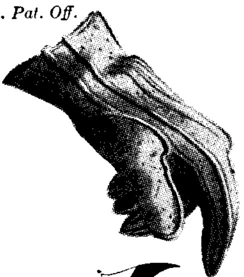
...and here are **important** gloves!

Created by Albert Richard, these distinctive gloves are the choice of well-dressed men everywhere. Smoothly tailored of rich, supple leathers. Action-Fit* for full finger freedom. Made by the makers of world-famous Albert Richard coats and jackets. Featured at leading stores. Ask for them by name—Albert Richard Gloves!

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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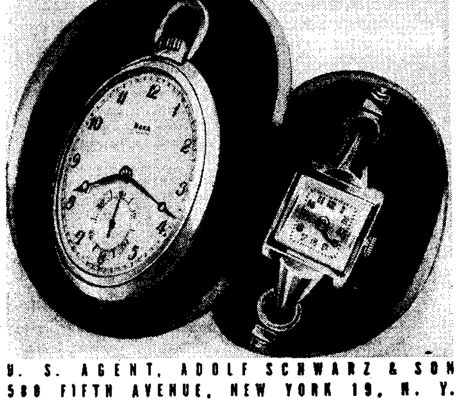
ALWAYS A GREAT NAME IN WATCHMAKING

The fame of DOXA has remained unblemished by exploitation. It is a prized family heritage, jealously guarded by skilled workmen, producing a precision movement, and in the rare beauty of each DOXA Watch.

Created by the noted Georges Ducommun in 1889, DOXA still enjoys universal reputation with the Watch-World's famous Jacques Nardin at the helm. Thus, today's DOXA is worthy of its fine tradition and the responsibility reposed in it.

AT BETTER JEWELERS



U. S. AGENT, ADOLF SCHWARZ & SON
580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

downstairs. They didn't say anything until they were seated in one of the Village night spots. When they danced he was careful to be decent about it; and because he tried so hard, and because he wanted to recapture that feeling about her he had had that first night, things became right between them again. He found himself telling her all about himself, about how he had liked music from the time he was a kid, and how his mother had encouraged him in it. He showed her a picture of his sister and his mother and father, and he told her what they were like. And this time when he told her he would like to show her his home he really meant it.

"I should have a leave before I'm sent out again," he said. "Couldn't you come with me and meet them? You would like it. I know."

"But you scarcely know me," she protested.

"I know you," he said, and for that moment he was sure he did. "It doesn't take time to know people, you know. You can know somebody a long time and not know them at all."

HE SAW her often after that. He knew he was falling in love with her; he wanted to be with her all the time. He liked to talk to her, and they talked about all sorts of things that he had never talked about with a girl before: would Russia and the U.S. go to war sometime in the next twenty years; the merits of Truman as President; music and art. They went to all the large art museums in New York, heard the Symphony concerts, walked in Central Park.

But the more he saw her, the more he felt he was loving her, the more afraid he became. Sometimes he talked to her about it.

"Well," he said, "I suppose after I'm gone you'll have to find yourself someone else."

They were sitting in her living room then, and she turned to look at him with a softness in her eyes.

"I can always write to you, can't I? Or aren't you going to give me your address?"

"You would write for a while." He looked moodily at his cigarette. "And then you would forget. I wouldn't blame you. That's life."

"So that's life," she said. "I have a friend who has waited for nearly four years. Without ever having seen him in that time. There are people who wait, you know. Most of them do."

"But I know a lot of them don't."

"I wouldn't forget," she said.

"You think you wouldn't. And you wouldn't want to. But you go out all the time and you get lonely and you drift into it. I know."

"There are so many things to do that you don't need to forget. You don't need other people. You just have to be sure of one . . . love one."

"Love!" he said scornfully, because he knew how love could change. He had had it and it had changed, and he was afraid of being sure.

"Of course," she said quietly, "I don't know; you do. I'm sorry. I'm sure I would tear around like mad. Probably go completely haywire."

He held her close then, pressing his cheek against hers, only wanting to be gentle and feel some of the goodness and faith that she had.

"I'm the one to be sorry," he said. "You have a hell of a time with me. First I try to make you and now I don't even believe what you say. I'm not good enough for you."

Her arms were about him at once, holding him, smoothing his hair. "I know what you are," she said. "I know."

But now that he was sure about her, now that he was convinced what she was, he wanted more than anything else to take care of her, to give her things, to be the sort of person she thought he was—and was, when he was with her. And he had nothing, nothing to offer her. She had more now than he would have for years to come. The music racket was a tough one to crash; he knew because he had had to do it once. He didn't even know if he could play the trumpet as he had once done. He had nothing to offer her except years of waiting; or if not waiting, then years of being tied to a man who couldn't even give her the essentials of living. He didn't even know for sure what he was, whether he could stick to her way of living, of looking at things. . . .

He stayed away from her for a week, thinking all this over, and when he went to see her that night he was distraught and tired of thinking. When she came to the door and he saw her, he felt a pain in his heart, a presage of loss.

"You're so beautiful," he said, and she understood that he didn't mean face or figure and didn't argue about it.

While they talked he kept thinking and his thoughts didn't make him any happier. At last he put his head in his hands and just sat, not able to keep it up, not able to pretend any longer.

She came quickly and sat beside him on the couch, pulling his head into her lap. She stroked his hair, talked to him softly, murmuringly; and at last he raised his head and held her, feeling her, the full length of her body, the way she lay against him in absolute confidence. If only she would protest. If only she would say, no, we shouldn't be like this, he thought, it would be easier. Then he would know she didn't really trust him at all. But she did, and that was why he couldn't hurt her, make her wait, make her maybe be tied to somebody who never would get any place. A ham musician.

"Look," he said, his words coming out broken because it was so hard to say them. "Look, you know what I am. I'm nothing. Nothing. I have nothing. Nothing to offer you. I'm nothing, do you hear? With me *you* would be nothing. I'd just drag you down. With me you couldn't learn anything good. You don't know what you're doing."

She only pressed herself closer to him, her body warm and comforting against his.

"Could I make you happy? Could I?" He raised his head and stared at her. "Would you be happy with me?"

"Yes," she said. "Don't feel like this. Yes, I could be happy with you."

"You don't know how hard it will be. You don't know. I can't . . . You deserve somebody better. Don't get stuck with me. You don't know how I'll end up. Be sensible. You're a sensible girl."

"Darling, it won't matter. We have what matters. See, I am the sensible one."

He got up then, even though she tried to hold him.

"I'd better go," he said. "Before I really don't do the right thing." He tried to grin. "You're in no mood to say no, either."

She smiled at him, and shook her head.

HE PICKED up his cap and walked out, not looking back. When he got downstairs he leaned against the wall. He lit a cigarette, his hand trembling a little. He knew he would never see her again.

As he walked away, he told himself that for once in his life he was doing the right thing. It was right. She wasn't for him. What had she said about that other guy she had left back home? That she knew he wasn't what she wanted. Well, he had used every trick from the bottom of the deck to get her interested in him. She wouldn't forget him; she would be hurt, but she could take it.

He stopped, looking back at the empty street. He had learned a lot here. He thought about that for a while, standing still in the quiet street. He had something to believe in, someone he could trust. That was what he needed to know.

Yes, that was what he needed to know. But, hell, what was he doing? He thought about her eyes, and the clear look in them, and the love. She did love him. She wouldn't forget him. She would wait, if. . . .

Suddenly he started off down the street, hurrying, and when he came to a drugstore he ducked into a booth and dialed her number.

"Hello, baby," he said. He waited for her voice, and he could hear the gladness in it, the relief. "Look, kid," he said, "I'll write. Once in a while. Do you see? Do you know what I mean?"

"All right," she said. And then, "Darling. . . ."

He hung up, leaning his head against the metal of the telephone. He felt better than he had ever felt in his life.

THE END

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A Girl Like Miss Henesie

Continued from page 14

Kelly answered with an impassive nod. Cornelius Holleran flashed the badge again and announced in his extraordinary bass voice who they were.

"I know," the yellow dress said.

An electric button snapped, and three or four lamps came on in various parts of the room; then Henesie came down the steps, smiling at Cornelius Holleran, and dropped the yellow straw hat, a pair of gloves and a dull black leather bag on the coffee table. "I heard about you downstairs. You've got poor Mr. Andrews terribly worried."

A tall girl, with very black hair and very white teeth and very clear, dark skin, she gave Kelly a quick but not unfriendly look and the same sort of smile Cornelius Holleran had received.

All the time that they had been waiting here, Kelly had pictured this Henesie to himself as a small, shrewd female, ageless but chic, with a birdlike and rather petulant French face. Now, surprised, but not at all intimidated by a girl like this, he cleared his throat and informed her that there wasn't anything to worry about. Did she remember a woman named Mrs. Allen who had been her maid here about a month ago?

"Of course." She ran one hand up through the black hair, shaking it out gracefully. "I've only been able to get a girl in for two days a week since she left me. Why?"

"Sit down, lady," Cornelius Holleran said, closing the wallet over his badge. "He's Kelly. I'm Holleran. Inspector Donnelly sent us over here to see you."

"Oh." She sat down slowly. "Inspector who? I'm not quite sure that I—"

"Acting innocent, hey?" Cornelius Holleran demanded affably. He appeared to have taken an enormous fancy to her at once. "Okay, Kelly. I guess we get out the blackjacks and the rubber hose."

Ignoring that remark, Kelly began to explain the necessary details about the woman who called herself Mrs. Allen or Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Anything-at-all. What she did, or what Inspector Donnelly had come to believe she did, was to hire herself out to single girls, in apartments like this, for a week or so at a time; in a week Mrs. Allen's trained eye could decide whether or not her boss was worth bothering about, and if she were—if jewelry, cash, negotiable bonds or anything else valuable was apparent—Mrs. Allen walked out on her first pay day with a spare key that she'd had made for the back door.

She never came back. But two or three weeks later, the husband did. He had the spare key then, and he knew what to look for; furthermore, he was usually cautious enough to pick a week end when the tenant didn't answer her phone, and the chances seemed good that she was off somewhere in the country. The thing had worked itself out very nicely for the past three or four months. And then, the week end before last—

"Yes?" Henesie said, when Kelly paused. She had altogether exceptional dark blue eyes, and so long as he went on speaking she never seemed to think of moving them away from him. Now, however, they widened after a moment and moved quickly to Cornelius Holleran and back again to Kelly. "Oh! That girl who was found murdered in her apartment over in East 81st Street, you mean? Mrs. Allen worked for her?"

KELLY replied with a grim contraction of the lips that he guessed perhaps she had. Inspector Donnelly had been put onto the case at that time, and it was discovered then that all the girls who had had their apartments ransacked had at one time employed for a week or so a woman who looked like this Mrs. Allen. Meanwhile, through the employment agencies, the department had located three more places where this Mrs. Allen had worked, but which hadn't been touched yet.

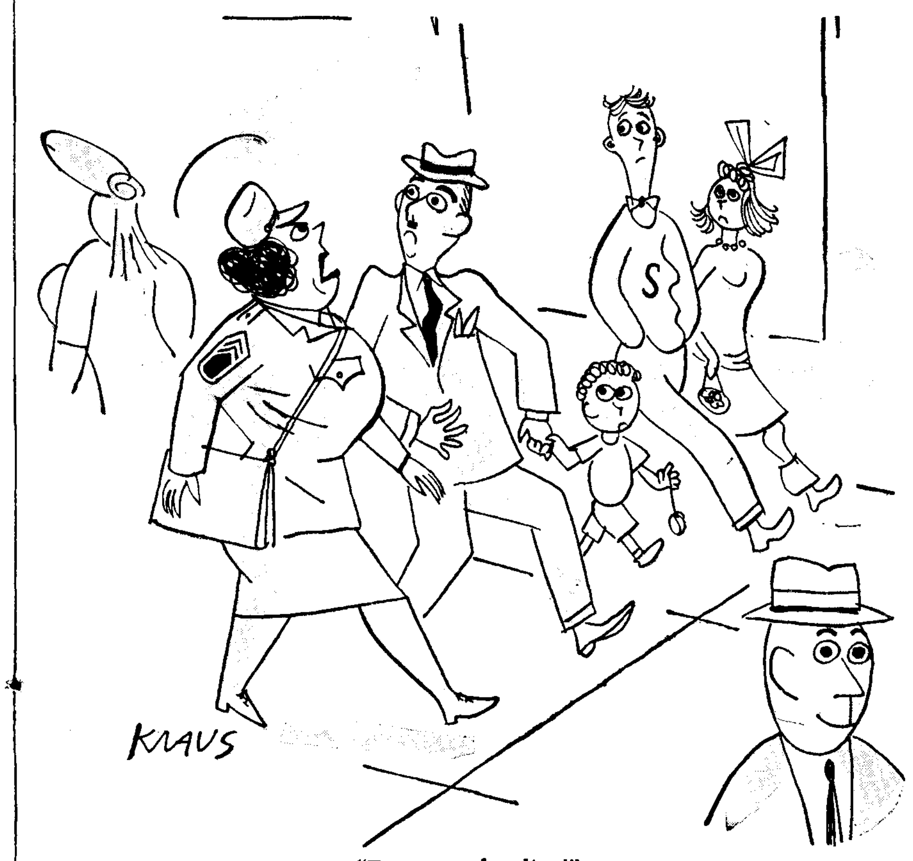
This was one, Kelly added curtly. That's why they were here. From now on, at each of the three apartments, Inspector Donnelly wanted two men on hand from seven o'clock in the evening until seven o'clock the next morning. He was sorry, Kelly said, if their staying here would inconvenience her, but he and Cornelius Holleran had to be around this apartment all night and every night, till Mr. Allen came out of his rathole again.

She had watched him so far with a fascinated but slightly disconcerting regard; now she said very quickly, "Oh, my goodness! Stay here? With me?"

"That's the general idea," Kelly said stolidly.

She jumped up at once. "But that's impossible," she said.

Cornelius Holleran become a little aggrieved. "What's the matter?" he said. "We been house guests before, lady. Suppose you look at it this way. What do you think



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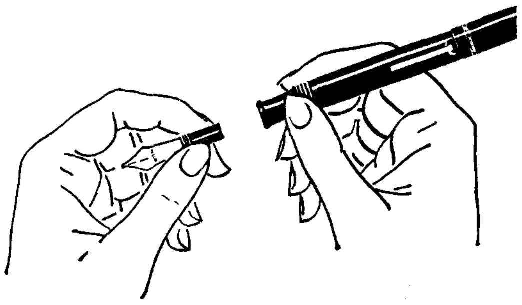

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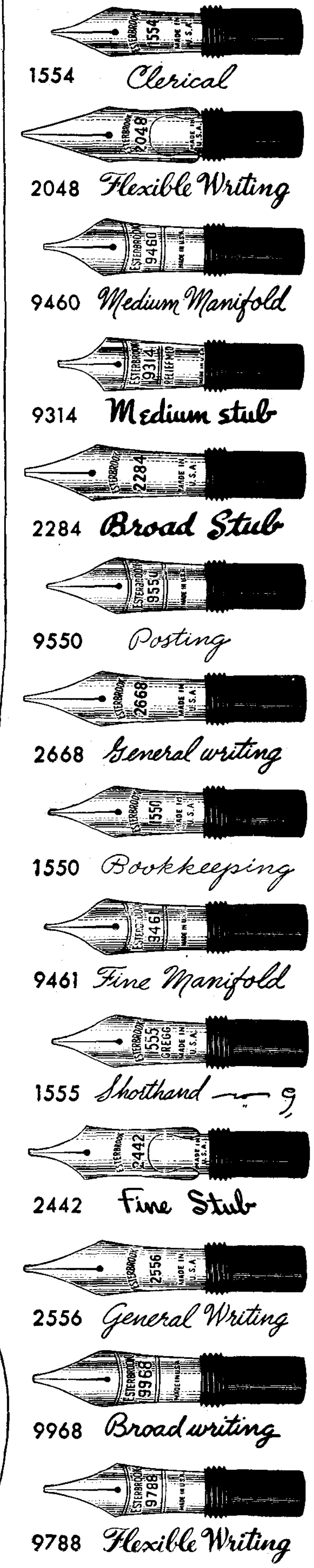

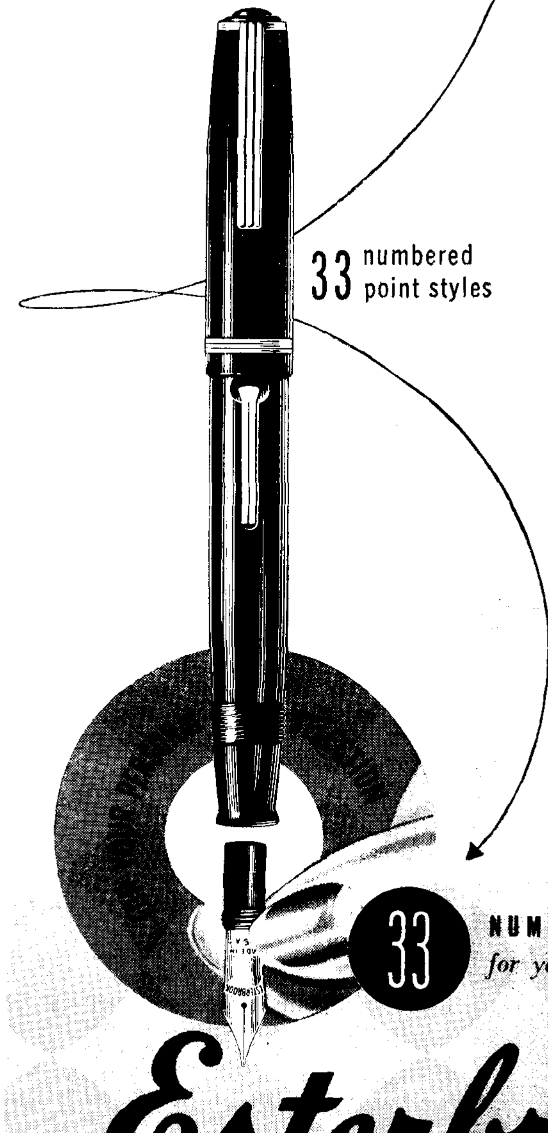

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you'll have to worry about with I and Kelly around here?"

"I don't know," she said, obviously rattled. "I'm just—oh, upset, I suppose. Give me a minute to think it over, will you?"

She sat down again and chewed her lower lip for more than the minute she had asked for; once she darted another quick and appraising look at Kelly, who betrayed no consciousness of it. At last she clasped her hands in her lap and gave them a small smile.

"A good many people are going to think it a likely story," she said. "However—" she swallowed bravely, "if you think you can put up with me and a few little idiosyncrasies—don't look so—so professional, gentlemen. May I have your hats?"

AS AN assignment, of course, it had its points. Even on the most breathless nights of a memorable August, they all managed to be very comfortable out on Henesie's terrace, drinking beer or iced tea, and watching the lights over on Fifth Avenue. Henesie seemed to be a pretty swell girl, Kelly thought quietly. Not much like Rosemary; prettier—a lot prettier—and much more of a homebody. Some evenings she worked over fashion books, and had Cornelius Holleran model rolls of material for her. Cornelius Holleran didn't mind at all. He told Kelly that here was certainly a sweetheart; and if he was ten years younger, if he didn't have two kids and the old battleax out in Queens, if he had Kelly's lean looks and—

Kelly made no answer to those elaborate suggestions until the Friday of their first week on Central Park West, when Cornelius Holleran, irritated by this complete lack of response, asked sourly whether Kelly knew what was wrong with him.

Every night now, Cornelius Holleran said, he had a chance to get himself in solid with a nice girl who had money and looks and brains. And what did he do? Moped around; muttered a word or two every other hour. And why? Just because a cheap, double-crossing little floozie like that Rosemary over in Brooklyn Heights—

Kelly spun savagely around; it was seven o'clock at night, and they were just walking into the elegant downstairs lobby. "Watch your mouth," Kelly said, very white around his own.

The elevator came then, fortunately perhaps; they rode up in it without speaking. On the eighteenth floor, Henesie, wearing a neat black and white outfit and a ridiculous frilled apron, opened the door for them.

"Hi," she said briskly. "How's Cornelius?" She smiled at Kelly, who nodded back at her with very little expression. "Company tonight," she added. "Lots of fun and frolic, Cornelius. You wouldn't want to help me with some sandwiches?"

"Who wouldn't?" Cornelius Holleran said. They went out together, chatting amiably, to the kitchen, while Kelly sat himself down in the living room with a copy of the evening paper. He did not read it; his insides were still cold and upset, and his head—his eggshell head—felt tighter than usual around the temples.

After a while he reached up and touched the plate the doctors had put into the back of his skull after he was shot in a holdup two years ago—touched it carefully and delicately. Even then it felt as if he were reaching inside and putting a finger on the exact center of his brain.

Presently Henesie came in again from the kitchen, Cornelius Holleran trailing her with a sandwich in one hand and a bottle of beer in the other. She seemed very vivacious.

"Sedate John Kelly," she said, as if he amused her secretly. "Very aloof tonight. Is he always this quiet, Cornelius, or do parties frighten him?"

She had a lot of things that Rosemary had never had. An unaffected cheerfulness; a—a kind of inward brightness, Kelly thought. She didn't look at you the way Rosemary had; and that cool, easy friendliness in her voice—he smiled painfully.

"This party might," he said. "What's it for? To show off the apes?"

He had meant it humorously, but in these last six months he had lost the knack of humor, and it did not come out as he had intended. Henesie flushed up from the throat. There was a brief silence. Then Cornelius Holleran put his beer and his sandwich down carefully on the coffee table and came over and stopped flatfooted in front of Kelly.

"Well," he said, in his extraordinary bass voice. "You been askin' for it a pretty good while, fella. You been goin' around shootin' off your mouth and actin' smart with people till I got all I can hold of it. On the feet, Kelly. Up before I—"

"Cornelius," Henesie said. She was breathless. "Please, Cornelius. It doesn't matter, really."

"What doesn't matter?" Cornelius Holleran demanded, scowling at her. "You think he's goin' to talk that way to a girl like you just because some off-color bimbo he used to know—"

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With a gladsome cry instead of a yawn;
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There's something loathsome about Paul Spry
To civilized folks who glorify
The hour of noon, when upright men
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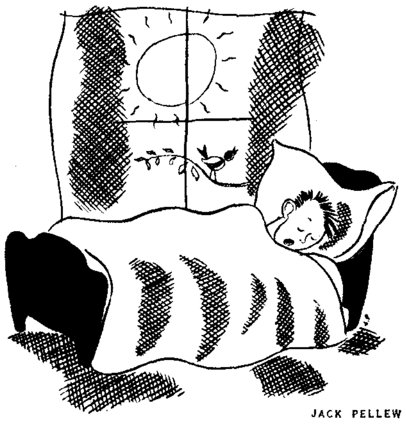
Let those who must, spring out of bed
While the naked morn is blushing red;
Then, later, using a hoist or crane,
Please, someone, come and wake Maclean.

—Rod Maclean



JACK PELLEW

The doorbell rang. Henesie, now rather white around the mouth, took his arm and moved him over toward the foyer. "Please, Cornelius," she said again, fervently. "It's the company. Remember?"

The company—two girls and three men—did not seem to be aware of strain. They were all young and pleasant and quite at home, and Cornelius Holleran got on famously with them. Kelly did not. He sat off in the terrace corner, smiling when it seemed called for, but not saying anything very much. At ten, when Cornelius Holleran began to tell them how the Hauptmann case had been handled by the East 104th Street station, he got up and moved quietly out to the terrace.

It was pleasant there, remote from the voices inside and the Park lights below; there were a few clouds in a great, calm blue sky, and a good many small, dim-silver stars in the tremendous open gulfs between the clouds. The life of the party, Kelly thought; Crazy Kelly, always good for a laugh. Quite a card, the boys down in Center Street used to think—

Someone came out after him; he knew even before he turned who it was. She carried a tray of sandwiches with her, and she was as casual as though nothing at all had happened.

"The chicken's on white," she said. "Take a couple, why don't you? Cornelius must have made three dozen."

"If you had any handy," Kelly said huskily, "I'd take a couple of pounds of rat paste after the crack I pulled in there."

"St-st-st," Henesie said. "On a night like this?" She put the tray on the table and looked it over critically. Then she said: "I'm sorry you're not enjoying yourself."

Kelly told her that was all right. A headache between his eyes—

"What headache?" she said. "And I don't know that it's all right at all." She picked an olive out of a dish and ate it. "You're not fooling anyone, Kelly. Suppose a girl did run out on you? You'll get over it if you want to. Most people do."

Kelly put his elbows on the stone rail in front of him and looked down eighteen stories into the Park.

"I guess you can," he said stolidly enough, but with a peculiar dryness in his throat. "You know very much about it?"

"No. Not very much." She took another olive. "I suppose that means I'm being very smart and superior again."

"Maybe," Kelly said, overcoming the dryness, "it just means that Cornelius gets a lot of ideas, and that they're not all strictly logical."

"Oh," she said. She leaned on the rail too. "So it's more than a girl. You know I had some sort of an idea that it was."

Kelly gave her the one-sided, second-rate grin that was about all he could manage these days.

"What was?"

"What's worrying you," she said. "What you're afraid of."

"So I'm afraid," Kelly said, and laughed pretty loudly. He wanted the laugh to make his statement ridiculous; he was not sure whether or not it succeeded in doing that.

"I had a fantastic idea at first," Henesie said. "I thought you were afraid of me. Were you? Up home in Boston they spell the name with three e's and two n's and two s's and a y. Hennessey—Catherine Hennessey. Does that make you feel more comfortable?"

"Not a whole lot," Kelly said tightly. "I'll bet you loved the French twist I've been giving it."

"The Henesie, you mean? That's because my partner's a girl named Margaret Sievier. We put the first part of the Hennessey in front of the first part of the Sievier because nothing very elegant came out the other way. Henesie's got just the right professional touch, don't you think?"

"It always seemed to fit you," Kelly said.

That must have been a remark she liked, because she glanced around at him with amused and lovely blue-black eyes. It would have been a lot different being out here with her six months or a year ago; then, Kelly told himself heavily, he would have known just what to say and just how to act with a girl like this. But then, also, he wouldn't have had the memory of Rosemary, screaming thinly at him from an infinite distance. Had he ever thought that a girl—a normal girl—would marry him? Had he ever imagined that anyone who knew what the doctors had done to him, and who understood what, any day and any hour, was liable to happen to him—

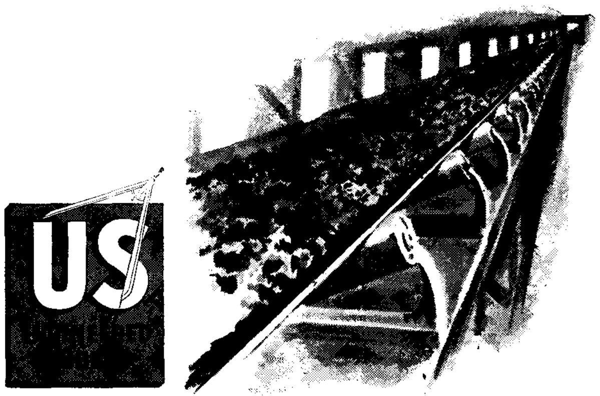
Henesie asked quietly: "What's the matter with you? You look like a ghost."

HE GAVE her the stiff grin again; he did not have to think up anything to say to her because in a moment the fellow in the good-looking gabardine suit walked through the doorway and said in an inquiring and rather petulant voice: "Kitty?"

She touched Kelly's arm. "Come on inside," she said.

He muttered something, but after she stopped in the doorway, looked back at him, and went off, he did not go in; he was glad enough just then to be alone.

Every night for the next ten days, Kelly and Cornelius Holleran showed up about seven in the evening, sat around with Henesie



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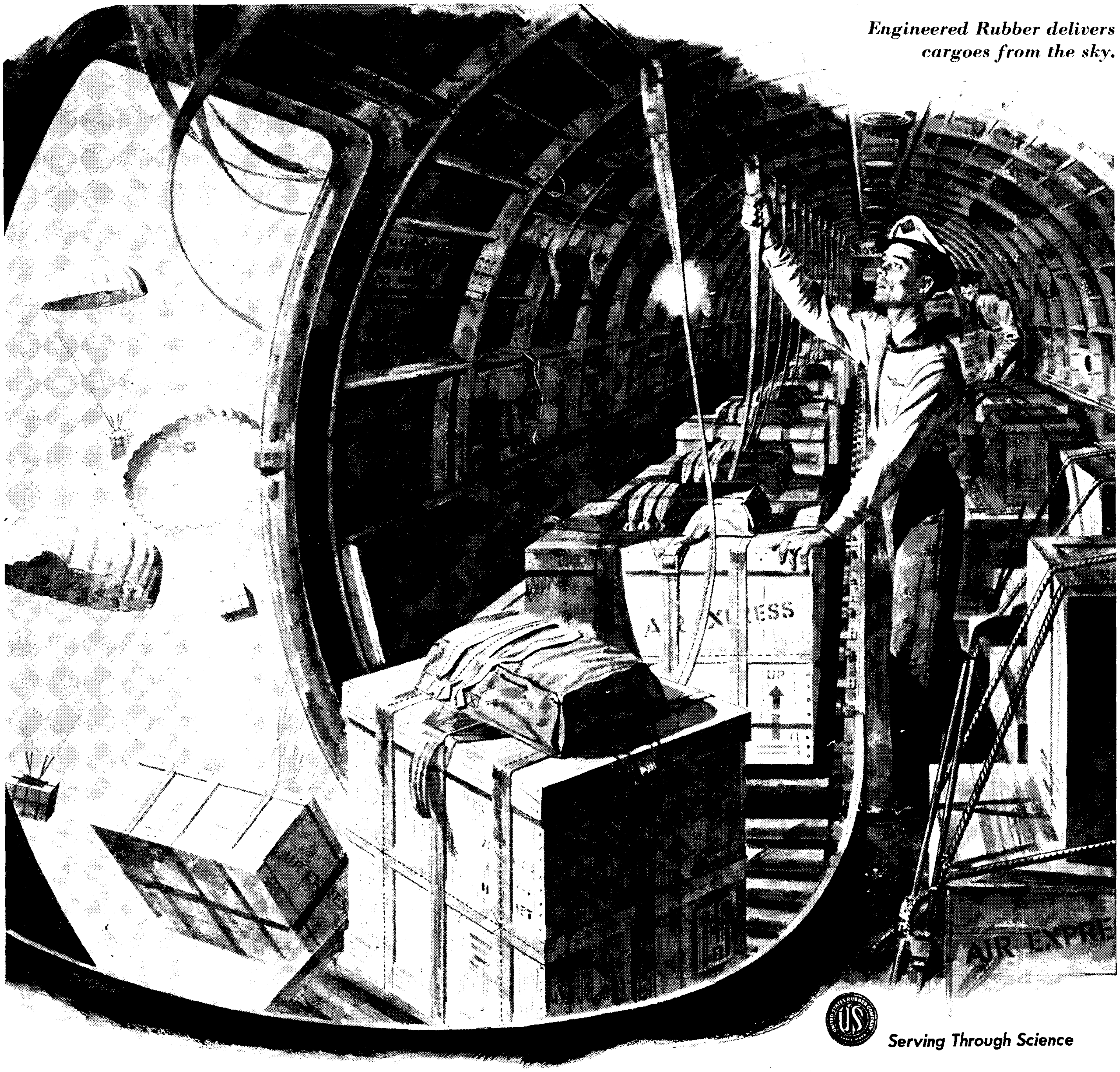

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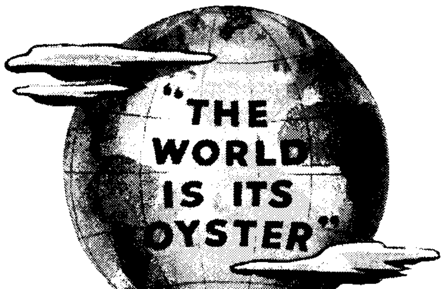
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for three or four hours, and then waited and watched until the sun came up blazing over Fifth Avenue for the Mr. Allen who never appeared. When she was with them, Kelly was always reserved; when she was not with them, he spent a lot of time thinking about her—the soft, quick voice she had, the way she looked at him, the straight, cool, graceful way she carried herself. He could not have forgotten her even if he had wanted to, because Cornelius Holleran would not let him.

When she had gone off along the passage to bed Cornelius Holleran would glare at him with narrowed, surly eyes. This, Cornelius Holleran would say, was something that he couldn't understand—not if he lived to be a hundred. The first thing was that she was screwy enough to like Kelly; anyone with half an eye could see that. The second thing was that Kelly hardly ever so much as smiled at her. Was he going to brood about the babe over in Brooklyn Heights all his life? Would he never wake up and see that a sweetheart like Henesie—

AFTER he started on that line, Kelly would get up and move around, out to the kitchen or to the foyer, any place where he wouldn't have to listen. They were a long ten days. Then on the second Saturday of their assignment, Henesie asked the two of them to come up early for supper. It was a good supper, served on the terrace, and she looked very slim and charming in a white frock with short, square-cut sleeves and a broad and shiny black belt. Afterward, when she was fixing some more iced tea in the kitchen, Cornelius Holleran nudged Kelly significantly in the ribs.

"All diked out tonight," he said, in the proper conspiratorial whisper. "All diked out every night now. Whenever we come up here it's a new dress and the hair all done up and everything just so. Why do you keep on bein' a dope, stupid? You ought to know who that's for. Not for me. If—"

Henesie came out to them through the darkened living room, raising her brows when Cornelius Holleran stopped guiltily.

"Secrets?" she asked. "Now that's not fair, Cornelius. Not from me."

He gave her a big wink.

"Professional secrets," he said. "They're all right, ain't they?"

Later, against all regulations, he got up and announced off-handedly that he was going out for a cigar and a walk around the block.

Kelly said nothing to that coy suggestion; Henesie frowned slightly and then twisted herself around in the chair to stare after him.

"He's up to something," she said.

"He always is," Kelly said, elaborately casual. He knew that she understood what Cornelius Holleran had meant, but he also thought he could pass it off lightly, that everything could be settled once and for all if only he forced it out into the open; that was the first and biggest mistake he made. "Just now he's convinced I ought to get married," he said. "Every night after you go to bed he starts to sell me on the idea."

"Oh," Henesie said, before pausing momentarily. "Who's the lucky girl?"

"Who do you think?" Kelly said, not looking at her because she was the kind who never took her eyes away first. "You got quite a fan in Cornelius. He doesn't see that you're the kind of girl who could pick her spots. I wouldn't be one of them. Why should I?"

"I don't know," Henesie said. "But—well, if it comes to that, why shouldn't you?"

Kelly just moved his shoulders. The sky was all pale blue, and lights had begun to gleam in small, scattered clusters over on Fifth Avenue.

"One thing he did tell me," she added thoughtfully, "was that you were a very proud and reticent individual. And that if a girl made a bit more money than you did—"

Kelly tightened his jaws. "Cornelius has a pretty big mouth."

"Hasn't he?" she asked warmly, as if she were in wholehearted agreement. "I'm sure the money wouldn't bother anyone these days. Why should it? I also heard how different you used to be before—before Rosemary. Always merry and bright then, Cornelius said."

"The life of the party," Kelly said, beginning to have some unexpected difficulty with his breathing. "You hear the name they had for me—Crazy Kelly? Now it means something a lot different. Now it means Crazy Kelly with the hole in his head."

"So that's it," Henesie murmured softly. "Cornelius told me about that. But I can't see that it means anything."

Kelly, flipping a pebble off into space, said that the Army had seen what it meant, even if they had claimed they were turning him down for an old football knee. Rosemary had seen what it meant, too; probably everyone had seen it before Kelly did himself. He had been unconscious for five weeks after it happened; then they brought up a brain surgeon from Baltimore, and everything seemed to work out fine.

"Seemed to?" Henesie said, watching him even while she lighted a cigarette. "Hasn't it?"

He moved his head; the flesh under his eyes was dark. "Sure," he said, one side of his mouth curled up bitterly. "A hundred per cent. Okay, Kelly—you're sound as a dollar, they said in the hospital. Go home now and forget about the plate we put in if it's worrying you. Go home and marry the girl you got and raise yourself half a dozen little cops."

"Only," Henesie said, in a conversational tone, "Rosemary wasn't having any of that. And you thought—tell me something, Kelly. Tell me exactly what happened between you and Rosemary."

He leaned forward over the stone rail; for a moment it appeared that he wasn't going to answer her. Then he said huskily, "It didn't happen right away—not until I found out about some old friend she was seeing on the side and argued with her about it. She was all right at first and then when I began to ask her about it a week end when she was supposed to be visiting her mother, she began to scream things at me."

"What kind of things?"

"Enough," Kelly said, his cheeks pasty. "So that I understood how the doctors were kidding me. I'll go on all right with this cracked eggshell head until I trip on a sidewalk or some drunk crowns me with a beer bottle. When that happens, nobody from Baltimore is going to straighten me out again. You know what they'll do then, don't you? They'll put me off in a nice quiet room with barred windows and a lot of fellows in white coats waiting around. Everything set—the old strait jacket right out if you try to get tough about it. The—"

"Well," Henesie said, taking a long, angry breath, "if that isn't the most asinine and ridiculous—that Rosemary started it, of course. She wanted to hurt you back, and she did. Just because—"

THE telephone rang inside, suddenly and shrilly; she gave a small, annoyed exclamation and got up to answer it. At the same moment Kelly, who had never been so glad to hear anything in his life, put his arm out and stopped her.

"This might be our friend," he said thickly. "He'd call first, and then he'll call again in a couple of minutes just to make sure. If you don't answer, he'll come around to look the apartment over from the street to see whether you have any lights on up here. Then—"

He wet his lips. He had just thought that if it were Mr. Allen, he himself wouldn't be coming back here tomorrow night, or ever again. And it was dark up here, and Henesie was practically in his arms because of the way he had stopped her. "You know what was funny?" he whispered in a painful, almost breathless voice. "The way Cornelius used to argue about you. As if, the first night you came down those steps—here's something I want you to know. I've forgotten Rosemary. But if I forget you—"

"You won't forget me," Henesie said, very calm and determined about it. "I won't give you the chance. Hold still, Kelly."

He held still; he was numb, but he could feel his heart beating. What followed then was not practiced, like Brooklyn Heights; she didn't even know how to hold her head.

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STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Collier's, published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, for October 1, 1945. State of New York, County of New York,- ss.: Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. E. Winger, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Treasurer of Collier's, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and treasurer are: Publisher, William L. Chenery, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Henry La Cossitt, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Joe Alex Morris, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Treasurer, A. E. Winger, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; that the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock are: Bankers Trust Company, Trustee for Ella Gardner Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Gardner Hazen, Easton, Maryland; Frederick W. Jaeger, Jr., Jersey City, N. J.; *Publication Corporation*, New York, N. Y.; *Publication* Securities Corporation, New York, N. Y.; E. T. Sanders, Jersey City, N. J.; W. Roosevelt Thompson, New York, N. Y.; Flora E. Whiting, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. (Signed) A. E. Winger, Treasurer. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of September, 1945. (Seal) Mary L. Walker. (My commission expires March 30, 1947.)

Kelly kissed her somewhere, her cheek, the side of her mouth.

"Wait a minute," Kelly whispered. "This isn't—"

The phone rang again, on and on, and when it stopped Henesie pushed away from him.

"You better not forget me," she said breathlessly. "Now I'll find Cornelius. You'll need help."

"All right," Kelly said. He knew who had kissed him; Henesie had kissed him. "Look," he said, as lightheaded as if he were not breathing air at the moment, but pure oxygen. "I tell you what to do, baby. You get the boys from the East 104th Street station up here. They're the cream."

"Oh, you fool!" Henesie said. She ran across to the foyer door and out without closing it. A second or so later she put her head back in and said in a fierce, shaky voice, "You be careful."

"Who?" Kelly said, making a fist at her. Everything was just right; everything was exactly as it should have been; but, of course, the lightheadedness endured only until he floated himself out to the kitchen door. Then he remembered suddenly and flatly that he was still Kelly with the eggshell head. Nothing had changed that; nothing could change it.

HE WET his lips again. He'd remember this evening, he thought—remember it as long as he remembered anything. But—the elevator went up outside; he thought he heard it stop about two floors above, and he rubbed his right palm carefully against his shirt and got out the service revolver. Then he waited again, not so long this time. Somebody came down the stairs very quietly, put a key in the lock, started in; somebody reached one hand around for the light button just as Kelly got the gun up and inches deep into this guy's armpit with one smooth, unhurried movement.

"Easy does it," Kelly said, pretty well satisfied with himself. "Keep the hands where I can see them. Don't—"

It was timed just right—every detail perfect; the only thing he had not anticipated was that there would be two of them. The one out in the hall betrayed himself by a quick scuffle of feet and a smothered exclamation, then jumped away toward the stairs. Kelly, ducking around quickly, fired twice at him and saw him fall but the guy still inside the kitchen, the one who couldn't get out because Kelly was in his way, smashed Kelly in the side of the jaw and then got both hands on his gun wrist.

They wobbled around Henesie's nice kitchen table. They bumped into the sink, and Kelly lost his gun. After that, they fell, with Kelly underneath. Then the man was standing over him with a kitchen chair raised high above his head, and Cornelius Holleran was bellowing out in the living room, and something smashed down at Kelly but did not stop him from getting up. He caught the man halfway to the kitchen door, swung him around, and dropped him with a beautiful right hook into Henesie's Chinese-red kitchen cabinet. A dish fell on his head, exactly as it would have done in one of those two-reel slapstick movies; then Cornelius Holleran had him, and Kelly was past them both, out onto the landing; the man he had shot at was still out cold.

Later, when the men from the precinct had come and gone, Henesie said something about getting a nice cold cloth for that bump on Kelly's head.

"What bump?" Kelly said, putting up one hand carelessly. "He never touched me. He swung once, but—"

It felt very big, though; it felt enormous. Over in the mirror Kelly stared at it, from two or three angles, for half a minute. Then he turned; his throat had closed up almost completely.

"What did that?" he croaked.

Henesie curled her forefinger at him several times in a come-after-me gesture. She didn't say anything at all. In the kitchen—they had done a lot of damage out there in thirty or forty seconds, Kelly thought absently—she pointed without a word at a solid-looking white chair that had one of its cross legs snapped off cleanly in the middle. Kelly stared at it; then he touched it. Hard wood, he thought.

"Practically unbreakable," Henesie said, as if she'd read his mind. "He'd have killed any one with sense. So what do you think about that wonderful eggshell head now?"

"I don't know," Kelly said. He did, of course; Henesie did, too.

They went out to the terrace and watched Cornelius Holleran and the men from the precinct and the two casualties disperse themselves in a couple of squad cars. Just before he got in the car, Cornelius Holleran looked up in their direction and gave them one of those grandiose, winning prize-fight gestures—hands clasped above his head. Henesie gave it to him back.

"That was for luck," Kelly said. altogether unnecessarily. "You figure you'll be needing some?"

"Well," Henesie said, and pondered over it for a moment or two, "I don't know why I should. Not now. Not unless you're going to go back to Brooklyn Heights and forget me."

"I'll forget you," Kelly said. But it was a threat, not a promise; there was a wonderful new moon coming up over Fifth Avenue, and he knew when he looked at it, if he knew anything at all, that he had never been so far from Brooklyn Heights in his life.

THE END

★ ★

ON THE COVER

THE Victory Loan Drive, which will run from October 29th through December 8th, will be the last of our organized loan drives. The over-all national quota has been set at 11 billions; the quota for individuals will be 4 billions, and the "E" Bond quota will be 2 billions. C. C. Beall's cover of this issue has been chosen as the official Victory Drive poster.

One of the unique features of the Victory Loan Drive will be the Franklin D. Roosevelt Memorial Bond. Never before has a bond in this amount been offered for sale—the actual cost is $150, and its maturity value is $200. This is also the first time that a savings bond of any denomination has been designated as a memorial to any individual. The Bond bears the words, "Every single man, woman and child is a partner in the most tremendous undertaking of our American history." This quotation was taken from President Roosevelt's address to the nation on December 9, 1941, two days following the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

Buy an *extra* bond.

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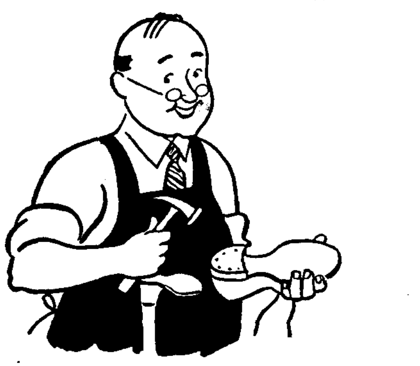

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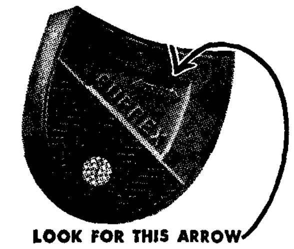

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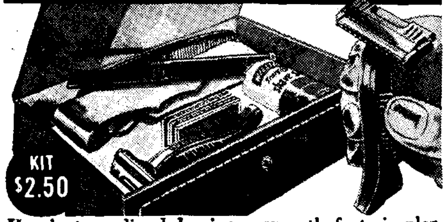

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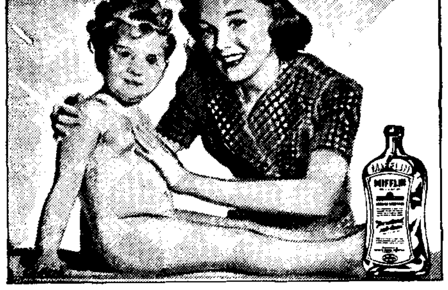

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★ THE NATIONAL RUB-DOWN ★

Cloak and Dagger

Continued from page 30

and bombers were on their way to work the two highways over.

In the very heart of Berlin, months before the city fell, an O.S.S. agent namel "Heinz" maintained voice conversations daily with our bombers flying overhead. This lone operator jumped through the Joe-hole of an A-26, landed unnoticed in a residential suburb, and made his way into the bomb-wracked city with a special walkie-talkie set. As the American planes came over, he pin-pointed military targets that were still undamaged, and directed their bombs toward the last segments of the capital's paralyzed transportation system.

"The Klingenberg power plant on Rummelsburg Lake *is still functioning,* and supplies electric power to vital industries," his solitary voice would say calmly above the roar of heavy shells and ack-ack. "The Ostkreutz junction of the City Railroad *(Stadtbahn)* has been repaired. If you knock it out, all traffic in Berlin will be stopped. . . ."

An Agent in Trouble

Sometimes agents were apprehended despite their careful disguises. "Minister" was picked up by the Gestapo in north Holland as he was working his portable radio set, sending back intelligence on German antitank positions

The Nazis, desperately anxious to gain any information on the Allied invasion plans, decided on a trick: They would force Minister to continue sending his messages at the prearranged hours, and would monitor the answers of the unsuspecting American operator at the other end. They hauled Minister out of the cell where he had been thrown after having been beaten half senseless by the Gestapo, set him at his radio and stood over him with Bren guns to make sure he did not reveal his situation.

But Minister had a trick of his own. He was a slim Dutch boy, scrupulously courteous, never given to any profanity in his normal speech. Before he left England, it had been arranged that if he were ever in trouble, he would employ such unaccustomed words as "darn," "damn" or "bloody" in his radio conversations as a signal of distress.

At the appointed contact hour, the approaching planes called in: "Hello, Minister, this is Bill calling. We are sorry we could not come over with the packages last night, but the weather was bad. Over."

"Yes, Bill," Minister replied, as his Nazi guards listened intently, "I understand the weather was bad, it was bloody awful standing down here in the cold. Did you hear that? Over."

"Minister, this is Bill. Okay. I received that okay. What do you want us to do? Over."

"Look, Bill, I have a new place to drop, a darn' good place. I will give you the co-ordinates. Are you ready?"

"Okay. Ready. Over."

"Hello, Bill. Here are the co-ordinates." Minister specified a fix on the coast of Denmark. "Our friends will be coming there very soon. Make damn' sure you drop to them. Okay?"

"Minister, this is Bill. Okay. We will try not to keep you waiting next time." The voice overhead added significantly: "I know how bloody cold it gets down there. Okay. Good night and good luck!"

Over and over Minister was taken out of his cell, forced to send his messages, beaten and thrown back again into prison. The American planes always kept their rendezvous, knowing that as long as they stayed in touch with Minister the Germans might spare his life. He was found in his cell when the Allies overran Holland, half dead from his beatings; but he had had his revenge. Two crack Nazi parachute divisions had sat for months at the specified fix on the coast of Denmark, waiting for an invasion that never took place.

But an even more fantastic chapter in the communications story was written by a lean dark-haired Czech youngster who sat day after day at a secret radio set in the headquarters of Nazi General Karl Wolff, SS chief in Italy. Below the window of his third-floor cubicle, German trucks and tanks were parked in the courtyard. Heavy-booted SS troopers clumped along the marble walks, unaware that his slender fingers were tapping out daily messages direct to O.S.S. in Switzerland.

Throughout the war, neutral Switzerland had served, much against its will, as Europe's leading curb exchange for international intrigue. For almost a decade cloak-and-dagger agents, spies and diplomats without portfolio had rifled one another's luggage, tapped one another's telephones, planted dictaphones under their own beds, and shadowed themselves in endless circles around the revolving doors of Bern's leading hotels. The thrifty Swiss had opened a few novelty shops to sell masks and false whiskers, and waited resignedly for their unwelcome guests to go home.

O.S.S. had been conducting a brisk business in Switzerland. In the spring of 1945, a wildcat scheme was hatched by O.S.S. in Bern: a daring transaction in high intrigue, designed to corner the market in Italy and sell out General Wolff's entire army of a million men.

The first intimation that Wolff might be corrupted was brought to Allen Dulles, American diplomat working with O.S.S. in Bern, by the Italian Baron Luigi Parrilli. Parrilli had represented an American firm in Italy for fifteen years before the war, and *his trustworthiness could be depended on.* He reported to Dulles that Wolff was anxious to avoid the inevitable loss of many thousands of lives among his troops, as well as the inevitable destruction of property and public utilities in Italy.

Through Parrilli, Dulles asked that the general prove his sincerity by releasing two leading Italian anti-Fascists—one of them was Ferruccio Parri, today the Premier of Italy—who were being held in dungeons by the Gestapo.

Three days later, Dulles was called to a hospital in Zurich. There the two Partisans were turned over to his care, having been marched out of their cells by SS guards and shoved without explanation across the Swiss border.

The Ultimatum to Wolff

Accepting this evidence of good faith, U.S. Major General L. L. Lemnitzer, Deputy Chief of Staff, AFHQ, and British Major General Terence Airey, G-2, arrived in Switzerland dressed in civilian clothes and wearing dog tags borrowed from two O.S.S. sergeants.

On March 19th, in a remote villa near the Italian border, these incognito officers—their rank and names were never mentioned—met with General Wolff. They stated to Wolff bluntly that AFHQ was interested in nothing but unconditional surrender, and if the Germans wished to accept these terms they should send emissaries through the lines. Wolff departed to confer with his immediate superior, General von Vietinghoff; and on *his own initiative,* Dulles decided to plant a radio operator in Milan, who could notify O.S.S. the moment these emissaries were selected.

The operator chosen for this perilous mission was a young Czech, known by the code name of "Wally." Wally had good reason to hate the Germans: As a medical student at the University of Prague he had seen his own home destroyed and his university taken over by the invaders, and with his fellow students had been thrown into the notorious concentration camp at Dachau. He escaped through the underground after six months, volunteered for intelligence work, was apprehended again by the Gestapo, and spent another half year at slave labor before he escaped once more. Working his way into France, he joined O.S.S. and was training in their radio school when Dulles asked for a German-speaking operator. Wally was a veteran of Gestapo torture methods, and had never cracked; he was selected for the job.

He was smuggled across the Swiss frontier and hidden in a house at 22 Via Cimarosa

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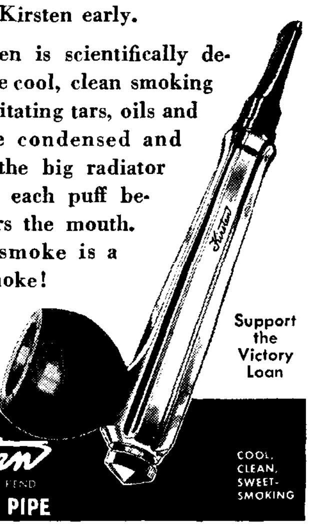
BACK AGAIN
NOVEMBER 1st



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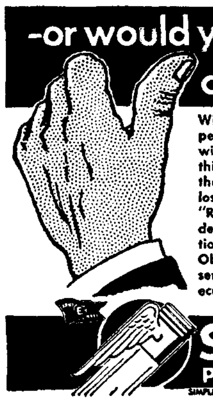

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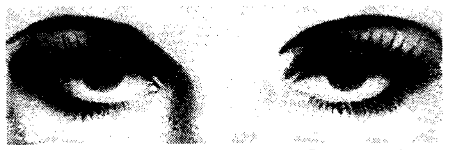
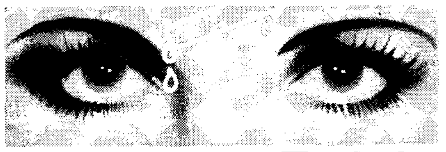


TWO DROPS



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In the center of Milan, in a section of the town heavily populated with SS officers. Many of the Gestapo had known Wally at Dachau, and he realized they would cheerfully cut his throat on sight.

Day after day he stayed at his radio, transmitting messages to O.S.S. on a prearranged signal plan. Evidently Wolff was putting pressure on Von Vietinghoff. Once Wally was ordered to radio the location of Von Vietinghoff's headquarters, with an obvious invitation to bomb them, and Von Vietinghoff almost lost his life in the resulting attack. Wolff was resorting to drastic measures to frighten his dilatory superior into a decision.

On April 17th, it seemed that the whole plot was doomed to failure. Wally sent O.S.S. the disturbing message that Wolff's family had been apprehended by Himmler and moved deep into Germany; and Wolff himself had been summoned abruptly to Hitler's headquarters. Few persons ever returned from such a trip; and AFHQ, acting on direct orders from the Combined Chiefs of Staff, told O.S.S. to break off all contacts at once. Wally was hurriedly smuggled back to Switzerland.

At this dark moment in the negotiations, Baron Parrilli arrived in Bern with a new ray of hope. Wolff had seen Hitler in an air-raid shelter two hours out of Berlin, had tried in vain to persuade him that the situation in Italy was hopeless. When Hitler refused to yield, Wolff disobeyed his orders to remain in Germany, returned to Italy, and sent two emissaries—his own aide Wenner and Lieutenant Colonel von Schweinitz, one of Von Vietinghoff's staff officers—to arrange a surrender independent of the German High Command.

Wenner and Von Schweinitz arrived at Caserta to receive the Allied terms, and little Wally was called on once more to serve as an essential link in these critical hours. Again he crossed the border into Italy dressed in civilian clothes, changed into the uniform of an SS major, motored at top speed through the Reschen Pass and arrived the following noon at Wolff's new headquarters in the former summer home of the Duke of Pistoia at Bolzano.

He was hurried past the suspicious SS guards surrounding the headquarters building, and taken to a small room on the third floor which had formerly served as a linen closet. There he set up the tiny radio he had concealed in his bag, and sat behind locked doors waiting to receive the surrender terms.

On the evening of April 29th, American bombers attacked Wolff's Bolzano headquarters, killing several staff officers. Wally could hear angry voices in the courtyard below asking pointedly about the radio operator on the third floor. He wired desperately to O.S.S.-Caserta that the bombs had fallen only fifty meters from the main building and, as he expressed it succinctly, "the SS were mad."

Five hours later, after a second bombing, he radioed that the situation was becoming increasingly strained. If the Allies did not cease their attacks abruptly, he said, *"Wally ist verloren."* The following day, just as Wally was in the midst of receiving the long-awaited word that the surrender had been signed by the emissaries in Caserta, low-flying Allied planes once more attacked Wolff's headquarters. Wally stayed in his third-floor room, preferring the falling bombs to the infuriated SS troops in the air-raid shelters below.

For five days, until the date agreed on for the surrender, Wally did not sleep. His fate, like Wolff's, teetered in the balance. Hitler's suspicions were aroused, and the day before the capitulation, Field Marshal Kesselring, under direct orders from the Fuehrer, sent General Schulz to replace Von Vietinghoff. Wolff locked Schulz in an air-raid shelter, cut all telephone and telegraph wires to the Reich. At one on the morning of May 2d, eleven hours before the "Cease fire" order was to be given, Gestapo Chief Kaltenbrunner learned of Schulz's kidnaping and ordered the arrest of Wolff.

Wolff, warned in time, drew up seven tanks in front of his headquarters below Wally's window, and surrounded the building with 350 hand-picked troops from his own SS unit. That same night the suicide of Hitler was officially announced. Wolff argued with Kesselring over the telephone that Hitler's death relieved the field marshal of his oath of allegiance, and he was now free to surrender. At dawn he obtained Kesselring's approval. Seven hours later, all firing in north Italy ceased, and one million Germans laid down their arms.

A Job Well Done

Wally was brought back to Caserta, and Major General Lemnitzer presented him with the Bronze Star for maintaining an all-important link during the negotiations leading to the German collapse. There was only one reward that Wally wanted more, he said. He would like to become an American citizen.

The story of O.S.S. is over now. President Truman has announced that the agency is being liquidated, its functions broken up and distributed between the State and the War Departments.

But the job that O.S.S. started is not over. Its magnificent achievements show the folly of slipping back into the haphazard intelligence-gathering methods of the past, and the danger of the interdepartmental jealousies and frictions among our various information-seeking branches. Only a central clearing-house of all intelligence—free of natural bias and obliged to serve all departments of the government—can insure us against some Pearl Harbor of the future.

The war legacy of O.S.S. must not be squandered during the lax years of peace.

THE END

Let 'em Roll!

Continued from page 23

transportation—rail, ship, air and highway. These transportation companies would then compete with one another, but there would no longer be competition among the various means of transportation. They would all be integrated into single transportation systems.

Advocates claim the plan would give us more efficient and economical transportation by eliminating present wasteful duplication of services. And they emphasize that this could be done without destroying any of the essential means of transportation, which is the fate they predict now for the railroads if they must continue to compete with the trucking industry.

The truckers are violently opposed to this plan because they believe the railroads would inevitably dominate the new transportation companies. And many congressmen think that the so-called integration plan would lead to a monopoly which would be neither efficient nor economical.

But whether the trucking industry is to be controlled by thousands of small operators, or dominated by a few large transportation companies, it can revolutionize freight transport in America. With the road blocks temporarily suspended, the truckers have demonstrated what can be done. Trucks and trailers have moved such cargoes as complete fighter planes and bombers; prefabricated ship hulls weighing 90 tons and measuring 105 feet; steel bridge girders 116 feet long; complete landing barges and "ducks"; gigantic boilers for Liberty ships. Caravan trailers have easily carried ten jeeps at a time, or fifteen pieces of light artillery. Probably the record for length, involving three truck-tractors in tandem, was a 190-foot tower, weighing 110 tons, and used for TNT manufacture.

The truckers haven't been able to increase the number of trucks and trailers on our highways during the war. But a hint of what's coming may be found in the news that operators are prepared to spend $4,000,000,000 on new equipment, as fast as it becomes available. America's trucking industry is ready—and hopeful.

THE END

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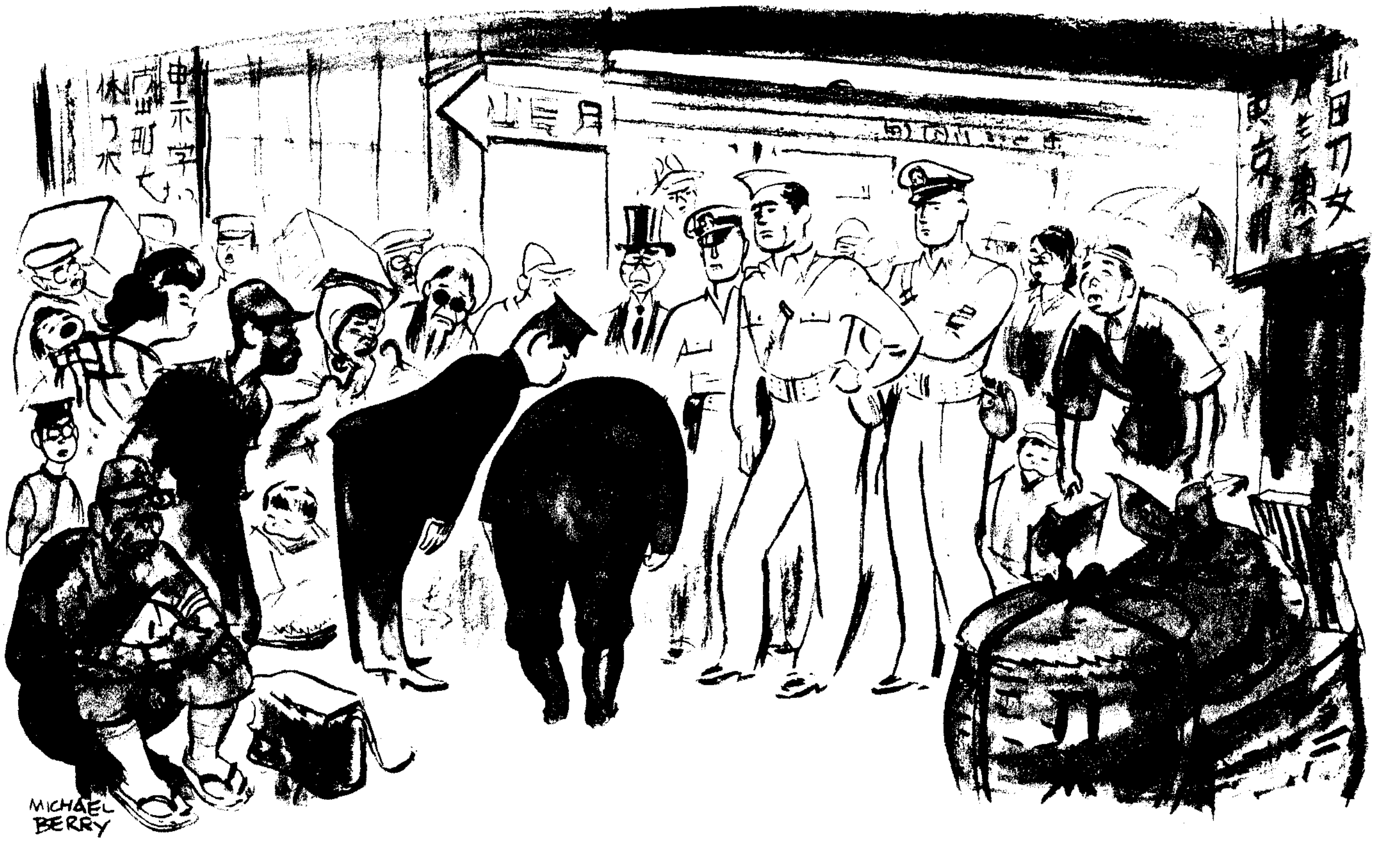

"... on arrival we were greeted ceremoniously by the local stationmaster and invited to his quarters to rest"

THE LOST COLONY

BY FRANK D. MORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL BERRY

Hidden in a mountain 100 miles from Tokyo is a town named Karuizawa. Collier's correspondent braved the ire of an imperial prince to visit the place and find out how Nazis like Spahn and De Gaullists like Dubois had fared through the war

RADIOED FROM JAPAN

WE APPROACHED Karuizawa through a seemingly endless series of railroad tunnels. The locomotive strained and groaned up the steep mountain grade. On this final stage of the trip, you spend more time riding underground than in the open air. The Japanese have dug twenty-six tunnels through the high peaks here.

We're not too sure that we're going to reach Karuizawa at all. Climbing one slope at dusk, the locomotive slowed down, emitted a snort and came to a total stop with a tired wheeze. After a while, a rescue locomotive backed down to us and a few minutes later we were on our way through more tunnels.

Karuizawa is a mountain resort a hundred miles northwest of Tokyo. The air there is cool and bracing, and many a tired Japanese businessman and cabinet member goes there to escape the noise and the heat of the capital. We didn't go to Karuizawa for our health, however. We were looking for a group of internationalists who had been unofficially interned there.

This isolated league of nations numbered about 2,000. They were all treated as spies by the Japanese, and even neutral diplomats were kept under constant surveillance and were given no special privileges.

Prince Takeda, nephew of the Emperor, almost spoiled our mission to Karuizawa, but he probably wasn't aware of it. It happened this way: Our occupation of Japan was less than a week old when I started inland with two young Navy lieutenants, Winston Norman and Frank Huggins. Norman is a traveler-writer, who has spent his life poking into the remote corners of the world. Huggins, as a boy, lived in Japan—including Karuizawa—and speaks Japanese better than most natives.

General MacArthur's troops hadn't taken over Tokyo yet when the three of us arrived at the Ueno station, there to take the early afternoon upcountry train. We prepared for any eventuality, toting four days' rations, water canteens, side arms and a few hundred yen. A large slice of Tokyo's population was abroad that day and, most of them, we noticed, were milling toward our train. Demobilized soldiers with full packs were returning home; civilian families, carrying all their worldly possessions on their backs, jammed every bit of available space in the dingy third-class coaches and overflowed onto a couple of open gondola freight cars behind the locomotive. Every car on the train was packed, except one second-class coach on the tail end, which was empty.

Realizing that there was no chance of squeezing in anywhere else, the three of us entered the empty coach and deposited our luggage and sat down on the clean blue plush seats. Immediately, a small-sized Japanese hell busted loose.

In the Prince's Private Car

Waving his arms frantically and shouting in Japanese, the station guard rushed in and made it very plain that we were not wanted. Other station officials in assorted uniforms appeared to reinforce the eviction, and a crowd gathered outside the car windows to watch the performance. By this time, Frank Huggins was engaged in loud debate with the Japs in their own tongue. Between rounds of this verbal battle, Frank explained that this was a private car reserved for Prince Takeda. The imperial prince was about to visit the palace of the Dowager Empress at Karuizawa.

A young Japanese from the Foreign Office, one Mr. Kawamoto, finally arrived and calmed the storm temporarily. In semi-English, he announced that, since the rest of the train was crowded, the three Americans might occupy this section of the royal coach with the prince's equerry, provided that we didn't invade the private compartment of his highness at the front end. He then dismissed the other Japs and offered us fruit and accepted an American cigarette, and we all settled back peacefully.

This, however, was only a reprieve. A queue of porters began to pile the royal luggage into our end of the car until it filled almost all of the available space. Then the prince's equerry came aboard, and when he saw the interlopers his brown face blanched. Another long conversation with Kawamoto followed. The equerry backed out of the car, saluting and bowing to the waist.

Kawamoto, who followed him out, returned in a few minutes and said smilingly that there had been a change of plans. The Americans, he declared, would not be comfortable with all that luggage around them. So a special car would be added to the train for our personal use. The implication was obvious: The foreign devils must not contaminate the imperial presence. The train was split and another car was added behind the open gondolas. At Huggins' insistence, the station officials grudgingly permitted other passengers to take seats in this special job.

Word of our coming must have been flashed up the line, because on arrival we were greeted ceremoniously by the local stationmaster and invited to his quarters to rest. A reservation at a local inn was made by telephone, and soon we were bouncing over the narrow winding dirt roads in one of the few operating autos in town. During all this, the prince had been spirited off the train unbesmirched by our eyes.

Our tour of Karuizawa's main street the next morning was mutually sensational to the natives and the visitors. The local Japanese hadn't seen an American uniform for years; some had never seen one. No open resentment showed in their faces and there was no demonstration, although occasionally a mother would shoo her children off the street as we approached.

In one respect Karuizawa was untouched by war. Not a bomb was dropped in this area, which afforded no military targets, and rarely was even a Jap plane seen in the sky. But except for the meandering natives, it appeared to be a ghost resort town doomed to dust and cobwebs by the same war. Most of the shops were shuttered, and the few still open for business hadn't enough stock left to display in their tiny show windows. You expected to see a Japanese Rip Van Winkle come hobbling down the street any minute.

There were, however, periodic flaws in this pattern of Oriental drabness. Looming up in the procession of kimonoed and pajama-clad natives, we saw figures strange to this setting, men with short bristling blond hair weaving their bicycles through the pedestrians, white women in European dress strolling with children in the morning sunlight.

Turning past the local post office into a tunnel-like lane, we walked the length of a city block through crowds and slums and came out into a wide clearing. Here we found the solution to the puzzle of the main street. Occupying most of the clearing was a line of tennis courts, and on one side, by a grandstand, several matches were in progress. On an end court, two fair-skinned girls in bras and shorts played mixed doubles with men in white ducks. All the other courts were busy, too, but not one of the players was Japanese. There were no kimonos or pajamas in the grandstand. The spectators wore colorful print dresses, sports slacks and bandanas. Sprinkled through were a few pairs of slant eyes, but the general picture was that of your home-town country club on a Sunday afternoon.

The arrival of three Americans in uniform created a stir. The foreign kids spotted us first, and before we reached the grandstand a couple of dozen of them were at our heels firing questions in varied accents of English. The grownups were a little more restrained but they too were excited and curious.

"Are the American troops in town?"

"When is that victory parade in Tokyo coming off? We want to see it."

"Can we cable home now?"

"Are any of the French representatives here?"

After the first flush of excitement passed and their curiosity was satisfied about many things (How much was left of Tokyo and Yokohama? What are the women in the United States wearing? Are we going to clamp down on the Japs for good?), they were ready to answer our questions.

This lost colony had had little news of the world outside Japan for months. They had known nothing of the surrender negotiations until the day Emperor Hirohito made his famous speech accepting the defeat of his country.

A Moving Man's Paradise

The colonists had moved to Karuizawa a year ago. The Japanese government had given them twenty-four hours' notice to evacuate their homes in Tokyo and Yokohama. The cost of hiring a truck to transfer household effects to Karuizawa was 15,000 yen ($1,000) if you could find a truck. Using their own cars to do the job was impossible because the gas-ration tickets given out by the Japanese were meaningless. No gasoline was available for civilians.

Eating, we heard, was becoming a forgotten pastime. A cupful of rice and a loaf of black *sufu* (ersatz) bread was the daily ration varied only by a sporadic small issue of soybean sauce or a vegetable.

Meat, butter and sugar could be bought only in the *yami* (black) market at spectacular prices. Pork was once plentiful in Japan, but no more; the Japanese farmers were forced to live on the scraps they used to feed the pigs.

Next to war production, the *yami* market was the most thriving industry in Japan. If the foreigners, or Japanese, craved sugar, they might buy it through the *yami* at $15 a pound. A pair of slightly used shoes brought up to $50, and a winter overcoat in fair condition several times that. A cake of foreign-made soap was a *yami* bargain at $3.

One group of foreigners in Japan was immune to this pay-or-starve program. This was the Nazi-dominated German community. Here were the best-fed, best-clothed people in all Japan. They lived better than the Japs themselves. The German embassy provided plenty of meat and flour and coffee, butter, lard, canned fish, clothing and shoes to its nationals, even to nonmembers of the Nazi Party. The majority of these supplies were seized early in the war from Australian merchant ships captured by German raiders. Thereafter, if you were invited to dinner in a German home in Japan, the meat course would probably be "victory beef"—canned in Australia.

(Continued on page 83)

The meal-ready meat most folks like best!

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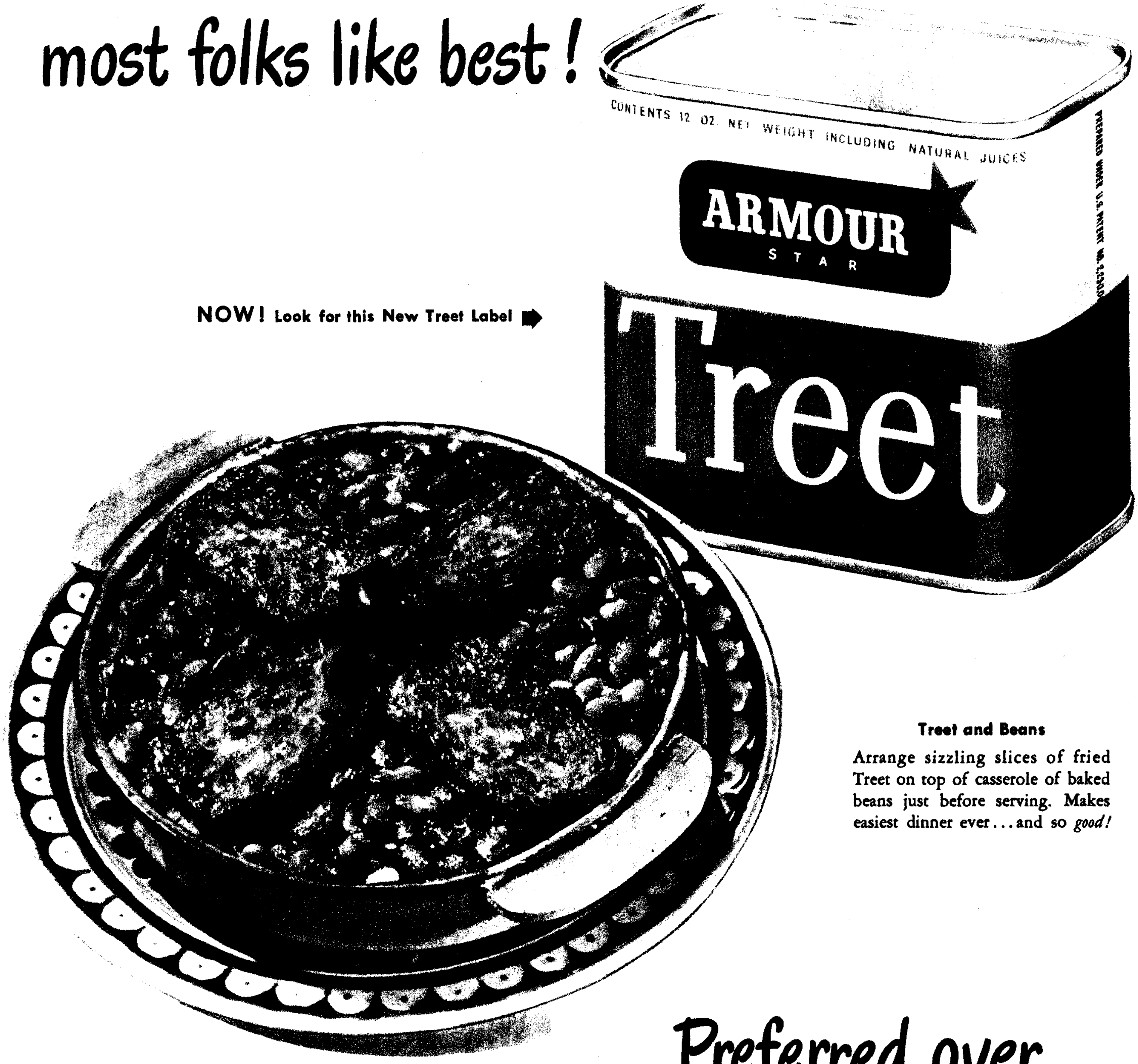
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Listen to Hedda Hopper's Hollywood every Monday night over ABC (Blue) Network. See local papers for time and station.

How the Nazis pulled a fast

A RATTLESNAKE has been known to inflict fatal wounds even after its head has been severed from its body.

Similarly, Germany, as she died, crushed and beaten, performed a last-minute act that might have prolonged our war against Japan and made it much more costly in terms of American lives lost. ***This is what happened*** . . .

Too late for Germany

Last winter, the Nazis were working desperately in underground factories to mass-produce the fabulous Messerschmitt 262—a new jet-propelled fighter **with a top speed approaching 550 miles per hour.**

Fortunately for us, the deadly Me 262, like the advanced versions of other V-weapons, **came along at least six months too late . . . for Germany.**

A dying gift to Japan

Although jet propulsion came too late for Germany, **Goering himself reported to his American captors that blueprints of the Me 262, together with several complete turbo-jet units, had been turned over to Germany's Pacific partner.** And Tokyo radio bragged that this was so.

With the disturbing knowledge that jet fighters are extremely effective as defensive aerial weapons, our military strategists realized that *a quick knockout of Japan was more imperative than ever before*.

What did we do about it?

The development of a jet fighter, like that of an aerial weapon such as the atomic bomb, takes time. Heartbreaking months and years of designing, testing, redesigning, working out operational "bugs," constant experimenting and modification . . . **all these things must be done before, finally, the plane is ready for mass production.**

As a matter of fact, the first Allied jet-propelled fighter was flown as long ago as May, 1941. Its top speed: **"over 400 miles per hour."**

In the spring of 1944, a new Allied jet fighter took to the air. Its top speed: **"over 450 miles per hour."**

Later in 1944, two American jet fighters were born—one for our Army Air Forces, and one for our Navy's carriers. The top speed of both these planes was conservatively reported as being **"over 500 miles per hour!"**

So, we made rapid progress toward meeting the threat imposed by Germany's dying gift to Japan.

But there's something we haven't told you . . .

Why were we caught short?

As far back as the summer of 1942, the Germans were flying a jet fighter capable of doing over 450 miles per hour!

Why, you may ask, did we allow the Germans, or **any** nation, to beat us to the punch in the development of jet-propelled fighters—the world's fastest planes?

Well, we'll tell you—and you won't like it. **You, yourself, can take part of the blame.**

So can all of us. As citizens of peace-loving, ocean-protected America, we didn't see much point in setting up a program for safeguarding our security from attack by air. The Nazis hadn't yet ravaged Poland, France, or Holland. The Japs hadn't yet struck at Pearl Harbor.

one on us!

A lesson the war has taught us

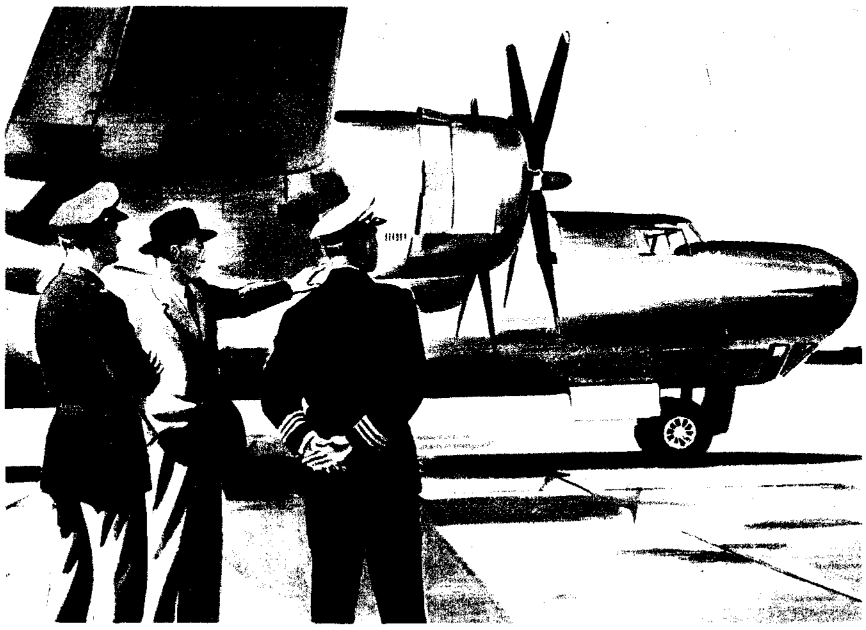
We didn't see much point in maintaining a strong national air program before these things happened. **But a lot of people have changed their minds about that!** We hope **you** have!

For, if any aggressor nation runs amok in the future, you can bet your bottom dollar that this country—with its tremendous capacity for war production—will be Target Number One. **And there will be no warning—no time to prepare.**

That is why, though we have won victory over Japan, we dare not lag—**ever again**—in maintaining our **present-day** pre-eminence in the air and guaranteeing our **future** air supremacy.

Air Power is Peace Power

Even now, after Victory, the aircraft industry and the Army and Navy must continue to work together as a team . . . pooling ideas, carrying on tireless research and experimentation.



But experimental research is only the first step in winning the race that will insure America from attack in the future.

The best planes resulting from this research must be put in production in sufficient quantities to develop manufacturing techniques and tools and to keep the nucleus of a manufacturing organization which can be quickly expanded if ever needed.

We must also have enough planes for our armed services to train the flight and ground crews in their use. One or two experimental planes of each design is not enough to keep our air force and manufacturing organizations ready for any emergency.

Only when the design and production "bugs" always present in a new plane are revealed and eliminated by use—can our ever-improving aircraft be considered *proven* military weapons.

LET'S KEEP AMERICA STRONG IN THE AIR!

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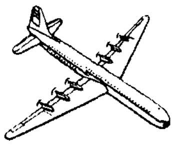
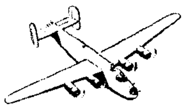
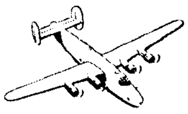


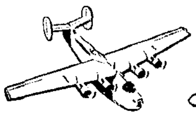
CONVAIR MODEL 37
Pan American Clipper



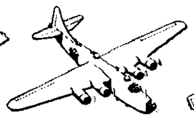
LIBERATOR
4-engine bomber



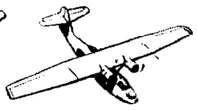
LIBERATOR EXPRESS
transport



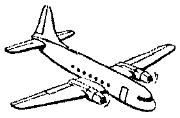
CORONADO
patrol bomber



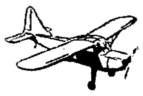
PRIVATEER
search plane



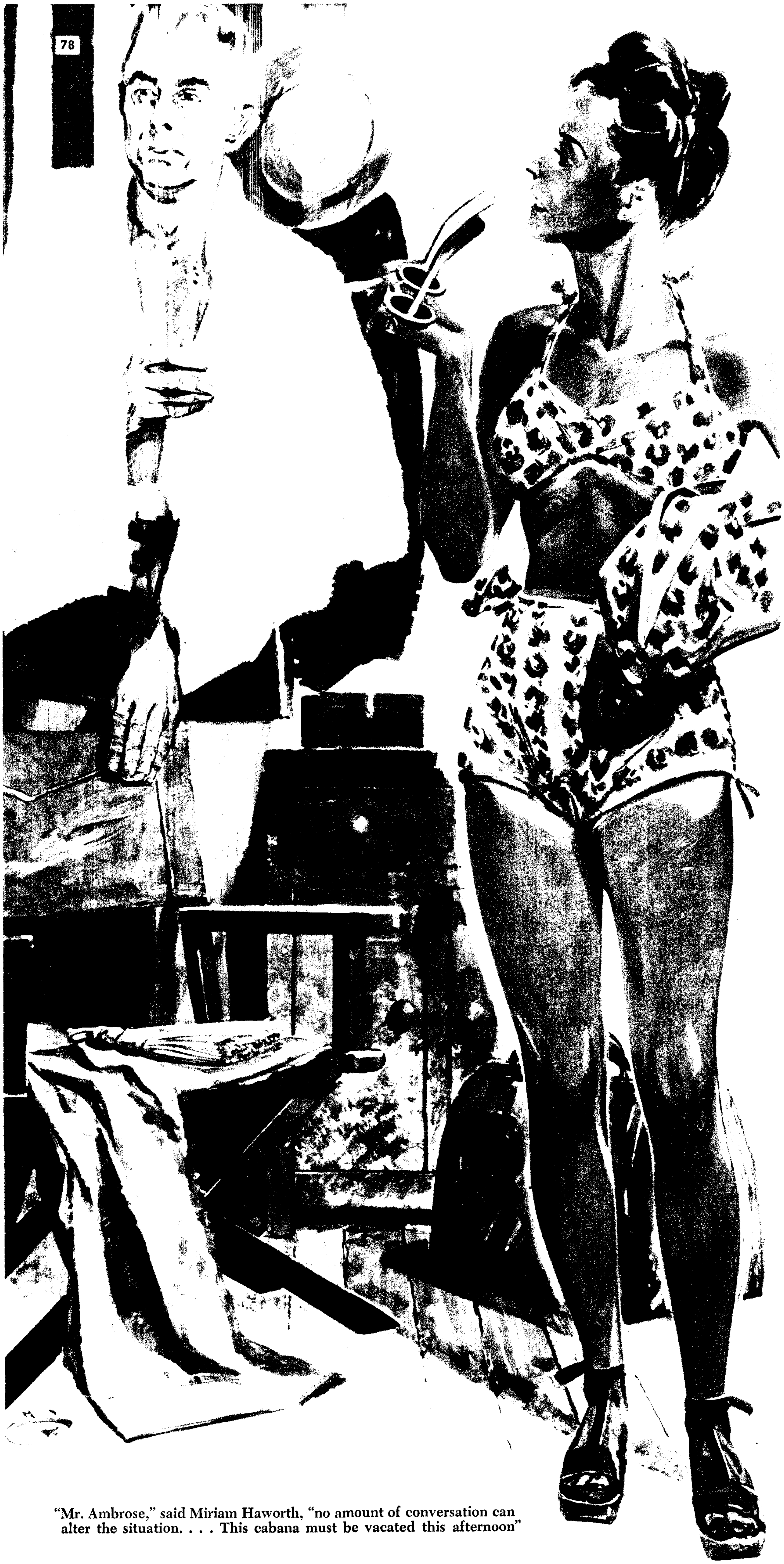
CATALINA
patrol bomber



CONVAIR MODEL 110
commercial transport



SENTINEL
"Flying Jeep"



"Mr. Ambrose," said Miriam Haworth, "no amount of conversation can alter the situation. . . . This cabana must be vacated this afternoon"

Cabana 23

BY GRACE AMUNDSON

ILLUSTRATED BY NEIL O'KEEFFE

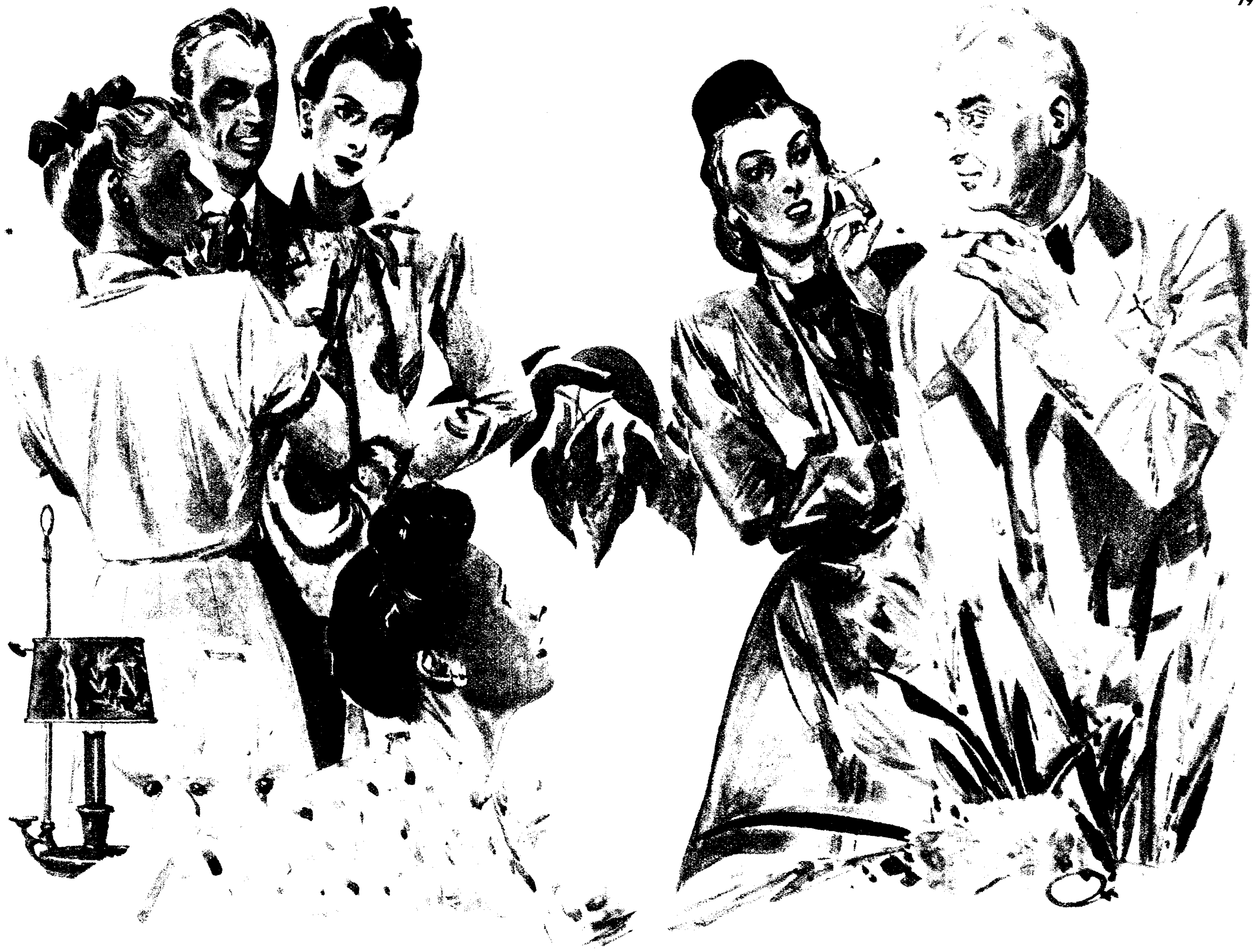
Harry Ambrose was everybody's idea of a faded joke—until the Social Set glimpsed the scandalous weapon Harry held behind his aristocratic back

THE season at Blueport began on the fifteenth of June, as the proper season should in a patrician resort which persists in breeding sparsely, despite its own instinct to die off. On this date Harry Ambrose left the cottage on Farewell Street to put his cabana in order at Dailey's Beach. He carried his bathing trunks, his season's supply of towels, a bottle of domestic sherry and a whisk broom in a satchel. The whisk broom was not for whisking, but for sweeping the sand from his cabana. It would cost at least twenty-five dollars to contract for towel and lackey service from the beach club, and Harry could not afford it. At sixty-two Harry could hardly afford anything but time. Even the cottage on Farewell Street was the charitable gesture of an old college chum whom arthritis restricted to warmer climates. Harry occupied it now through the damp autumn as well as the windy winter and the foggy spring. He had not the slightest idea what had happened to his apartment in New York, his mother's wooden palace in Oak Bluffs, or his own West Indian bungalow in St. Thomas. For while Harry was arrogant about himself, he was thoroughly bewildered about a world in which it was honorable to earn one's living. Harry suspected he was neither admirable nor particularly worth-while to a race of journeymen, but he had been the most magnetic connoisseur and entertaining dilettante of the lavender years. It was incredible that he should now have become a relic to the society about which he knew so much.

And despite the liberal dalliance of his youth, Harry had a horror of change. For thirty years he had chartered cabana number twenty-three at Dailey's Beach. It was a number which permitted him the privacy of the far end of the beach without isolating him; and coming and going from it every good beach day enabled Harry to tabulate from the corner of his aloof eye those in and out of season. To occupy any but cabana twenty-three would have torn the ribs from Harry's life. In fact he occasionally had restrained nightmares in which cabana twenty-three was mysteriously missing from the beach, and he, Harry, plowed madly from cabana to cabana, calling the number like the name of a lost child. All of which was possibly tied up in some Freudian fashion with Harry's subconscious knowledge that somewhere in the labyrinth of the club, his name was posted as delinquent in dues.

For many years, Harry had hastily burned his bills as they encroached on his sensitivity; and, being a genteel escapist, he solved the problem of cabana twenty-three by confiscating it strategically on the first day of the season, detouring past the beach club each afternoon and reasoning that people could not possibly associate Harry Ambrose of cabana twenty-three with the Harry Ambrose posted on the club's bulletin board. They were simply not the same person.

So on the fifteenth of June, 1945, he walked briskly past the clubhouse and across Dailey's Beach. Ah, yes—there it was. Number twenty-



Harry turned to Dorcas. "If my memory serves me," he said, "I believe Vera Boutee married a unicorn on the island of Cyprus. I understand they make most excellent husbands"

three, its purple-striped canvas rippling in the breeze. Harry's curried skin turned pink and his eyes a glistening blue as he toiled over the sand; he breathed with a slight burr, but then the season for his allergies was approaching. When he reached to pull back the flap he noticed an engraved card stuck halfway into the celluloid name guard. He stooped to read it: Mrs. Z. Sanville Sharpless. Harry snorted and tossed it over his shoulder. It was a name without genealogy to him. Inside he stumbled over an alligator case with the initials Z.S.S. Harry deposited it primly outside the tent and then looked around. It was all here as usual—the canvas chairs, the chest for his towels and oddments, the rickety little table.

Carefully he laid away his towels and sherry. And then he took off his shoes and flicked the sand from them. He was about to remove his shirt when he heard a woman's voice outside. He paused to disapprove of that slurred quality with the broad emphasis on conjunctions which was fashionable these days. Then suddenly a woman with blue-black hair and a blue-gray streak running from her forehead popped her head inside.

"Oops!" she said. "Oh, I *do* beg your pardon. I must have barged into the wrong one. These things all look alike after the third round, you know. . . ." She laughed weakly.

Harry leveled a dispassionate glance at her, and she retreated. Outside she murmured to a companion, "I could have sworn—but of course! There's the number, twenty-three, darling. As plain as your dyed hair. And there's my suitcase! Why it's outright dispossession. I only hope Miriam Haworth has an answer for this one. She absolutely assured me—you know these cabanas are scarce as stag lines this year. And no old fossil takes priority over Zoe Sharpless."

Harry shook out his burgundy wool trunks obliviously. And when he was ready for the beach, he slung a towel over his shoulders and regarded himself in the flecked mirror. He was still almost dashing—the tapered legs of a Regency rake, excellent chest, long face, head thrown back a little, a palisade of graying hair and a wide mouth practiced in assuming infinite refinements of expression.

If only someone would remember that he had once been the brightest star in Blueport's constellation, they might all find him quite amusing. If only someone among the younger crowd would invite him to a party, he might belong again. For Harry loved youth, as do all men who minimize age.

THERE was a brisk knock on the canvas outside. "Mr. Ambrose—are you there? It's Miriam Haworth. May I come in?"

Harry's blood tore through his veins. A visitor! Not since the afternoon two years ago when the Dowager Vickers had stalked over to discuss the death of old Dick Butterfield in Antibes had Harry entertained a visitor. He snatched up his cigarette holder and threw back the tent flap graciously. "Of course, of course! Come in, come in!"

She glanced about boldly. Miriam Haworth was a young woman, slim as a wire, with very brown legs like mop handles, brown hair puffed in a toadstool on the top of her head, and level eyes touched with Mongolian severity. She wore a bathing suit printed in a leopard pattern and carried a bag of the same fabric. She sat down, permitted Harry to light her cigarette, and then surveyed him as if he were a shark tooth in a glass case.

"Mr Ambrose," she announced, "I believe the time has come for us to discuss your occupancy of this cabana."

Harry tottered imperceptibly. "I have occupied this cabana for thirty years, Mrs. Haworth."

She smiled, but it was only an ironic reflex. "Very quaint and Edwardian. Mr. Ambrose. But cabanas are not inheritances. They are paid for, year by year."

Harry flushed and stood erect. "I am not a parvenu, Mrs. Haworth."

She made a deprecating gesture with her cigarette. "I am trying to spare you as much as possible, believe me. But I was put on the beach committee this spring, and we face certain problems which must be met. High taxes and overhead, to mention a few. To be blunt, Mr. Ambrose, are you prepared to pay the rental of two hundred dollars for this cabana?"

His voice grew husky with incredulity. "It was only sixty dollars the first year I had it."

Her tone was as reproving as that reserved for a child. "Mr. Ambrose—thirty years is a long time. The world changes. I could have sent one of the men to speak to you about this, but I thought it might seem more gentle coming from a woman."

Harry sat down and fumbled with his towel; this was merely a variation of the old nightmare. "Well, I can't say . . ." he faltered.

"But you must say, Mr. Ambrose," she said with a grim display of her vaunted gentleness. "We sent you a notice of our rental prices in the spring, along with your club dues. This cabana was rented a month ago to Mrs. Sanville Sharpless. Mrs. Sharpless has paid the two hundred dollars. I think there is really nothing for you to do but leave." She rose and straightened out the drapery on her leopard print.

Harry jerked courteously to his feet; his cigarette holder rolled under the table, but he made no move to retrieve it. His eyes were feverish. He made one last desperate gesture. "Have we any mutual friends, Mrs. Haworth? I don't seem to remember you."

She stopped and glanced at him. "I married Guy Haworth five years ago, Mr. Ambrose."

"Ah, yes, Forrest Haworth's son. Forrest and I were in the same debating society at college."

"Really?"

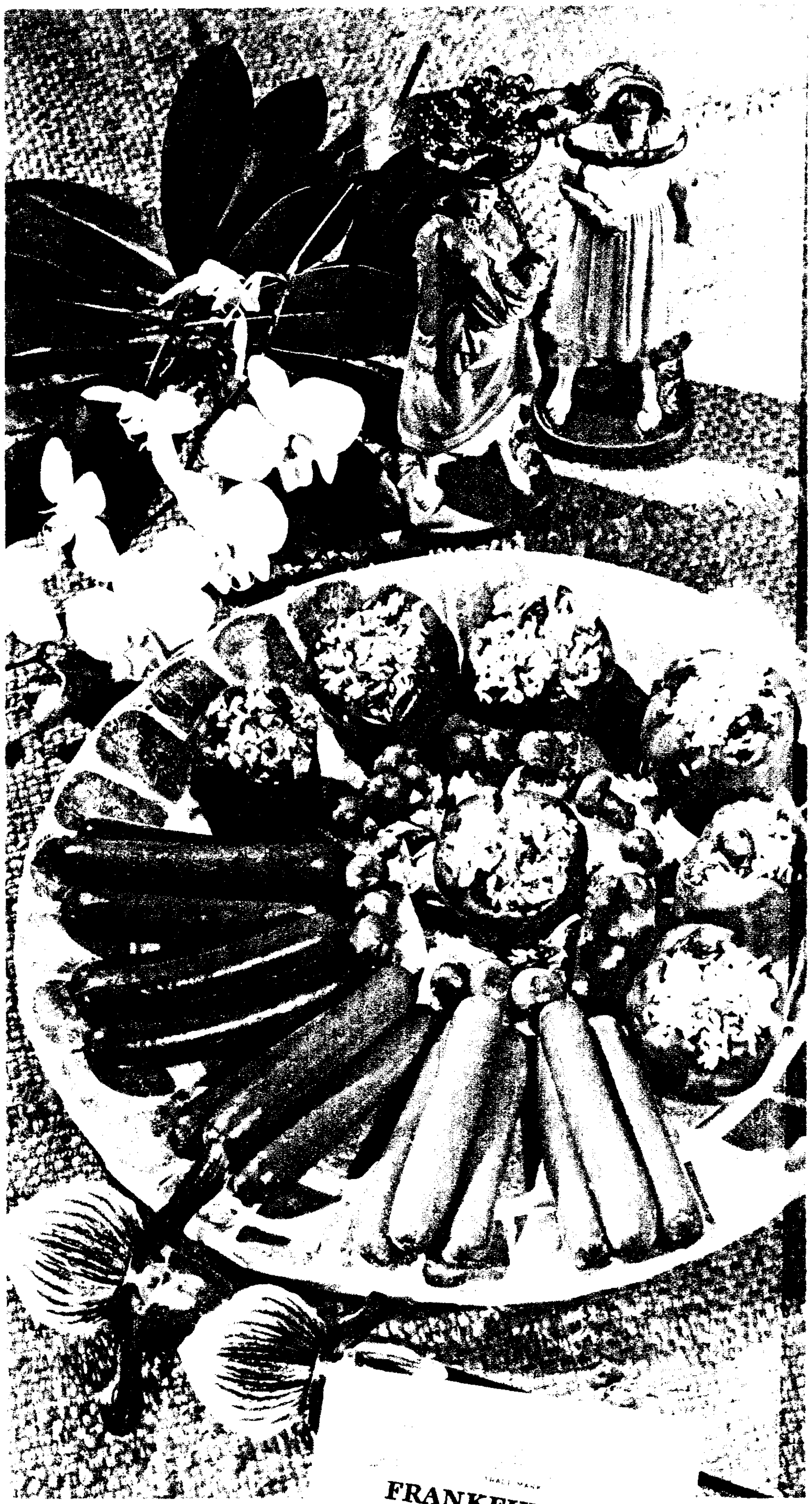
"And before your marriage, Mrs. Haworth?"

SHE turned impatiently, with a fixed expression. "Before my marriage I was Miriam Boutee of New York. I married my husband when I was graduated from Miss Benson's."

"Not Vera Boutee's daughter! Of course I knew Vera had a daughter. One reads about such matters off and on in the newspapers."

She flicked the ashes from her cigarette with immense deliberation, and waited before she spoke. "I do not discuss my mother, Mr. Ambrose."

Harry breathed heavily. "That may not be Edwardian, but it is decidedly Victorian. Your mother was a great actress. She was sometimes a little confused about her personal life, but a great actress notwithstanding. I should say her greatest forte was her ability to portray unhappy women. And if she had a vice, it was lack of discrimination



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—she trusted everybody." Harry's eyes had the fuzzy texture of an old blotter.

Miriam opened her mouth to speak, then closed it, and her nose grew sharp.

"Odd," puzzled Harry. "I don't believe I ever knew whom Vera finally married."

"Mr. Ambrose—" said Miriam Haworth rigidly.

"The point being, my dear," interposed Harry, "that there were so many she might have married, including myself, I suppose. Except that I was kind of a faithful court retainer or a hound at the baronial table. Incidentally, what did become of your mother, Mrs. Haworth—since I have been out of the swim these many years, so to speak?"

Miriam Haworth glanced down at her sandaled feet. "My mother retired from the stage ten years ago. She lives in New Jersey—in seclusion."

"Not in one of those distasteful homes for indigent actresses?" Harry suggested humorously.

Her tan developed a green underglow. "I have struggled for an understanding with my mother, Mr. Ambrose, but she is a difficult personality, as you probably remember. Her situation is one of her own choosing; she exists only in a sentimental dream of her generation and her profession. One can do nothing for such a person. My intimate friends, of course, understand my position, but here in Blueport . . ." she decided against the plea.

Harry was afloat in reminiscence. "Let me see—in Nice I introduced her to Prince Mizzicanto. In Budapest to Count Melegh. That was the winter of her continental tour in A Doll's House. And then that spring she came back. I believe we had a disagreement not too long after that. Perhaps over what constituted the good life. Or possibly over her mispronunciations; she had the voice of a fishwife at times. Curious—how one forgets. At any rate we were always arguing over whom she might marry. Tell me, my dear, whom *did* she finally marry?"

"Mr. Ambrose—no amount of pleasant conversation can alter the situation. I don't want to seem peremptory, but this cabana must be vacated for Mrs. Sharpless this afternoon. Suppose we say you are entitled to a brief swim immediately, and that Mrs. Sharpless can resume possession—" she glanced at her watch, "in half an hour."

Harry's head shot back magnificently, but the look in his eyes fragmentized; the reverie was over, and the shadow lay across his noon. When Miriam Haworth darted out, he turned in a daze to find his clothes. The beige flannels, the brown linen sackcoat, the brown and white shoes, the green tropic tie. And then fondly he repacked his sherry, the towels, his whisk broom and his bathing trunks. He looked around for a dizzy second, blew his nose fiercely and strode elegantly down the length of the beach. He carried himself like a Roman senator, but two ruddy stains rode high on his cheekbones.

The word had been passed like a marathon torch, and one by one the lotus eaters rose on their elbows to spend a cautious glance on Harry Ambrose—or, as he was often called—the Last Leaf. Mrs. Sanville Sharpless sat observing him through sun glasses, a sly smile on her lips. But in all of them, pity was strained through a fearful prayer: *God, never let my income diminish, so that this could happen to me.*

Since it was the last time anyway, Harry marched proudly through the beach club, pausing to strike a match on the bulletin board.

ON HIS way through town, he stopped to buy half a chicken from the butcher who saved him the other half from the half purchased by an old sea captain. Then he walked up Seaview Street, past Colonnade House. Once a day he invariably walked past Colonnade House, to remind himself that he should be master of it today, had he married Tabitha Sloan when he was plowed from Harvard Law. Colonnade House had always been the oracular seat of eligibility—the throne room of Blueport. And in his heart Harry had never stopped believing that if Tabitha's granddaughter, Dorcas Barton, were to invite him to just one party at Colonnade House, he would be reinstated for all time and persona grata everywhere at once. And he could earn his way with delightful highlights on forgotten gossip, on old skeletons deliciously purveyed to a new generation.

Slowly he walked toward Equality Park and sat down on a bench, the half a chicken beside him. Equality Park—he loathed the name. He had truly reached the lowest depth of his life; without cabana twenty-three, he had nothing to look forward to. He brooded about ways of recovering it. Actually he had only one chance left—at the end of the summer he might come into some money. Perhaps not much, and it was an uncertain source. But surely there would be enough for cabana twenty-three. There absolutely must be. . . .

TOWARD the last of June, Harry woke one morning to fetch his mail. Among the bills was a strange letter from a publishing house and a smartly wrapped volume in the same delivery. He opened the book first because it seemed less aggressive than the letter; it had a crimson cover with gold tassels inscribed and was entitled Curtain Call: Memoirs of Vera Boutee.

Harry tore eagerly into the letter. It said simply: "My dear Mr. Ambrose—Vera Boutee has dedicated her nostalgic autobiography, Curtain Call, to you. We are therefore forwarding you a complimentary copy under separate cover. We are convinced that Miss Boutee's candid volume, which we are releasing this week, will stimulate comment. . . ."

Harry picked up Curtain Call skeptically. It was indeed dedicated to him. *To Harry Ambrose, who knows more about Vera Boutee than she knows about herself.* Ridiculous, thought Harry, I can't even remember whom she married. He began to read slowly, but with a purpose. At noon he had reached that chapter which began:

"I recall that at Bayreuth there was a wheezy little train which puffed so slowly to the top of the mountain that it was found necessary to post a sign saying: 'Passengers will please refrain from leaving the train to pick flowers.' In 1920, the career of Vera Boutee had begun to offend my patience, like the little Bayreuth train. There was no impact to it—no exhaustive experience. I did too many things which didn't actually matter. I believed that an actress should discard all except the rudiments of living, in order to convey the elemental emotions. And there I was—restless, thirty-five, and still searching for my soul. But nevertheless I continued to leave the train to pick flowers.

"I had returned that spring from my tour abroad in A Doll's House. I was persuaded, as I have always been persuaded—by a man—that a month's rest on an island off the Georgia coast would reorient me. I would scarcely say I found my soul in that month. But within the year my daughter was born. She and I have been strangers from that day. It is a great shock for an actress to discover that her own personality does not dominate in the personality of her child. The only satisfaction I derived from the experience of motherhood at all lay in maintaining the anonymity of the father. . . ."

Harry sat there with the book on his knee until late afternoon when the ice-cream pony cart rattled along Farewell Street. And having discovered that Vera Boutee had never married at all, Harry waited for what was bound to occur.

It happened as he was certain it would—the following morning while he was separating his coffee cream from his daily pint of milk. Before he answered the bell, he lit a cigarette in his meerschaum holder, ran a hand along the lapel of his jacket and waited a decent interval before he opened the door.

Miriam Haworth's mouth was strained with impatience, and she was faintly pink about the nose. She glanced nervously at her station wagon parked at the end of the street. "May I come in, Mr. Ambrose?"

"Most assuredly, my dear," said Harry, making way for her and reaching for his mail. He thrust the bills into his pocket at once, sifting out an impressive, foursquare parchment envelope. And as he followed Miriam Haworth into the musty drawing room he noticed particularly that her black cartwheel hat had no crown to it.

She sat down, her head thrown back and her coral mouth favoring one side of her tanned face. "Mr. Ambrose—I'll come to the point immediately. My mother's autobiography was released two days ago. You must have seen it—it was dedicated to you."

Harry attentively tapped the large envelope on his knee.

"There was no financial need for my mother to write her autobiography," she continued. "She was contrary and without taste in doing it."

Harry observed Miriam Haworth closely. "The things people remember always seem richer than the things which take their place," he said gently. "Autobiography needs no greater reason. And people who have never lived should not arbitrate taste for those who have."

Her hand stiffened on her white bag. "I have lived decently at least!"

"Vera Boutee lived by the decency of her heart!" flashed Harry. "What you need is not your father's name but your mother's courage. Thank God, in my day we took our hypocrisy lightly."

She leaned forward, one white gauntlet across her knee, like a symbol of truce. "You did know my father, then?"

Harry was exhausted from his outburst. "I knew him, and I have deliberately forgotten him." He turned over the parchment envelope. Mrs. Dorcas Manning Barton, Colonnade House! He ripped it open, with Miriam Haworth sitting there before him. *My dear Harry: Before Grandmother died, she said, "I do hope Harry Ambrose will continue to call frequently at Colonnade House." Since you have not voluntarily carried out Granny Tabitha's wish, I am exercising her option in asking you to join us for cocktails tomorrow. Dorcas Barton.*

Harry's spirit flared up in him. If you waited long enough, the wheel made a complete turn, life repeated itself, and the things that mattered in your dry soul came to pass.

He looked at Miriam Haworth. The concise pattern of her face shifted and reformed like the prisms in a toy kaleidoscope. "You have me at a decided disadvantage," she confessed. "My mother publishes the fact that you were her confidant, and it is quite probable you know things which I shall never know. Blueport would pay you well for such choice information." She glanced significantly at the unmistakable monogram on the stationery in his hand.

Harry rose. "My dear, the publication of your mother's memoirs did not make me eligible for those houses I grew up in. You and I have chosen our society for its dignity, and as you say, its decency. But if you cannot trust the decency of your society, then its dignity does not matter."

She walked swiftly toward the door, turning once to settle a hooked rug with her toe. Her voice was stripped of affectation: "Is there anything you want, Mr. Ambrose, providing I make myself plain?"

He looked up absently from rereading Dorcas Barton's note. "Provided—the subjunctive, not the participle, Mrs. Haworth. You inherit your mother's inaccuracy with grammar. No, I think not. You have taken from me the only thing I wanted. Cabana twenty-three. Good day."

And while the odor of his coffee boiled through the house, Miriam Haworth started her station wagon at the end of the street, and Harry considered the note from Colonnade House and many other things besides, which only Harry knew.

Harry dressed with particular care the next afternoon; his white linen, made by a British tailor in St. Thomas, his white suède shoes, his panama with the brown band and a brown bordered handkerchief in his breast pocket.

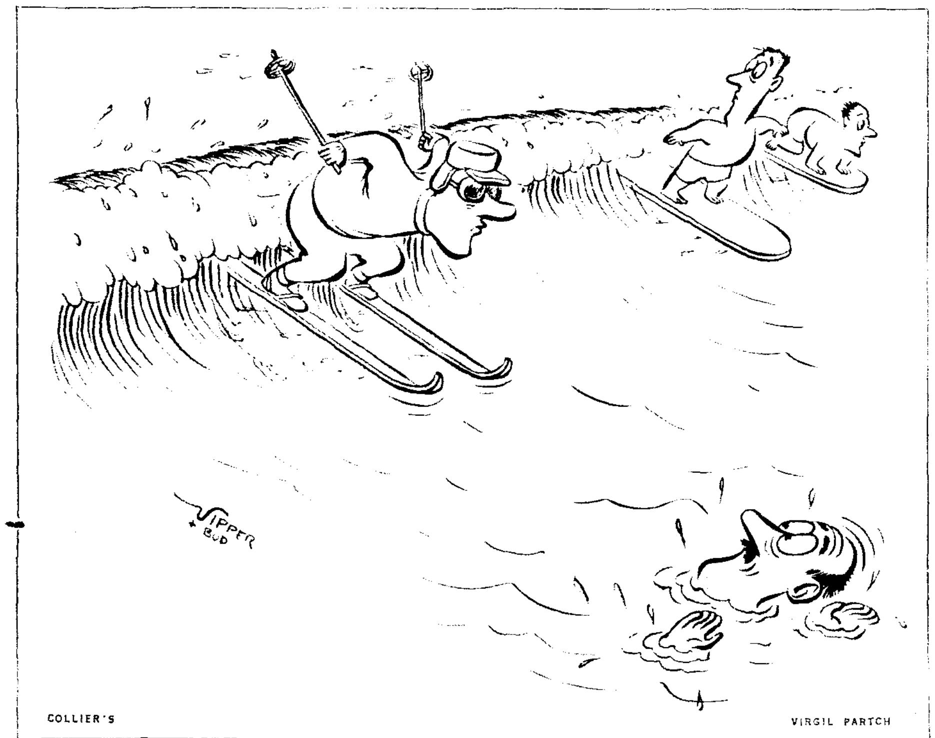
Colonnade House swarmed with women in simple dresses. There were a few bloody-eyed, tired men about as well, but Harry scarcely noticed them. He was a trifle repelled at the mad flight of their voices. Could these be the daughters of the women he remembered? Yes, that woman with gold bugs planted in her hair had Pamela Bristoll's eyes. . . .

DORCAS BARTON found Harry on her rounds. She gesticulated toward him with her cocktail. "Well if it isn't Harry Ambrose—the last—oh my soul, it *is* good to see you still batting about, Harry! Now stick around. Things will die down soon, and then you'll meet a few of my real friends. You know you're a celebrity these days, Harry, since Vera Boutee wrote that amazing book and dedicated it to you. And poor dear Miriam going slowly mad with a scandal on her own head for a change. I must say she's a fascinating exhibition now that the wedgie's on the other foot or whatever. But, of course, we'll stick by her. Yes, indeed, you're probably a chrome deposit of secrets, but you've got to prove it to us, Harry. Just mix around and introduce yourself. And if you get stuck, yell."

Harry walked about and was exceedingly gay, but somehow he sensed that the dialectic had changed since his day; it was inherent in the amused pause which followed his comments. Eventually the party sifted down to a few intimate stragglers, and Dorcas herded them into the green study, where Harry had once told Tabitha Sloan he was a bounder, and that he was wretchedly in love with an actress who put up with him only on occasions and was always infatuated with the ideals of someone else who eventually disappointed her anyway.

Harry situated himself against the mantel with the casualness of a *bon vivant*. Dorcas had another shift of cocktails brought in, and Harry lit a cigarette in his meerschaum holder and relished life.

For half an hour he forgot the mean years on Farewell Street. And then everybody quieted down with a movement of Dorcas'



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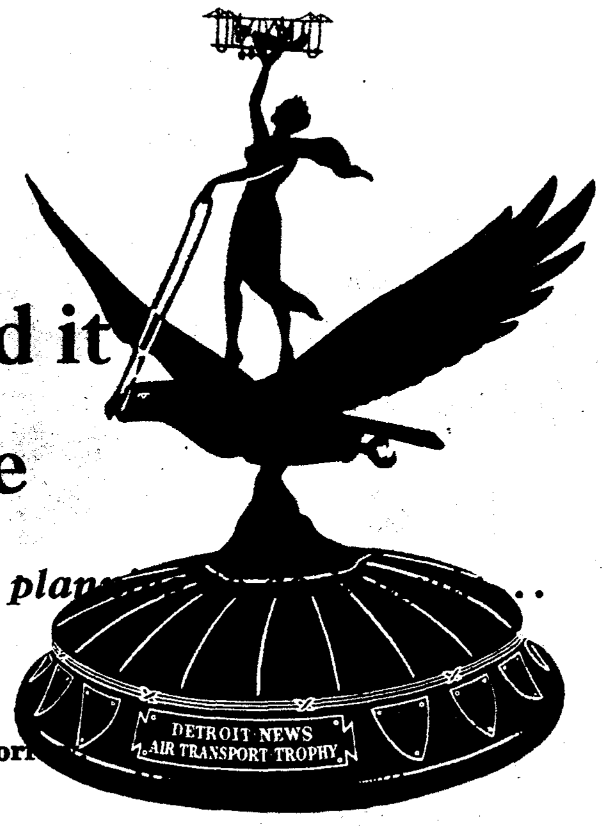

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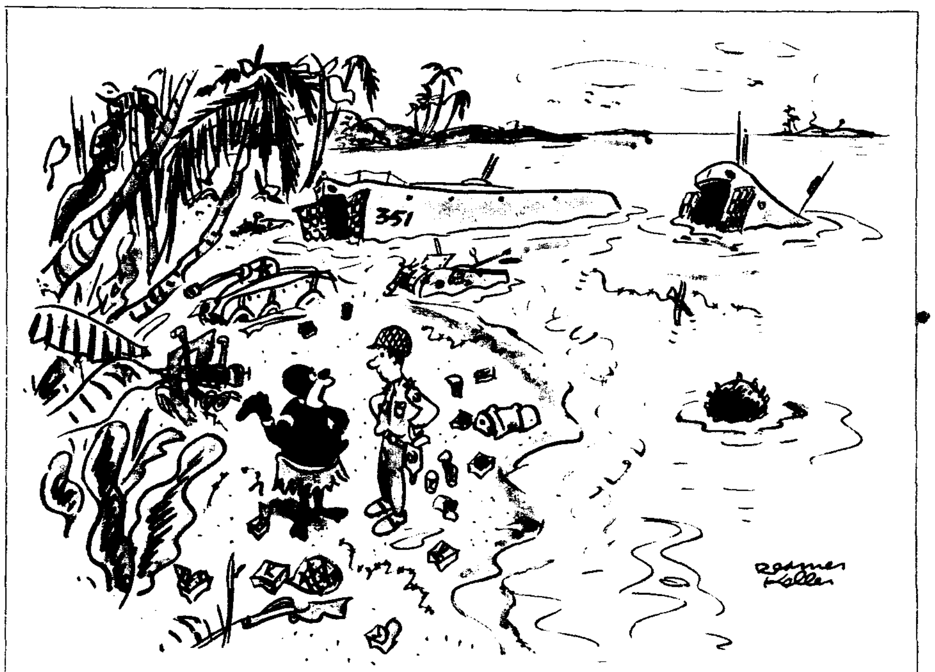

"Now that it's all over who's going to clean up this mess?"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

arrow-plucked eyebrows. "Now—" said Dorcas, taking a deep breath, "let's all listen to Harry. After all, Harry has the inside track on Miriam's dilemma, and he's been sport enough to keep it exclusively for us."

Harry sneezed over his Martini and cast out a protesting hand.

"Come now, Harry," said Dorcas. "Don't keep us dithering. You must know who Miriam's father is. After all, Vera Boutee practically admitted you were the only person who did know. There's not one of us in this room who wouldn't do anything in the world for Miriam, but we owe it to ourselves to know the truth. Our children play with Miriam's children, and we all grew up with Guy Haworth. Poor Guy—how agonizing for him. Oh, Harry, don't be so honorable about this. Give us a hint. At least something to go on. . . ."

Harry deposited his Martini on the Adam mantel. He took his handkerchief from his breast pocket and wiped his hands slowly and thoroughly. Then he tossed back his palisade of gray hair, and his handsomeness shot them through with a strange bolt of envy.

He turned squarely to Dorcas. "If my memory serves me, I believe Vera Boutee married a unicorn on the island of Cyprus," he said. "I understand they make most excellent husbands, but only for immortal women, of course. And now, my dear, I'm sure you will excuse me. I try to compensate each evening for the time I waste during the day." He made a short bow and walked rigidly from the room—out of Colonnade House for what was distinctly the last time in his life.

HE WALKED directly to the cottage on Farewell Street. He was glad to be home. He sat down on a sticky wicker chair and took stock of his world. He was fairly proud of what he had just done; they would have tolerated him only for his information, and tomorrow would be as abandoned as today. It was a shameful thing to admit about the children of his contemporaries, but they were deadly as steel traps—these moderns of Blueport, huddled and hovering like a tribe of vultures waiting for an updraft of disgrace.

In his day he had been worthless and many times a mannered cad. But whatever he had not been, his repertoire had been harmless. He had never hazarded an untruth, nor muddied a good name, nor hurt anyone—deliberately.

Vera Boutee had grown to a wise, if bitter old age; she had ceased to care about anything except wisdom and honesty. And Harry Ambrose—well Harry had grown to perceive his world, but that was all. He could no more renounce it than he could yield up his desire for cabana twenty-three. Still no one would ever be able to say that Harry had lost the reflexes of a gentleman.

Slowly he pulled himself from the chair and walked to the Winthrop desk whose cubbyholes were stuffed with the wistful correspondence of his years on Farewell Street. As he reached it, the telephone vibrated harshly through him. It was Miriam Haworth, with a solicitous note in her voice which he remembered as typical of Vera in her cagey moments.

"Mr. Ambrose—" she began, as if she were reading it from a sheet of paper. "I've been thinking about our talk yesterday morning. I want you to know I trust you. You are absolutely right—if there is no decency in Blueport, then dignity does not matter. I must simply have faith and pretend that my father at least willed me the discretion which my mother lacked."

Harry sighed. "I'm sure it matters very little about your father, Mrs. Haworth. But you should achieve some sort of pride in your mother. Vera Boutee was a free soul—a free moral agent who lived many years beyond her age."

SHE listened reluctantly. "Nevertheless," she broke in firmly, "I should like to express my appreciation of your own discretion in this matter. So I have had cabana twenty-three reserved in your name for the next five years, and paid in advance."

"My dear—" Harry interjected softly.

"Now please don't protest, Mr. Ambrose," she said in haste. "It's a *fait accompli*, and in view of what I know you will do for me, it's the very least I can do. I shall look forward to seeing you on the beach then. Au revoir now—"

Harry heard the decisive click of the receiver, and he put his instrument back on the hook. He sat there, his hands on his knees, and eventually a gentle, patronizing smile lit his face. Cabana twenty-three. His own. He went to the kitchen and brought out his last bottle of imported sherry. And after a reflective libation, he proceeded to finish that which he had begun when the telephone rang. He went to the desk and collected a sheaf of papers from a Florentine portfolio. And quietly, page by page, he fed to his fireplace and the sultry twilight of Blueport, the smoke of Harry Ambrose's Memoirs, tentatively titled The Nine Lives of a Rake, or A Labor of Love.

They might have supported him the rest of his life; they might even have restored him independently to cabana twenty-three and much else besides. But they might also have tossed another carcass to the vultures of Colonnade House, which, God forbid, could have happened this afternoon. For they related many amusing and spicy anecdotes—such as how Harry Ambrose saved the heir presumptive to a European throne from a police raid on a Blueport house of ill fame, and how once he had even spirited away the greatest actress of his day for an idyllic month of love on a lonely island off the Georgia coast.

THE END

The Lost Colony

Continued from page 74

"It was a tossup," one of the Karuizawa colonists said, "whether we hated the Nazis or the Jap police most. The Nazis dominated the Japs and even used their trucks and troops to distribute supplies to Germans while the natives went without. And look at the Nazis today. They're just as brazen and arrogant as ever, even though Hitler and Japan have both been beaten. They claim that they dissolved the Nazi Party here and that they would like nothing better than a nice pure democracy, but they're still flaunting Hitler's picture and spreading undercover propaganda."

Hitler sent special strong-arm envoys to Japan early in the Pacific war. The leader, who arrived by submarine, was burly Colonel Joseph Meisinger, the notorious Butcher of Warsaw. Meisinger, credited with the killing of a hundred thousand defenseless Polish Jews, worked hand in fist with the fanatical Japanese militarists and the Kempeitai (Japanese gendarmerie) setting up a Gestapo spy system as cruelly efficient as the home product. Meisinger and his lieutenants put the finger on any Japs or foreigners whom they had classed as unco-operative, and the Kempeitai did the rest, torturing and killing suspects.

Germany also sent military experts to Japan to show the Japs how to win the war against the Allies. Experienced U-boat commanders offered their services to the Japanese navy, but their advice on submarine warfare was ignored by the Japanese, who decided that they knew more about it than the Nazis. They also gave the cold shoulder to Hitler's authorities on radar aviation, antiaircraft defense and other military subjects, despite the effusive dispatches from the Japanese military attaché in Berlin, Captain Banzai, who consistently reported that the Nazi war machine was the best in the world.

At one time during the war there were a thousand Germans connected with their embassy in Tokyo. Many of these were the survivors of three Nazi raiders torpedoed and sunk by our submarines in Yokohama Harbor.

Colonel Meisinger was the over-all manager of Nazi affairs in the Far East. The Party leader in Japan during the first part of the war was a Herr Hillman, who organized the local *Landesgruppen*. Hillman was also an aggressive businessman and engineered several big deals to sell supplies to the Jap navy. But when Japanese officials discovered that he was cutting himself in generously on the money involved, their screams of protest caused Hitler to recall Hillman and he was replaced by Otto Spahn, a young Nazi storm trooper.

The Nazi Cloak of Culture

Spahn arrived in Japan with specific orders to purge the local Nazi Party. He got busy immediately and organized a "Cultural Institute" designed to foster better relations with the Japanese, and in a short time the Party was stronger than ever.

Meisinger and Spahn swelled their ranks with German refugees from Java and subsidized their living expenses in Japan. Each refugee received 450 yen per month from the Nazi jackpot, plus 50 yen for each child in the family. In return, these refugees were supposed to keep a watchful eye on all other members of the German community who were not Party members. The latter, incidentally, were kept in line by the strict control the Nazis had over the food supply. Let one of the nonmembers overstep the rules set by the Party leaders and he would find himself and his family going hungry.

Even when Germany fell, there was little change either in the attitude or the strength of the Nazis in Japan. Meisinger furnished the Jap government with a list of the names of Germans who he said should be interned, but the Japs decided that the list was too long and rejected it. Naturally no Nazis were on the list. A few Germans were arrested and grilled but even these were soon released.

With the collapse of Hitlerism in Europe, Spahn formally ordered the Nazi Party in Japan dissolved, but in almost the same breath he announced that "the spirit of the Party will continue nevertheless. Our ideals and aims will never change."

Today the Nazis in Japan are preaching democracy in loud tones to anyone who will listen. A couple of days after our first landings here, they held a meeting in Karuizawa to elect the officers of the new organization, to be known as the "German Democratic Party."

Although the Japs spurned Germany's advice in military matters they borrowed freely from the Nazi espionage system and so-called culture. We talked with Joseph Rosenstock, a former conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, about the influence of German *Kultur* on music in Japan. Nine years ago, Rosenstock, a Jew, was invited to become conductor of the Tokyo Philharmonic Orchestra, a position he held until the start of the war. When he resigned, the local Nazis were already telling the Japanese which foreigners they should employ, and high on the list of those to be fired were all non-Aryan and non-Axis musicians.

A Brutal Espionage System

Under Colonel Meisinger's guidance the Jap Kempeitai hit a new low in ruthlessness and brutality. (Meisinger is now in U.S. custody.) In the eyes of the Kempeitai, practically everybody in Japan was a spy until proved otherwise. The foreign colony at Karuizawa were favored subjects for sudden arrest and prolonged inane questioning. It wasn't safe to invite a neighbor in for a cup of tea, for that visit might be followed promptly by one from the gendarmerie demanding to know what military secrets had been discussed and where the stolen plans were hidden.

You wouldn't risk speaking to a Japanese friend who passed you on the street, or the native might be summoned to Kempeitai headquarters and grilled for hours. All Jap house servants were enrolled by the Kempeitai to report regularly on their employers' activities and conversations. Sometimes the servants developed more loyalty to their foreign employers than they did to the police. One of them used to say to her employer, "Please give me a piece of paper with something—anything—written on it. I have to make a report to the Kempeitai today."

These were minor annoyances, of course, compared to the ordeal that some of the foreigners who had been openly hostile to Japan or the Axis underwent. A Frenchman named Dubois, who worked for importers in Yokohama, was a typical victim. Dubois, an ardent De Gaullist, was grabbed by the Kempeitai on Pearl Harbor day and subjected to two months of what they called "instruction."

This consisted of a full month of daily beatings followed by another month of repetitious questioning in an attempt to make him admit that he was a spy. Eventually, he was brought to trial, but this proved to be a farce, for Dubois was allowed no counsel, and the testimony he offered was ignored. Adjudged guilty, he was put in solitary confinement for three months, and then sentenced to three years at hard labor.

For a year and a half, Dubois worked eleven hours each day sewing soldiers' uniforms and making rice sacks and sea bags for the navy. During this period his meals consisted of a bowl of rice a day. He lost weight steadily, and his diet brought on pleurisy and beriberi. When his condition became so bad that he wasn't able to work, they transferred him to a prison hospital where he got rest but no medical treatment.

Eventually, he was pronounced incurable and was released from prison to die elsewhere. Friends at Karuizawa took him into their home and spent months nursing him back to health. Dubois gained back some of the weight he had lost but, looking at his gaunt face, you could appreciate the depth of emotion he placed behind the words: "Thank God you've come to liberate us! Now we can enjoy life again. Just think of it! No more Kempeitai!"

THE END

The best brushes have DU PONT NYLON BRISTLES

. . . *and now* THEY'RE BACK!

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Nylon-bristled hairbrushes are beautiful to look at, and a joy to use. These crisp, clean bristles give your hair the shimmering lustre it deserves. And keep on giving it... for years *longer*.

Just look at the gleaming back and handle of this brush! That's Du Pont "Lucite"*... sparkling, crystal-clear, sturdy and always pleasant to the touch. Look for the word—*nylon*—stamped on the handle of the brush.

The better toothbrushes, too, have nylon bristles... quick-drying, lively and long-lived. (*Du Pont does not make hairbrushes; we supply the nylon bristles and "Lucite" to brush manufacturers.*)

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Duofold fabric is made in two thin, separate layers with air space between. The inner layer is all soft cotton; the outer layer contains wool for warmth. The insulation provided by its two-layer construction protects you against chills, yet this wonderful underwear is not heavy or bulky. Order early. Supply is less than demand.

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SMOKE A PIPE ... YOUR PIPE

FREE! 24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

More Milk and Eggs

Continued from page 62

many years has dominated America in regard to animal breeding, Mr. Prentice gives short shrift. This school of thought, while recognizing differences between individual purebreds, claims that an animal by virtue of being a purebred is superior to animals bred otherwise. To upset this theory, there is Jalapa. Mount Hope's prize matron, with six records averaging 11,400 pounds of milk; and Lingo, with two records averaging 16,331 pounds. Neither of these phenomenal cows are Holstein-Friesian, Guernsey, Jersey or any other purebred, registered breed. They are just American milch cows, varying in color like the plain mixed cattle of the old-fashioned farm, where the expense of pure breeding was prohibitive.

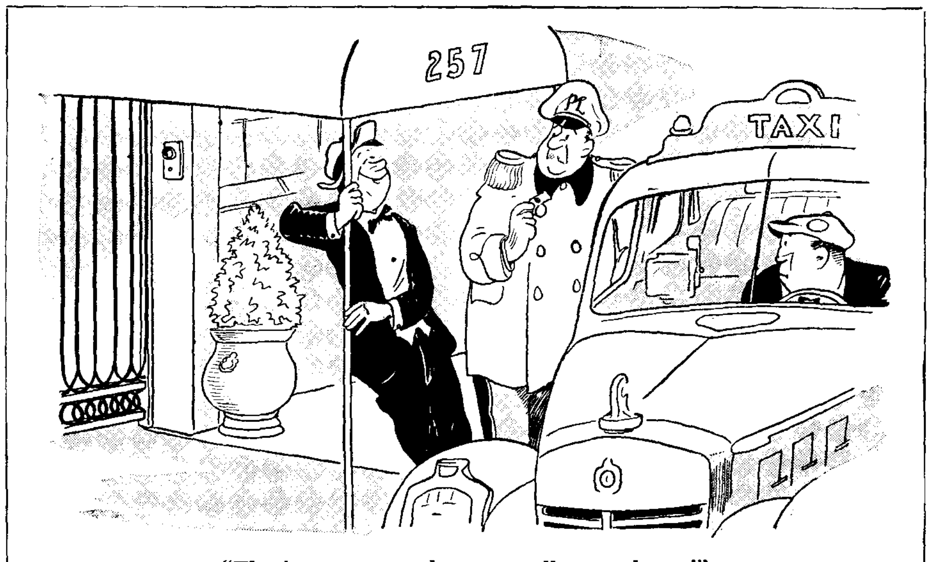
Mr. Prentice feels strongly, to the extent of writing books about it, that federal and state agricultural schools give little or no attention to the study of genetics as applied to animal breeding. Or what scant attention they do give, they fail to pass on to the American farmer and dairyman. Because of Mr. Prentice's interest in genetics, on one corner of his 1,400-acre farm there is the Mouse House, a laboratory for just such experimentation. Here 5,000 tame mice are confined in cages, a family to a cage. They are bred at the rate of 1,000 a month and the geneticist, Doctor Hubert D. Goodale, is able to make a study of several generations a month; dozens a year. He has been doing this for a decade.

The Mouse House is on the way to proving that black can become white. They now have piebald mice, with each generation showing more and more white, but bred from pure *black* mice. Eventually, when they do become entirely white, they will be bred back to pure black again.

While the farm sells everything from honey to milk, to fancy broilers, it does not operate primarily as a money-making institution. It produces mostly grass, hay and corn for animal feed, a matter of supreme concern. Chickens and cattle eat green grass—all year around. Come harvest time, truckload after truckload of fresh grass rolls up to the huge drier, where it is chopped up into small lengths, dumped into revolving drums and dehydrated at 1425 degrees Fahrenheit. It emerges neatly baked, as bright green as when mown, and retaining the carotene and protein which are so heavily lost in sun-and-rain-cured hay. Annually the farm turns out about 300 tons of this baled dry grass.

The experiments and methods worked out at the Mount Hope laboratory-farm have been reached only at tremendous expense—a cost far beyond the purse of the average farmer. The principles evolved, however, can be applied to smaller farms throughout the country. Mr. Prentice believes further that, put into widespread use, they forecast an end to famine in the world. Already Italy and Bulgaria have become converts and have awarded the farm royal decorations for its contributions to the advance of agriculture in those countries. Only last spring, the American Committee for Near East Relief stated that Mr. Prentice's methods had added $6,000,000 yearly to the income of the Bulgarian poultry industry. And two Mount Hope hens figure on Bulgarian postage stamps in tribute.

THE END



COLLIER'S "That's pretty good—now call me a horse!" BO BROWN

Any Week

Continued from page 4

with this, I have made a book cover which fits the title in sympathy and warm appeal. Do you suppose you could locate someone who has written a book to go with my cover and title? Both are of such a nature as to cover any one of a wide variety of subjects. I would prefer someone from Akron, Ohio. . . ."

"I AM in the market for ideas," announces Mr. John James (Sarge) Onley of Paducah, Kentucky (as though he needed one). "Lots of people have ideas they can't use and which are no use to them. What they need is some other ideas. So I am going to borrow my G.I. dough from the government and pool everybody's ideas and sort them out so that everybody will have the idea he needs. It is time everybody stopped having ideas about what somebody else ought to do."

FROM a gentleman in Denver, Colorado: "Having left my wife's bed and board I wish to announce that the war is over."

WE'VE heard that directly after a State Department agent left his flat in Washington one evening for the airport where a plane was waiting to take him to Brazil, his office telephoned with some important afterthought instructions. The maid answered the phone. "Nawsir," said she, "he ain't here. He gone to Brazzil (sic) and won't be home all night."

WHEN we've finished this chore, we must write to a gentleman who wishes to do a piece about what young men think. He says: "For the past eight years I have had them in, a dozen or so at a time, for afternoon tea (actually ice cream and cake). The refreshments loosened their tongues and they had lots to say."

BUT we don't know whether a magazine of our haughty conservatism should publish the necessarily irresponsible chatter of boys under the influence of ice cream and cake. So we turn to the latest adventures of that weary old globe trotter, Kyle Crichton of this staff. He is just back from Columbia, Missouri, where he stayed at a certain hotel because he was told that its rooms were air-conditioned. In the room they gave him, there was a sign: "For best air conditioning, raise window twelve inches and open transom."

A POST CARD from Pfc. Gerald Brownfoot in Japan: "This place," writes he, "is rife with some very interesting chaos.". . . W. D.

PRISON OFFICE

HANS KNOPF—PIX

The Week's Work

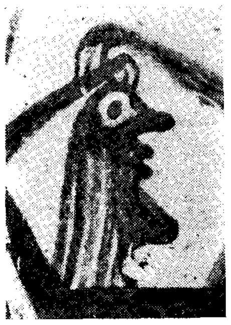
Knopf, Reynolds and Calvosa on wrong side of the barbed wire while gathering story material in a prison camp in France

THE three caballeros, above, posing for the joy of it behind the barbed wire of an Allied prison camp in France, are Hans Knopf, photographer, Quentin Reynolds, correspondent, and Ulrich Calvosa, photograph editor. They are going from France to England to Germany and back again, gathering material for Collier's, such as Children Behind Barbed Wire, p. 18.

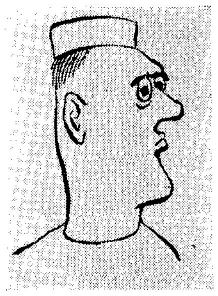
Quent is working on articles about British and Irish politics. His two colleagues report that their rooms at the Savoy Hotel in London were constantly filled with British political figures, of high and low rank, who came to pay their respects to Quent. And after Quent made two broadcasts in London there were still more nonpolitical visitors. For the British do not forget that from the very beginning, through the first devastating blitz when England was unable to hit back, Quent wrote that they would not be beaten. In articles, lectures and newsreels he stated his conviction that "England can take it."

Calvosa, who says he is strictly a postwar correspondent, is amazed, as all visiting Americans are, at prices in Paris. He noted that the people in the streets look hungry and shabby and discouraged, but "We went to the races at Longchamps and there were an awful lot of people making big bets and buying champagne at 1,000 francs ($20) a bottle. . . . A child's dress costs $300 in a smart shop. Very smart, but $300."

WE HAD no idea, until a reader brought it to our attention, that our beloved screwball cartoonist, Virgil Partch, was an old primitive master at heart. But the illustrations here will prove to you that he is. Above, we give you a picture of an ancient Greek vase which is on display at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and we also offer one of Partch's wide-eyed characters. Somebody saw the Greek vase picture in the June issue of Art News and noted the resemblance. Still, in our opinion, Partch has it on the Greeks. We'll bet none of their characters could do the things Partch's can, eat tables and all that.



Grecian vase detail above is more than 2,700 years old. Below is Partch, 1945

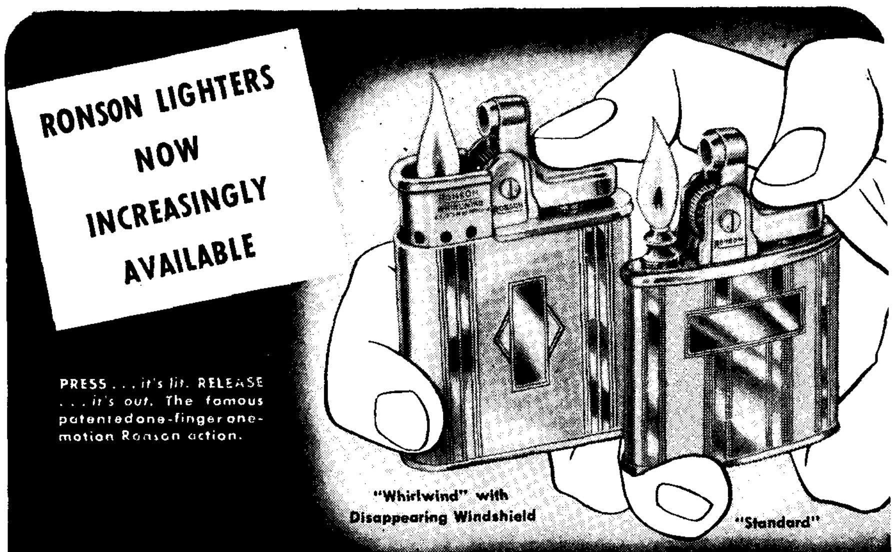


The latest is that Cpl. Virgil Partch has been made official cartoonist on the Fort Ord "Panorama" at Fort Ord, California. "It looks," writes he, "like from six to eight more months in the service. I'll brush up on those table manners and try to find out whether it's correct to eat the olive out of a Martini right away or wait until the damned thing's finished. (I sort of mash the olive in the drink and vary the attack.)"

ROBERT BELLAIRE, who wrote Let 'em Roll! (p. 22), was killed in Japan on September 30th, while on a Far Eastern assignment for Collier's. Frank D. Morris, another member of Collier's staff who had covered the Navy throughout the Pacific war, was injured in the same accident.

It seemed to us that in Bellaire's death there was an unusually ironic element of tragedy. We had previously written a note about him to go in this space. It described him as a Far Eastern expert who'd rather not be. He was an expert, all right. Before the war he roamed China and the Far East generally as a reporter and eventually became head of the United Press Bureau in Tokyo. In that period of world crisis leading up to Pearl Harbor, he did a top job of telling the world what Japan was doing. The war proved that he knew his Japs, but internment in Japan proved something else to Bellaire.

When he was repatriated on the Gripsholm he had made up his mind that he wanted to be an expert on affairs in his own country as well as in the Far East. He was successfully at work on that idea when the Pacific war ended and Collier's asked him to return to the Far East because he was so well qualified to keep America informed on whether we are winning the peace. He was reluctant to leave the United States where—more than ever—he wanted to live and work. Nevertheless, he agreed to go for a limited time because, like any good reporter, he chose to ignore the discomforts and disadvantages and personal dangers when there was a story to be told. . . . A. P.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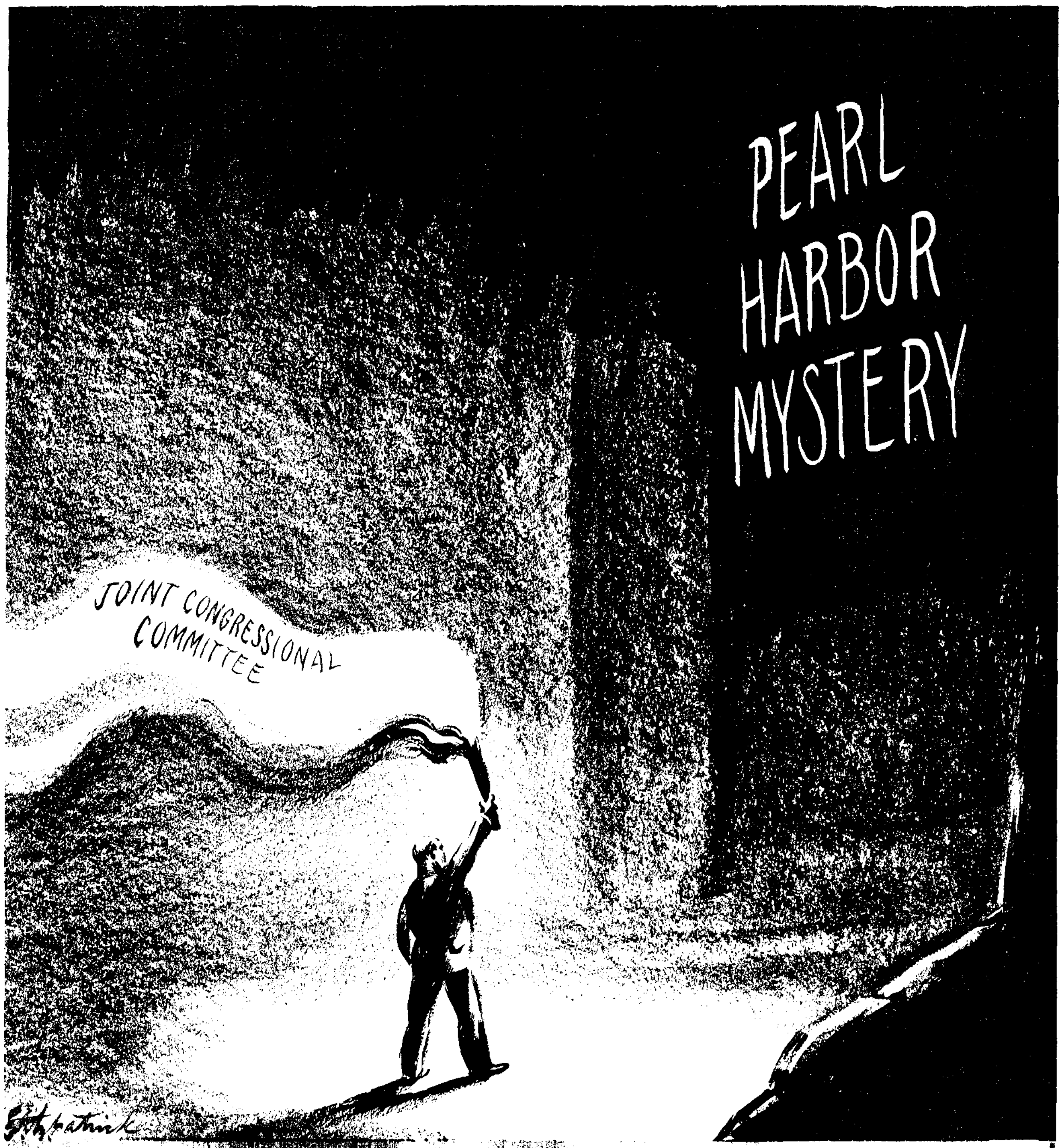


WANTED: THE TRUTH ABOUT PEARL HARBOR

> I feel that we should dedicate ourselves to an attempt to see that the facts are all brought out and tried in the court of public opinion. I hope there will be no politics; it is above politics. The war was fought above politics.

THE quotation is from a press statement by Senator Homer Ferguson (Rep., Mich.) upon his appointment to the Congressional ten-man committee to investigate the Pearl Harbor disaster of December 7, 1941. It is much to be hoped that the committee will conduct the entire investigation in the spirit of this remark of Senator Ferguson's.

Ground for hoping that the committee will do exactly that is furnished by the caliber of the committee's six Democrats and four Republicans themselves.

Who was or were primarily to blame for this terrific naval defeat which opened our war with Japan—a defeat which sank one of our battleships, damaged seven others plus ten smaller war vessels and rolled up a casualty list of 3,953 killed, wounded and missing?

How much is there in the contention that the American people were themselves to blame?

Is the major blame justly assignable to Admiral Kimmel and General Short, commanders at Pearl Harbor at the time? Should it be split between them and official Washington? Or why were we dealt such a staggering surprise blow anyway?

These and related questions are the questions Americans want answered, clearly and unequivocally. Three major reports have been turned in on Pearl Harbor up to now, and the three of them put together have failed to deliver the wanted results.

Let's have the right answers on this fourth attempt; and let's have them free of efforts, springing from motives of politics or revenge or plain cussedness, either to smear or to whitewash anybody, living or dead.

WHY NOT TRUST MAC ARTHUR?

WE GET just a little bit wearier every time somebody in this country, official or unofficial, rears back and reads General of the Army Douglas MacArthur another lecture on what he ought or ought not to do as Supreme Allied Commander in Japan.

MacArthur's initial job in Japan was to carry off a nonshooting invasion: to lead a relatively small force of American fighting men into a nation run by notoriously treacherous men. That nation's people realized only dimly that they had lost the war. In that nation's home islands were some 2,500,000 of its best soldiers, still under arms and still eager to fight the foreign devils whom the Divine Wind had somehow failed to blow out to sea.

General MacArthur carried off that task magnificently, by a combination of tact, firmness and some guile. He has made some mistakes in his Japan operation, and that he will make other mistakes as time goes on is all but inevitable. What man in a position of responsibility doesn't make mistakes?

But that he is rapidly and efficiently carrying out his job of cutting down Japan so that the Allies can hope to keep it unable to start another war seems beyond dispute on the facts at hand. What more can we ask of MacArthur? Why should we ask anything more?

This man proved himself, in the Pacific war, to be one of the great military geniuses of U.S. history. We suggest that we trust him to see the Japanese occupation through, with a minimum of advice from journalists and commentators on the home front—and with a complete cessation of half-cooked and confusing statements from MacArthur's subordinates in Japan.

VETERANS' SUPER-CENTER

THE local Veterans' Service Center movement is doing well, as noted in Collier's recent editorial, Nothing Will Be Too Good For Them. At this writing about 1,500 cities and towns have established such places, where returning servicemen and women can go for innumerable kinds of help and advice.

That's fine. But it is now apparent that something new should be added, within the framework of General Omar N. Bradley's Veterans Administration at Washington.

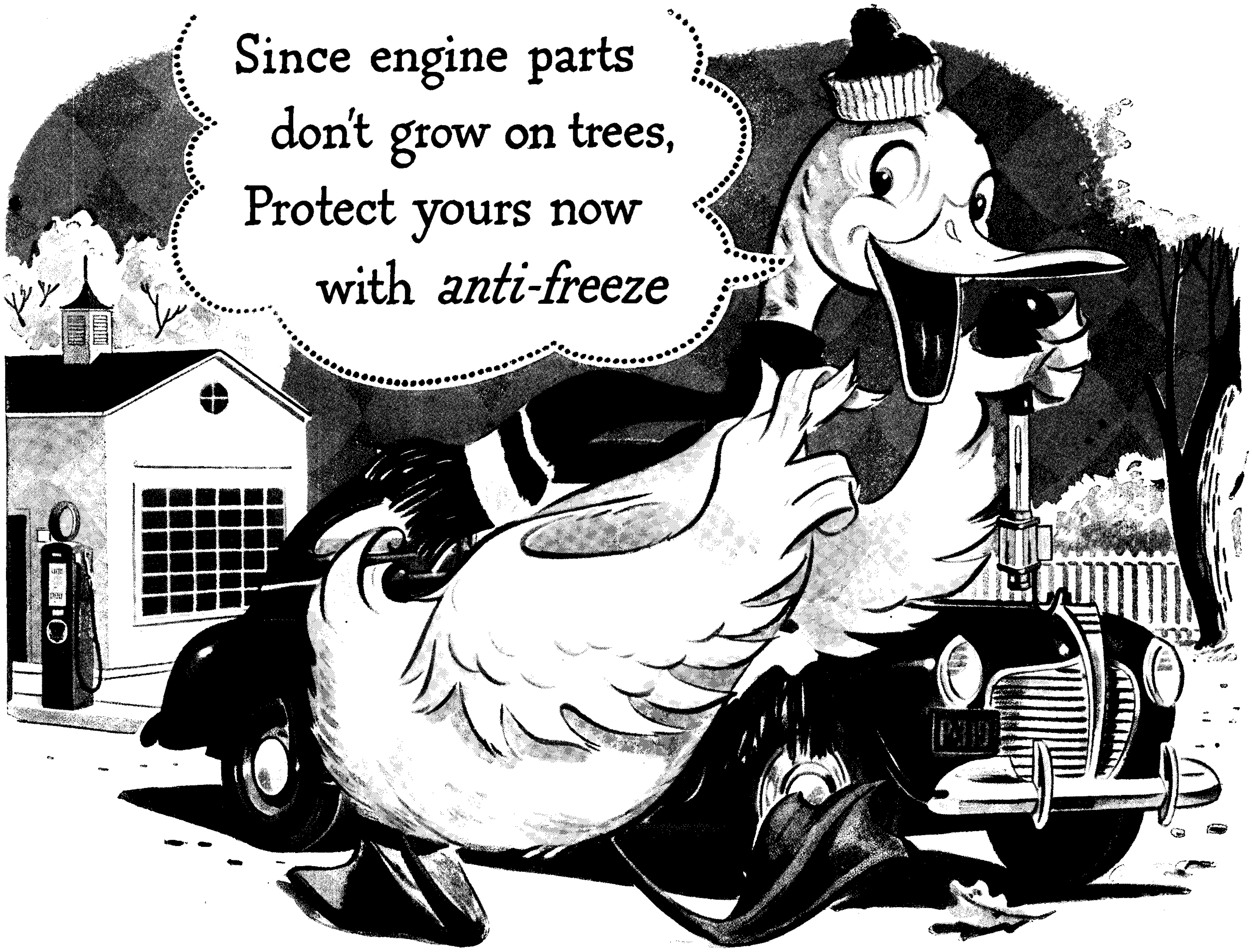
The main handicap from which the local veterans' centers suffer is that no one of them can hatch and apply all the good ideas which can be evolved for helping our war veterans readjust to civilian life. A good notion will come to light in one city or town, but there is at present no mechanism whereby this good notion can be flashed around to all the other veteran centers. Or a mistaken policy can be unearthed in one place and rooted out, but the same mistake can go on being committed unnoticed in a dozen other places.

What is needed is a small, compact, efficient Washington agency to collect essential information about handling veterans' problems from all the veterans' centers in the country, and pass this information around to all of them as rapidly as it can, in concise and clearly understandable form.

This veterans' super-center, as you might call it, could well have, in addition to its fact-finding and fact-spreading staff at Washington, a small field staff to gather information at firsthand from community and state veteran-aid organizations and report back to the central bureau at Washington.

The general idea would be to set up an efficient clearinghouse at Washington for veteran-help ideas of proved worth, for constructive suggestions and so on and so forth. By this mechanism, we should be able to raise veteran aid all over the country to the high standards prevailing now in only the best-run veteran centers. We should incidentally be able to provide better safeguards than now exist against various kinds of unfair treatment of some veterans.

This is as important a job as now challenges American ingenuity and generosity. Let's get going on it.


Since engine parts don't grow on trees, Protect yours now with *anti-freeze*

Du Pont advises car-owners to get anti-freeze early this year to protect engine parts that are not only expensive, but hard to replace.

However, even the best anti-freeze made won't protect your car if it is allowed to run out through a leaky radiator or a rotted hose connection. That's why—before you have anti-freeze put in—it's wise to have your cooling system thoroughly checked over. Have your dealer stop leaks and make sure that all parts of the cooling system are in tip-top working order.

Why not ask him to check your cooling system today? Then have your car protected with either of these dependable Du Pont anti-freezes—"Zerone" or "Zerex."

Get a Du Pont anti-freeze now!

$1.40 a GAL. War Emergency "Zerone"* gives thorough protection against rust and corrosion as well as freezing. Until regular "Zerone" comes back (this season's production went to war), there's no better buy at the price. Remember, it's made by Du Pont.

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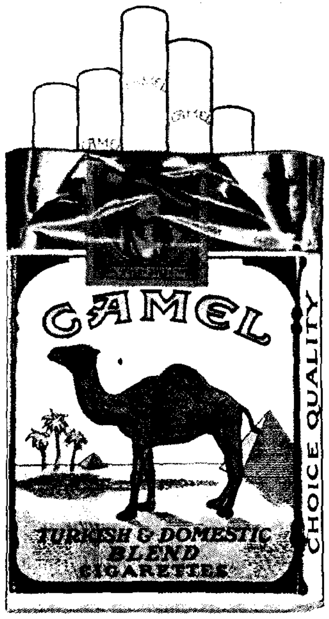
It's a wonderful feeling, isn't it, Soldier? You slip out of that G.I. shirt—*well, anyway I washed it in the Rhine.* You give those heavy boots a meaningful toss into the corner—*when I think of the miles, and the mud* . . . And then you reach for that soft white shirt, those blessedly comfortable slacks—*I never thought I'd see the day!* You're home again, Soldier!

You may find those old "civvies" don't quite fit . . . may find many things a little different . . . but this you can be sure of: The Camels you get here at home will be the same mild, flavorful cigarette of costlier tobaccos you knew so well over there. War or Peace, Camels are still Camels. And with Camels, it's still *the service first* . . . until you, all of you, are back again . . . for keeps.

This button signifies that the wearer has been honorably discharged from the armed services of the United States.



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